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NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

COMPRISING

A WINTER-PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI; WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c

BY FRIEDRICH GERSTAECKER.

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TO

HIS DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,

SARAH MARY RICKARDS,

OF SIDNEY,

This Volume is Inscribed

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE START 13

CHAPTER II.

RIO DE JANEIRO 20

CHAPTER III.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO TO BUENOS AYRES 27

CHAPTER IV.

BUENOS AYRES AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY 31

CHAPTER V.

THE SALADEROS 46

CHAPTER VI.

TO HORSE 51

CHAPTER VII.

A RIDE ACROSS THE PAMPAS 56

CHAPTER VIII.

MENDOZA 79

CHAPTER IX.

A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE CORDILLERAS 86

CHAPTER X.

VALPARAISO AND CHILI 111

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

San Francisco in the Autumn of 1849... 134

CHAPTER II.

A Trip to the Gold Mines in the Rainy Season..... 142

CHAPTER III.

Sacramento City..... 170

CHAPTER IV.

Mission Dolores..... 179

CHAPTER V.

The Mines and the People in them..... 195

CHAPTER VI.

The Indians of California..... 210

CHAPTER VII.

Life and Character in the Mines..... 220

CHAPTER VIII.

The Musquito Gulch and Magualome..... 231

CHAPTER IX.

San Francisco in the Autumn of 1850..... 243

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

From San Francisco to Honolulu..... 258

CHAPTER II.

Honolulu..... 263

CHAPTER III.

A Whaling Cruise..... 288

CHAPTER IV.

Maiao..... 299

CHAPTER V.

From Maiao to Emao..... 319

CHAPTER VI.

Emao..... 332

CHAPTER VII.

Tahiti..... 348

CHAPTER VIII.

Passage from Tahiti to Sydney..... 374

AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

Sydney in April, 1851..... 378

CHAPTER II.

The Royal Mail from Sydney to Albury..... 398

CHAPTER III.

A Canoe Excursion on the Hume..... 414

CHAPTER IV.

March through the Murray Valley..... 426

CHAPTER V.

The Adelaide District..... 460

CHAPTER VI.

Sydney in 1851, and the Australian Colonies..... 483

CHAPTER VII.

Torres Straits..... 502

JAVA.

CHAPTER I.

BATAVIA..... 519

CHAPTER II.

A RIDE INTO THE INTERIOR OF JAVA..... 535

CHAPTER III.

THE TREANGER REGENTSCHAPPEN..... 544

CHAPTER IV.

TEA AND COFFEE GARDENS—THE TANCUBAN PRAU..... 565

CHAPTER V.

HUNTING IN JAVA..... 579

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN BATAVIA..... 593

CHAPTER VII.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE TOKO..... 604

CHAPTER VIII

THE EUROPEANS IN BATAVIA—CONCLUSION..... 613

NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

SOUTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE START.

It excites a singular feeling to be on board of a vessel, still at anchor in the harbor of your native country, but ready to start every minute on a long, long voyage. You no longer belong to your home, although, in fact, you have not yet left it, nor have you yet begun your new wandering life. You feel only this restless waiting, this not being able to leave the ship, and hour after hour passed without your moving a step. You find yourself for once in your life between the future and the past, without a present, and wish at last for that which you have so dreaded before—the moment when you shall bid farewell to your home.

But emigrants are not always visited by these emotions. Most of them have closed their account with their old mother country—leaving mother country also not unfrequently in debt to them, and feeling now only suspense. This spreads over the whole ship, and people walk about on deck with dissatisfied and peevish looks, grumbling and growling, and by no means in a humor for sentiment.

New passengers arrive without intermission, and each seems to have thought of getting the whole of Noah's Ark to himself.

so completely do they heap the decks with boxes, and trunks, and chests, and are quite astonished to find not the least possibility of stowing them away. But after awhile they and their boxes disappear in the lower hold, and all is arranged satisfactorily.

The only quiet persons in this chaos of things and objects are the sailors. Used to the confusion, they look upon it as of too common occurrence even to deserve a thought, and step now with a really frightful indifference, through and over the passengers' goods, which for them seem hardly to exist.

Wet weather makes things, as the reader may think, only worse, and no wonder that many a poor wretch coming here with quite another expectation, looks in such a case down in those dark and sultry caves of the between-decks, which shall be to him for so many months a dreary and solitary home. How many intended emigrants, if they could throw down such a look into such a place, when their hearts were still wavering between their old home and all the splendid pictures others had given them of far-away lands, would shake their heads, and turn back from the Rubicon. But now it is too late, the die is cast, and onward they must go.

But after a week at sea every thing is changed. Incredible quantities of baggage have found a place where one would at first have thought that a carpet-bag would fill up the room; and even the passengers have got used to the air in their new abode, and if they do not find it pleasant, they feel at least that it is not so disagreeable.

Our passengers for California, on board the good bark "Talisman," consisted of a really interesting mass of people. They were chiefly young men, who had shipped with such golden dreams and hopes, as actuated the first Spanish adventurers in searching for the long-promised El Dorado. But we were a strange company. There was neither a woman nor child on board, and the passengers were all armed to the teeth. One man carried a long single-barreled fowling-piece, with a spade on his shoulder, and a blue cotton umbrella under his arm. Many indeed had spades, and the arms displayed were of the most miscellaneous character, including swords, guns, dirks, muskets—ancient and modern—and forming, as a whole, such an assemblage, that they looked like the spoil of a curiosity-shop.

In this strange crowd the most singular figure was a cutler from Magdeburg, a man of really Herculean proportions, with curled beard and hair, red cheeks, and kindly-looking gray eyes. He wore a green hunting-shirt, or blouse, light pantaloons, and a white broad-brimmed felt hat. Round his waist was a white shining leather belt, nearly five inches broad, and swinging to this, first, a long straight sword, which rattled after him over the deck, secondly, a smaller hanger (Hirschfaenger) which, though of goodly dimensions, looked by the side of the sword hardly longer than a table-knife, and close to this Hirschfaenger he carried another still smaller rhaspdirk, about eighteen inches in length. On the other side he carried another long dirk, with two pistol barrels, and a proportional quantity of pistols and terzerols.

This person was attended by three companions, whose passage he had paid, and whom he was taking with him to California. They were called his satellites, or the little giants, and were dressed exactly like himself, in the same green hunting-shirt and white belt, the same broad-brimmed felt hat and large beard, only their arms, pistols and knives, were rather smaller in proportion to their own stature. The giant was a most good-natured fellow, letting every body take his sword and knives from their scabbards; and he wore a continual smile on his broad and not unhandsome features.

He could not, I was told, ride on horseback, and therefore had on board a small hand-wagon or cart, to be drawn by the little giants, when he got ashore.

It was on Thursday, the 22nd of March, that we came first into green water, and left the last buoy of the Weser behind us. We skimmed along before a rattling breeze through the skipping waves. But the motion of the vessel, particularly right before the wind, was strong enough to make most of the passengers feel "very cheap," as Jonathan has it. Only some dozen could keep up their heads; and while we passed the North Sea and Channel flying, all those who a few days before had been such unruly characters, and dreamt of nothing but gold and fortunes, were lying in their berths sea-sick, sighing and groaning in the most distressing manner. On Sunday, after a run of sixty hours, we made the longitude of the Scilly Isles, and were now at last in the open sea.

The same splendid breeze that made us cross the path of many a poor homeward-bound vessel, working her way against the wind, carried us to Madeira, and there kindly gave us in charge of the north-east trade-winds, which wafted us with their balmy odors through smooth and sparkling water, to warmer and more genial climes.

As long as we had a rough sea and cold and unfriendly weather, there existed no quieter and more peaceable people in the world, than our hundred and two passengers. No grumbling or quarreling was heard all day, and at night the sounds under hatches were chiefly snores. But hardly did they feel the wind getting duller, the air warmer, and the waves settling down, than out they came again on deck to eat and drink, grumble and quarrel. There was directly something the matter with the water, and something with the bread; the meat smelled, and the coffee did not; the berths were too small, and this one's trunk, and that one's carpet-bag were stowed away where they could not find them, which of course induced a request to the mate to break open the hold directly, and overhaul the boxes in quest of the missing articles. Cursing and swearing were sometimes drowned in laughing and singing, not unfrequently interrupted by quarreling parties, who only agreed again in abusing the skipper, and the provisions and water.

Our voyage in itself did not embrace many incidents. On the 13th of April, we made the islands of Cape Verd, and passed right between them, leaving San Nicolas to larboard, and next morning having close on our lee-bow that gigantic and desolate-looking island Fogo.

The rocky face of this singular volcano seemed entirely barren, and we could not make out the least bush or shrub; but the rising sun shed, from a clear and unbroken sky, her soft light upon rough and towering masses, and overspread them with a rosy trembling lustre.

Among the noisy passengers—noisy in play or quarrel—there was one man, who took part in no play or game, and spoke with nobody, who hardly ever ate any thing, and what little he did eat, took in such a way as to show plainly that he only regarded food as a necessity, and partook of it merely to keep himself alive. He always tried to find, in some corner of the deck, the most deserted part of the ship, and there he sat by himself, his

head resting on his elbow, and his back turned to the life on board, while his eye searched the horizon, or hung listless on the blue and swelling deep.

This man was home-sick. One day, he came up to me, while I was leaning on the anchor stocks, watching a small shoal of bonitas, and addressing me, the tears glistening in his eyes, asked me, for God's sake, to speak to the captain, and obtain permission for him to leave the ship in the first homeward-bound vessel we should meet. He said—and he sobbed more than he spoke, though he tried to hide his emotion as much as possible—he had acted thoughtlessly in leaving a happy home, which, poor as it was, contained his wife and three lovely children. He said that he could not forget the moment when he bade farewell to his wife, and when his children hung crying round his neck, and begged him not to leave them. These thoughts would not let him rest, and he saw, he felt now, how wrong, how heartless, how cruel had been his conduct, in so relentlessly turning his face from home. But they might meet a vessel, which would take him home again; and if he had spent his small capital in paying his passage to California, though he was only a weaver, and must now work hard day and night to make up for lost time, he would work cheerfully in his own home, and for his own wife and children.

As the man found more and more words for the utterance of his grief, the tears—the soothing tears—chased each other down his pale and care-worn cheeks. I tried every thing in my power to give his thoughts another direction, and his heart some hope. I promised him, to be sure, to ask the captain for the permission he sought; but what good could it do him, and where would he find in the open sea a vessel, homeward-bound, the captain of which would lay back to take a poor, home-sick passenger on board with his baggage. He became calm, at last, and thanking me for the kind words I had spoken to him, as he said, went down into his berth, and I saw him no more that day.

About eight days afterward, coming nearer and nearer to the line, Neptune paid us a visit, and got paid very well for his trouble, finding a great number of greenhorns on board.

The festivities created by this incident had hardly passed, when we saw a sail coming right up to us. It was the English packet "Agincourt," Captain Nisbett, who sent a boat to us to

get, if possible, some German newspapers for a party of German and Dutch passengers, whom the "Agincourt" had taken in at Cape Town. We gave the young officer, who came on board, all we could spare, and half-an-hour afterward the large and beautiful craft was only a speck on the horizon.

My poor home-sick friend, who had been looking eight days before with painful hope for such an accident, though no ship would have waited to take him on board, stood on the gangway in his old place as long as she was in sight, silent and sad, and without moving a limb, never turning his eye for a second from the strange vessel; and there he stood after the sun had sunk behind the horizon, and spread darkness over the vast deep, with his eyes fixed on the point at which the ship had disappeared. He had spoken to me again the day before, but no longer wished to leave the vessel, having reconciled himself to going on to California.

After a succession of most disagreeable calms, each of which laid us up for about a week, we had a good and refreshing breeze from the southeast, the common trade-wind in these latitudes; and this breeze brought us some fine sport with porpoises. Though we speared several, however, we could never get them on deck. The fact was, that when the fish first showed themselves, there was, ten to one, no harpoon to be found, or the line was tangled or missing; or, should this accidentally have been in order—and I for one did my best to keep it so—the ten or twelve stout fellows planted at the line, to pull altogether at the word, would get tired at the critical moment, and all our care would be thrown away.

In the latitude of Cape Frio, and not far from the Brazilian coast, we got a touch of the tropics in a tolerably strong pampero. The proper place for these winds is the mouth of La Plata, but sometimes they reach up as high as this, and even higher, not unfrequently doing great damage among the shipping. A few days afterward, indeed, we saw a Brazilian man-of-war, which had got dismasted in this very pampero, just before the entrance of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro.

For several days we lay under close-reefed top-sails, and, at the same time, had the pleasure to know that we were driving considerably out of our course. A great many of the passengers became sea-sick again, but the storm did not last long, and on

the 10th of May, we were once more able to set sail. On the 11th, we made Cape Frio, and from thence kept the picturesque coast of the Brazils in sight all day, reaching on the morrow the entrance of the Sugar-loaf Mountain.

Early in the afternoon, we beheld that beautiful panorama, which surrounds one of the most splendid harbors of the world, and the closer we neared the land, the more distinctly did the mountains and hills gain life and color. Long and seemingly straight ranges grew up in single groups, showing separate peaks and ridges. We could mark the outlines of vegetation, and even of trees and shrubs: and there, on those beautiful little island twins—Nàya and Maya, as the Portuguese call them—rose the first cocoa-palms, with their slender stems and graceful leaves, nodding a welcome to the foreign visitors.

CHAPTER II.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

In the tropics, night follows immediately on the setting of the sun; and entering soon after sun-down the Sugar-loaf Gate, as the entrance to the harbor is called from the conical and most singular-shaped hill on the southern head, we could just see the lights shine out from the opposite coast, where the city lies, and the dark outlines of the nearest ships, the whole surrounded by high and towering masses of mountain ridges.

Inside the entrance we were hailed from the northern shore—from the Fort Santa Cruz—but the voice sounded as if it came from the deep, and the words being, of course, Portuguese, we could not understand a word of it. But our supercargo spoke the language, having some time ago lived many years in the Brazils; and he and the gentleman in the fort conversed a little while in such unintelligible roars, as are heard occasionally at sea, very much to the satisfaction of both parties, from two passing ships.

A few minutes afterward we dropped our anchor not far from a brig we had nearly scraped in coming in, and which also had German passengers on board. She had come from Hamburgh, and brought emigrants to the Brazils.

I waited impatiently for sunrise, and with day-break I was up; but could see nothing of the shore, as a thin fog or mist lay over the water, and even the nearest ridges of the mountains were but dimly visible. Soon, however, the sun arose; I could see the red orb through the vapory vail. Higher and higher it ascended; the fog sunk down to the water's edge, and hills and vallies, palm-crowned isles, white shining forts, and shady groves and villas, with hundreds and hundreds of ships and skimming boats rose, as by magic, into view.

Where can I find words to picture the beauty, the grandeur of that scene, as it appeared at that moment? Even the most

indifferent of our passengers stood on deck, without uttering a sound, and saw, in mute astonishment, a new and glorious world spring up around. Their first amazement overcome, their tongues again won utterance, and the words—"beautiful," "splendid," "glorious," were heard on every side.

Our principal care now was, to get as soon as possible on shore; but this could not be done till we were reported by the medical authorities to be free from any epidemic. The doctor came at last in his long yawl, pulled by eight negroes; and as there was not a sick man on board, he gave permission to crew and passengers to go ashore as soon and as long as they pleased.

He had not left the ship—for we were all cocked and primed, and perfectly ready to go off—when down dropped our yawl; and four of our sailors caroling forth an old German song, "The Brazils are not far from here," pulled us ashore.

The city of Rio de Janeiro made a profound impression upon us, as long as we saw it from afar; but it loses a great deal of its beauty—and with how many things upon this wide world is not that the case—on a nearer acquaintance. The streets are, with very few exceptions, narrow and dirty, and masses of slaves, with innumerable colored variations, meet the eye wherever it wanders, exciting a painful feeling in the mind of the European, which even the beauty of surrounding nature, hardly visible indeed in those high and narrow streets, can not soften.

But, however much we might have been astonished at every thing we saw—for nearly every thing was new to us—we, on our part, could by no means astonish the natives. "California," was their invariable cry, wherever they met any one of our party; and as the harbor was at the same time perfectly filled with emigrant ships for that country, the word was constantly ringing along the streets whenever any emigrants appeared.

One of our fellow-passengers, a little Jew from Berlin, who dressed exceedingly fine, and, as he thought, exactly in the fashion of Rio de Janeiro, became at last so annoyed by these incessant exclamations, that he wished to free himself from them, and thinking the broad-brimmed black hat he wore, the only possible mark by which his tormenters could guess the place of his destination, bought himself a new and genuine Brazilian hat—not even trusting the one he had on board, though it was exactly of the same shape. He paid an extravagant price for a

rather indifferent hat; but as he smilingly stepped out from the store with his prize on his head, which was to class him among the sons of the soil, the first sound that reached his ear was the dreaded and detested greeting of "California."

A bull-fight being announced, some of us repaired to the arena, to view the spectacle. We found a pretty large arena surrounded by raised and guarded wooden benches and boxes, just white-washed enough to soil our dark clothing. On one side were some large square boards, painted over and ornamented with homely pictures of men, behind which, as I found afterward, the bull-fighter sought shelter when hard pressed; and all round the ring were fastened long pieces of wood, to afford him the means of climbing up out of the reach of the enraged animals, when the other retreat was not accessible.

A couple of very indifferent clowns tried to be funny in the centre of the arena—one of them, a counterfeit negro, executed also a few negro dances, but nobody laughed. The Spaniards looked on as sober as judges; and an English sailor, a little the worse for liquor, jumped down, and tried to beat the clown; but made off amidst roars of laughter and applause when he saw the doors suddenly thrown open, expecting, of course, that nothing less than a couple of ferocious bulls, or some other wild animals, were coming in. But the bulls were not ready yet; and the new-comers were only two of the fighters on horseback, followed by six or eight others on foot, all attired in gaudy and glittering dresses.

Behind them sneaked another figure, which was no less a person than the fiend himself, who had been promised to the public in the large posting-bills with prominent letters, as El Diabo. He was dressed in his favorite colors, yellow and red, which run in long stripes, about three inches broad, from head to foot; he sported, besides, a small pair of black and tolerably soft horns, and a long pliant tail of the same color, which dragged behind through the sand. At first, we all thought he would be one of the most valorous combatants of the whole; but as soon as he saw the bull coming, he slipped behind one of the screens, and appeared soon afterward close to the main entrance behind the planks, and safe enough from all danger.

One of the horsemen, clad as a Spanish knight, and bearing an extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon, opened

the battle; but the bull showed the white feather, and would not fight. A second bull was forthcoming—a little lively animal; it soon broke one of its horns, which were all guarded by round wooden or metal balls, and was unable to prolong the contest. A little black bull followed afterward, but worried by a numberless crowd of men, and having his dull horns rendered nearly harmless, he did little to enliven the scene, and soon tired out the spectators.

Finally, a kind of small pavilion, made of thin lattice-work, pasted over with red paper, and having four open doors, was raised in the arena, and in this was placed a table and chairs, with some plates and knives and forks, when the whole party of men pretended to sit down to breakfast, while another wild bull was let into the arena. Of course he was expected to break into the pavilion, and upset the table, and scatter the banquet; but the bull was too well-bred to do any such thing, and nothing could induce him to disturb the convivial party.

The public, wearied at last at seeing none of their hopes fulfilled, and the sun, at the same time, sinking lower and lower in the west, turned their attention to the nameless gentleman in the red and yellow, and demanded with loud and clamorous shouts, his appearance on the stage.

But Diabo did not seem to feel the least inclination to accept the invitation, and as the uproar continued, disappeared behind the planks. But the spectators now grew exasperated, and after a perfect revolution, the manager was obliged to bring his satanic majesty to light again. The poor devil of a devil had to come forth, *nolens, volens;* and hardly did the bull get a glimpse of his red and yellow figure, than he sunk his horns and made at him. Diabo had no time to get out of his way, and was pitched by the infuriated animal bodily to the ground. The other performers now jumped between, and succeeded at last in turning the bull's attention from his victim; but Diabo had had enough for that night, and left as quick as he could, limping away amid a perfect hurricane of laughter and whistling.

But the spectators soon grew weary of the new bull, though when we left, ten or twelve men were still tormenting the poor beast, now nearly in the dark, for the sun had set, and night was fast drawing on.

Next morning we hired horses and galloped out of town to see

the green woods and plantations. The Brazilian horses are small, but lively and persevering animals, and nearly always move in a short and easy gallop. But the merchants and planters who live in the country on their plantations, and of whom we may a great many coming to town, chiefly ride mules, which, though they do not progress as quickly as horses, certainly go more easy.

The environs of Rio are really beautiful—the quiet, mirror-like bay with its forrest of masts, and the boats darting to and fro, the nice and luxuriant gardens, with their orange and coffee-trees, bananas, palms, and blossomed-covered bushes; the high picturesque mountains and rocks, which raise their rough and broken heads over each other far in the distance; formed a picture as striking as it was lovely. The scene, moreover, was animated in the extreme; and the white population and the slaves were equally busy. The negroes carried their burdens to market with a merry song; the cattle driver passed along with his wild little ponies, the merchant and planter on his mule.

I felt very sorry to be obliged to depart so soon from this beautiful country, but there was no remedy. I had paid my passage to California by the 'Talisman,' but I did not like the passage round Cape Horn; not on account of its danger, as the ship was good and new, but I shrank from the idea of being boxed up in a ship for so long a time, cut off from the world, and without the least chance of seeing anything of interest. I thought, therefore of going over to Buenos Ayres, and crossing the Pampas on horseback, by which I might reach Valparaiso in time to get on board the 'Talisman,' at that port, and continue my journey in her to California. But I heard such a bad account in Rio Janeiro of the Argentine Republic, that at first it made me hesitate. I was told that the people themselves were of a false, treacherous, and blood-thirsty disposition, and to make matters worse, the Pampas Indians who had lately rebelled against Rosas, were now pouring across the Pampas in wild hordes, and spreading death and desolation wherever they showed themselves. Even should I escape these savages, and gain the foot of the Cordilleras, there I would be opposed by another, and, in fact, insurmountable obstacle, as at this season of the year, the Cordilleras were "snow-locked," and no human being could pass them.

In this dilemma, I remembered that when I intended, in the

winter of 1838, to walk by myself from Canada to Texas, everybody told me that it would be impossible; but I made the journey, got well and safe back again; and this reminiscence now determined me to pursue the route I at first proposed, regardless of the terrible stories which every where met my ear.

Preparations I needed hardly any, as I should take only the most necessary things with me, and it was only important to be well-armed. I provided myself, therefore, with a double-barreled gun, a brace of pistols, and my old American bowie-knife, and then found myself perfectly equipped for the Pampas. I took also a good blanket, half-a-dozen shirts and socks, and a grey woollen-hunting shirt, with high water-boots and a black broad-brimmed hat.

Luckily there was at the time a small Hamburgh schooner under the flag of the Argentine Republic, lying in the bay, ready to start for Buenos Ayres. She had come in from the Cape Verd Islands, loaded with salt, only to inquire the price and be off again if she did not sell her cargo. The captain, a German, as jovial a little fellow as ever stamped a quarter-deck, having made up his mind to seek the Buenos Ayres market, I soon agreed with him for my passage. The fourth day after my arrival at Rio, we were to sail, and I was left to enjoy myself in the mean time as much as I could.

It would at that time have troubled any body to find enjoyment in Rio, the hotels and taverns being all crowded with passengers for California, and the most extravagant prices being asked for the humblest board and lodging, though it often did not include the accommodation of a bed. The bills for this sumptuous entertainment were always made out in reis, the currency of the country; and though the amount was only a few dollars in this coin, one seemed to expend a fortune in a dinner. Take the following bill for a breakfast for three, at a French coffee-house, as an example:

Chicken	2,000 reis
Salad	1,280 "
Cucumbers	1,280 "
Bread	240 "
Oranges	400 "
Cigars (six)	600 "
Wine	800 "
	6,600 reis.

The whole sum amounting to little more than three dollars and a half.

At last I got safely with all my things on board the "San Martin." Up went our anchor, a light but steady breeze swelled our sails; and two hours afterward the splendid bay of Rio de Janeiro lay behind me like a beautiful dream.

CHAPTER III.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO TO BUENOS AYRES.

For the first day or two we had very light winds, sometimes even calms, but that did not last long, though I found that I must not count on a quick passage of five or six days as the wind became contrary; and on the 21st, a flying pampero turned the peaceful swelling ocean into a wild and roaring sea with mountainous waves, which tossed about our nut-shell of a vessel in the most alarming manner.

The pampero—for I remember it too well not to say at least a few words about it—is a kind of a periodical gale which derives its name from the wide Pampas or plains in the west and southwest, over which it blows, gaining force and power the further it proceeds. The first sign of a pampero is generally a sharp north wind, which changes gradually more and more to the west, and hardly has the wind gained this point when a heavy rain sets in, and with this comes the first squall—the first puff of the pampero. So abruptly does this sometimes happen, and so rapidly does the wind, in such a case, fly round the compass, that many a ship, whose captain has been ignorant of the premonitory signs, has lost her masts, before a sail could be reefed or taken in, and not a few have been wrecked on the low and treacherous banks of the wide and desolate river. When the fury of the pampero has been expended, the wind commonly changes toward the north or southeast, and at the same time becomes more moderate.

On the 26th, getting in sight of the northern shore, we observed some low hills in the distance, and on the 27th, made the Island of Lobos, so called from the immense quantity of seals that frequent its shores. We saw hundreds of these animals in the water, and the captain, who wanted a few skins, offered to let down the boat if I would endeavor to kill some. A few minutes later we were in full chase, and I shot eight without capturing

one. As quick as they were struck by the ball, they rose out of the water and showed their bleeding skulls, but sunk before we could get near enough to lay hold of them. At last I shot one in the neck, and it struck furiously about in the water, giving us time to come near and seize one of its fins.

There had been a dead calm the whole afternoon, and the weather as fine and warm as we could wish, but we had hardly got the seal on board the boat, when we heard the speaking-trumpet of the captain hailing us to return. Knowing directly that there was something amiss, we pulled back as hard as we could, and then found that the barometer had fallen in such a way as to give a fair promise for another pampero. The sailors, indeed, had just taken in the light canvas, reefed the topsails, and made every thing snug, when the pampero came with a vengeance. We could hear it roar over the waters, from afar. In a few minutes, and before it had even time to blow very hard, the wind changed over to the west, and a quarter of an hour afterward, we had as fine a pampero again, with a perfect deluge of rain, as heart could wish for. The storm howled through the rigging, and whistled through the blocks, while the few yards of canvas given to the wind, were stretched to the utmost, so that we had to lose no time in taking them in. At the same time, the sea rose, but the storm had so much power that it clipped the waves as soon as they lifted their heads above the main rolling sea, carrying the white and glittering spray away with it.

Before night set in, that small island we had made in the morning had long sunk below the horizon, and we were drifting on the open sea back again.

The storm raged all night—the rain splashed, the sea washed on deck, and the little vessel got so unruly, that I was twice pitched out of my berth. The next day there was very little difference. At table the plates jumped about like living things; no spoonful of soup could be considered safe until it was swallowed, and if you wanted both hands to eat with, you wanted, at the same time, both legs to hold on by. It was a miserable day, and, to console us, the wind blew right in our teeth, and drove us steadily to leeward.

On the second day of the pampero we beheld a most singular spectacle, which I shall never forget. A high sea was running,

and the howling west wind lashed the waves furiously, while the small, but heavily-laden craft worked up and down, sometimes butting her head right against a perfect mass of seething foam, which made her tremble down to her bottom, sometimes rising again into the arms of another roller, when the voice of a sailor-boy directed my attention to an object ahead. The little fellow, who was as pale as a ghost, stretched out his one hand toward the sea, and following the direction indicated, I perceived a large wooden cross, which swam on the waves, and, raised up by the rolling sea, at this very minute stood nearly upright, not twenty yards before the bow of the vessel. The next minute it disappeared among the foaming waters, which swept it past, but in a few seconds it stood up again, this time half-covered by the wave, and then it disappeared.

Fortunately we had no priest on board, or he would certainly have seen a dreadful warning in such a sign. As it was, some of the sailors did not half like it, and looked rather gloomily after the swimming piece of wood.

Where it came from it would be difficult to imagine, but probably it had been washed away from a grave-yard, or from some secluded spot close to the beach, where in former times a corpse had been washed ashore, and buried where it was found.

The captain reckoned on a south wind coming after the pampero, and in this expectation hugged rather close the right shore of the Plate River, just below the Punta de Piedras, which juts far out toward the east. But instead of a south wind, we got a real honest northeaster, and were now stuck in a corner, and could not get out. Hence we had to crawl on short tacks slowly and tediously up to the Punta del Indio, opposite to which a light-ship was moored—at that time, and I really believe even up to this, the only one in the La Plata. Here we were to find a pilot, who would take us up to the outer road of Buenos Ayres.

The closer we drew to the light-ship the more the wind bettered, and we had hardly got the pilot—an old gray-headed American—when we were able to brace up our yards, and run with a light but favorable breeze up-stream.

It is a nasty water this La Plata, full of banks and dangerous shoals; and we had, as the breeze freshened, to keep one man, and sometimes two, constantly in the chains, throwing the lead. A vessel has, therefore, really to feel her way through the dan-

gers that surround her on every quarter; for no shore is to be seen, except occasionally a low, dark strip of land, with a few scattered trees or high bushes. But the old American knew what he was about, and seemed to be a sober, quiet fellow, even refusing, when he came on board, a little glass of absynth I offered him. He told me that he hardly ever drank any thing.

With the setting sun the wind rose higher and higher, and after dark we had a stiff southeasterly breeze, just strong enough to carry what sail we wanted, and to go up-stream about seven knots an hour.

Right in our wake we had a Swedish brig, which coming over from the east to take the western channel of the Ortis bank, could get no pilot, as we had taken the last from the light-ship, and she was now doing her best to keep us in sight. She had hard work of it, our little schooner shooting like a duck through the water.

At two o'clock in the morning—an hour sooner than the pilot had expected—we saw the anchored ships in the outer road. Being rather close upon them, we steered a couple of points higher, dropped our light canvas, clewed up the great and foresail, and five minutes later, as we discerned the distant lights of the city, we dropped our anchor.

CHAPTER IV.

BUENOS AYRES AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

THE roadstead of Buenos Ayres is by no means favorably situated, for only very small vessels can come within a mile, or a mile and a half of the town, while all those which draw above ten feet have to stay out above four miles on the river, which is only very little better than the open sea.

Our little schooner rolled so heavily on the high waves which rolled up from below, that we had to stretch out a stay-sail, to keep her a bit steadier; but we found even that did very little service. With such a wind, boats can hold no communication with the shore, as the breakers would dash them against the rocks at the landing, and consequently we had to stop the first day on board. It was now Sunday, just a week since I had shot seals in the mouth of the river.

On the second day, the wind abating a little, we saw two men-of-wars' boats pass to shore; but our pilot thought it too dangerous for us to run the risk, and endeavored to persuade us to wait a day longer. The fact was, he had some very good reasons for staying a little longer in the neighborhood of our cupboard. After all, he had got to like my absynth; and if it was a fact that he hardly ever tasted strong drinks, he made for once an exception in my favor. As soon as the anchor touched the ground, he remembered the liquor, and came down for a dram, and from that time he stuck to the bottle like a cork. There was yet a small drop left, and he did not wish to see that wasted. But the captain, not wanting to wait any longer, as several other vessels had come in, most of them with heavy freight, and also carrying salt, was urgent to go on shore, and determined at least to make the attempt.

The old pilot, finding that we would really stop no longer on board, took a parting dram, but a good one, and declared his readiness to accompany us. My luggage did not take long to

ship. My gun I took between my knees, resolved, if we had to swim for it, to have it handy; and away we went, rocking and jumping over the rolling waves, with a stout breeze standing stiff and full in our little sail, at the rate of about seven knots an hour. But though landing with such a breeze right against a rocky and tolerable surfy shore, was a little dangerous, we got safely on terra firma, without even a wetting.

Up to this moment the boat had demanded my entire attention, and the sail, as long as we skimmed along before the wind, shut out the whole view toward the city; but now the sail came down by the run, having nearly the same effect as if a curtain had been drawn away; and I really do not know from that moment forward what we did, or even how we got out of the boat, so entirely was I taken up with the new and strange scene by which I found myself so suddenly surrounded.

Right before me—so close that I could have thrown a small pebble through the open door of the nearest house—lay Buenos Ayres. The shore, over whose rocky cliffs the breakers drove with resistless violence, swarmed with the most fantastic-looking figures I ever had dreamt of. Dark and sun-burnt faces with strongly-marked profiles, peered at us from under black or red caps, astonished at our landing in such a surf with a long-boat, and perhaps with their curiosity excited by our outlandish appearance.

Red was the fashionable color in this country; and wherever the eye turned, a blood-red poncho, or cap, or waistcoat presented itself. Even the captain and pilot had adopted the prevailing taste, and throwing open their over-coats, displayed gorgeous red waistcoats, vieing with those of the natives. Round their hats, too, they wore red ribbons; and red ribbons, emblazoned with some black letters, dangled from their button-holes.

The picturesque style of the men's dress, heightened the effect of the lively colors. Among the lower class, the head is covered by a red cap stuck rather saucily on one side; round the neck they invariably wear a red handkerchief, and from below this the poncho, a large square piece of cloth, with a small slit in the middle, just large enough to allow the head to pass through, hangs in easy folds over the shoulders, when it is buttoned up over the right arm, so as to allow the limb free action. Tasseled drawers encase the legs, and another vestment is fastened first

behind the back, on the belt, and then taken up between the knees, forming a second poncho, which they call the cheripaw Shoes are worn by some, but the gaucho, as the gentleman of the Pampas is called, despises tanned leather, and wears boots made of the hide stripped from the hind feet of a young horse, not unfrequently killed expressly for this very purpose. From this bota, as it is named, the hair is cut off, and the two first toes stick out at the end, and just fit the small stirrups used here in riding.

Thus attired, and having a knife about two feet long sticking in a belt behind his back, the gaucho hangs in his saddle, the bridle lazily resting on the pommel by his left hand, while the right is propped up against the coiled lasso, which is never wanting, and he watches with dark and attentive brows the movements of the kringo, or foreigner, whom he detests. Then throwing himself suddenly back, he claps spurs to his horse, and gallops away over the beach with the swiftness of the wind.

Even the houses in this country have something peculiar in their aspect, and their dark bricks, flat roofs, and small, square, grated windows seize the attention at once. I could have stopped there at the very landing, half a day just looking at these quaint dwellings, and the passing and repassing of the denizens, had not the captain abruptly told me to pick up my gun and saddle-bags and follow him to the custom-house.

We were not kept long waiting at this barrier, and I took up my quarters at the very next door, in a private boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Davies, and which proved to be a good and comfortable place.

My first care now was to make some inquiries respecting my intended route across the Pampas and Cordilleras to Valparaiso, and had I been one easily frightened, what I learned would at once have decided me. There was not a person that I spoke to but told me it was at this time of the year, with the Indians in full rebellion, sweeping in murderous bands across the country, an enterprise which it would be downright madness to attempt. As to the Indians, such desperate savages were never before heard of, and I was gravely informed that they never made prisoners except young girls whom they carried away to their wild haunts, simply cutting the throats of their male captives and then letting them run. Even should I reach Mendoza—almost an impossibility—I should have to stop there at least till Decem-

ber or January, as the mountain gullies and paths, at this time of the year, were impenetrable, being perfectly locked up by immense quantities of snow.

Mr. T. Graham, of Ohio, the American consul, to whom I am really under great obligations for his incessant kindness and courtesy, did all in his power to try and obtain some more cheering information for me, but to no purpose. In short, every one tried to dissuade me from the journey, but I determined, be the consequence what it might, to set out.

Meanwhile, I devoted the few days I was to spend in Buenos Ayres, to seeing as much as I could of the country. Feeling generally a great interest in emigration, and being in fact commissioned by our, at that time, governing central power, to make an official report of the capabilities of all those lands which I should think eligible for such a purpose, I took great pains to ascertain the real state of the country, and made several excursions into the interior with this view. I found it remarkably promising ground for the herdsman as well as the farmer. But in truth, this part of the world presents a very singular appearance to one accustomed to our northern clime. The entire want of trees in the plains, called by the inhabitants the campo, is a striking feature in the landscape. As far as the eye can reach, nothing breaks the view on any side. In the neighborhood of the town there are low bushy hedges, or fences of aloe and cactus, but farther on is the wide, grassy plain, unrelieved by any object.

The aloes, with their flower stems and large fleshy leaves, fringed with hard and dangerous thorns, have a very pretty appearance, and sometimes rise to a height of twenty-four feet. They also make most excellent fences, even better than the cactus, for no horse or cow, or even pig, will venture to crawl between them, so closely do the sharp leaves grow; and once in growth they need no more attention, but, on the contrary, continually give forth new shoots for other fences.

So badly off are the settlers here, and even the inhabitants of the towns for fuel, that they plant groves of peach-trees, and when they are a few years old, cut them down for fire-wood. This is, of course, a great drawback in respect to their making the most profit out of their herds of cattle and sheep, as they can never obtain the tallow of the animals so cheaply as to make the boiling down remunerative.

The soil seems exceedingly good, and wherever I inquired—and I found round there a great many of my own countrymen in the province—I was informed that the land would give, with the least cultivation, a very good harvest, and produce excellent wheat and sweet potatoes.

On my first trip I passed an old monastery, now in a most desolate state, the walls, in many places, cracked and tumbled down. The church was plundered of every thing, but the wooden altar was yet untouched, and on this were hanging some tattered rags of the former embroidered altar-cloth. Here and there, too, high up in a corner, too elevated to be easily got down, were some old forgotten nosegays of artificial flowers, as faded as if their bloom had once been real, and which, in former times, had probably adorned the shrine of some old saint or martyr.

This place was inhabited by a company of Pampas Indians, who had been taken prisoners in one of the late wars with the governor, and were not kept here, apparently free, but in reality, carefully guarded. Rosas gave them an allowance of beef, without mustard, every day, water they had hard by, and they found a shelter in the old crazy cells of the deserted monastery, where they had struck camp, and stretched their beef-hides in every direction. What did they want more?

These were the first Pampas Indians I had seen. A stout-built, strong race of people they were, with prominent cheek-bones, low foreheads and dark restless eyes. Their hair was black and long, like that of their northern brethren, whom they resembled also in color, and in their whole appearance, except that they were not quite so tall. They were as dirty a set as one could wish to see.

Turning back to town, I passed Governor Rosas's quinta, or summer residence, situated close to the bank of the river, and surrounded by a growth of tolerably high willows, which gave the whole place a pleasant and shady appearance. The quinta itself looks like a large colonnade, in a square, or block. It is a low and homely-looking building, surrounded on the inner as outer side by columns, which support verandas, as retreats from the heat of the sun.

Not far from the quinta there stands one of the most singular garden-houses imaginable. This is nothing else than a real American brig, standing high and dry, like Moses in the bul-

rushes, among the willows of the bank. It leans against high props, and is provided, for the accommodation of crew and passengers, with a wide and commodious staircase. This brig was blown once, by a southeastern gale, on this place, high up on the bank, without the least possibility of getting her down again. Governor Rosas bought the hull and made a pavilion of it. The lower masts, crossed by a couple of spars, remain standing; and the interior, steerage and cabin, has been formed into one large and lofty saloon. Formerly, music might be had on board, through the agency of a barrel organ; but the Argentine gentlemen who were performers, thought the machinery would work as well backward as forward, and spoiled the organ by grinding the wrong way.

Rosas kept at the quinta half-a-dozen tamed avestruses, or South American ostriches, three guanakas, a species of lama, an Argentine lion or puma, and a tiger from Paraguay, secured only by a very thin chain round the neck, which he could have broken, I am sure, with one bound, had he but tried. But they had cut his claws and filed his teeth, and it was a consolation to reflect that, if he should break loose, he could only squeeze one to death.

Between the quinta and the town are the barracks of the regulars, and I stopped here awhile to see a parcel of blood-red artillery manœuvre with tolerable dexterity.

Strangers are allowed to look at the regulars at exercise, but when the militia are ordered out, every one else is ordered in, and nobody dares to show his face, either in the streets, or even on the top of his own house, or behind the windows. The militia and the irregular soldiers are really the most desperate-looking characters I have ever seen. Here, would be observed a pair of trowsers and one shoe; there, two shoes and no trowsers, but merely the cheripaw. A handkerchief would be tied round the head, or it would be buried in a red cap; while the eye fell on uniforms of all colors, or no uniforms at all, guns of all sizes, and many without guns, and ranged on every side.

It formed, some time ago, one of the greatest amusements of Europeans to watch this array, and every manœuvre provoked new laughter. But Rosas did not like this; and as he could do with his republicans whatever he pleased, he passed a bill to have every store shut while the militia were out, the pretext being that the foreigners drove their trade with advantage, while the citizens of the republic were on duty in the service of their

country. So far, this law would only have been just, but Rosas went further, shutting up every body in their houses; and whoever was found abroad, was liable to be taken up and punished by fine or imprisonment. Even travelers had to turn in, as soon as they came to a place where the militia were training; the herdsman had to leave his cattle, and the farmer his plough, and only those boys who took care of the sheep, were allowed to remain in the fields.

Rosas was a severe dictator, and did not allow much joking with his laws, but it may be urged in his favor that he had a wild and rough set of subjects, and it required a strong hand to keep them in order. A stronger or more pitiless one than his it would have been hard to find, even in that wild country.

Rosas took very good care that they should never forget whose government they were under, and as it had grown a perfect law for the citizens of the republic to wear the red waistcoat, so they were obliged to assume also a red ribbon at the button-hole, inscribed with this device:

"Viva la confederacion Argentina mueran los salcajes, asquerosos, immundos Unitarios." (The Argentine republic shall prosper, but perish the savage, dirty, undergrown Unitarios.) A fine sentiment, at any rate.

This motto meets the eye of the stranger every where. There is no proclamation issued without this being at the head of it; no paper is printed, no public or private advertisement appears, without the threatening words. They are stamped on the theatre bills, and present themselves five or six times in every almanac. They must be the first words in every written document; and even on every letter a citizen of the Argentine republic sends by the post, he has to write on the address his "viva" for the republic, and his "mueran" for her enemies—it may be for himself.

The life in the streets of the city possesses much interest for the stranger. The wild forms of the gauchos (as the inhabitants of the country are called) with their flowing kerchiefs over their heads, and picturesque ponchos, lend a peculiar aspect to the scene. Large clumsy waggons, drawn by oxen, roll slowly along, with their gigantic wheels often ten feet high. Every morning gaucho boys come early to town on horseback, with two tin cans full of milk, but having one naked leg hanging down from the sheep-skin saddle, and the other foot drawn up under their seat

There are also ragged black soldiers, sometimes real specimens, who might be kept among the curiosities of a cabinet in alcohol; for Rosas liked his negro military. At the same time, the predilection of every one for a glaring red color—the low houses with their grated windows, and those slender beautiful forms which glide, tightly wrapped in their mantillas, with light and elastic steps through the very centre of dangerous-looking groups of dark-visaged men, with their long knives sticking in their belts—all this often seemed to me as if it were not real, but only a gaily-colored picture created by the imagination. Recovering from such a trance, I would feel my blood thrill quicker and more briskly through my veins, if by a lightning thought I aroused myself to the fact that I was really in the very midst of this stirring life, and able to choose my own course of action.

With the kind help of Mr. Graham, who never wearied of doing me a favor when an opportunity occurred, I found an old Spaniard, who had lived a long time in Mendoza, a small place at the very foot of the Cordilleras; and who, though he was ignorant of the present state of the interior, as far as it was infested by the Pampas Indians, informed me that if I could get to Mendoza, there was even at this advanced season, a chance of my being able to cross the snowy mountains, should I not be overtaken on the way by a snow-storm. The correo (courier) from Chili, he told me, sometimes went over in winter. I might do the same, if I could find a guide, and was determined to brave the worst.

This was all I wanted, and with a lightened heart I commenced my few preparations for the excursion, having learned that in about eight or ten days a correo would start from this place to Mendoza, who most probably would like very much, in the unsettled state of the interior, to have an armed companion. Through an English gentleman, I got acquainted with this old Argentinian, and made a bargain with him by which he was to find fresh horses for me on the road, and pay at the different stations for my board. The distance was three hundred and nineteen leagues, of not quite three miles, for which I gave him four ounces, in value at that time just sixty-four dollars; and though he had certainly a very fair profit, it is always better to be cheated by one person, than to undergo that process at every station, for cheated the traveler will find himself, manage how he may. But

though he found the horses, I had to provide my own saddle and bridle; and I followed the advice of some experienced old stagers —among others my own landlord, who told me always to prefer for such a long ride, an old saddle to a new one, as it was more smooth and pliable, and would ride a great deal better than the best new saddle. It had, moreover, the additional advantage of being cheaper, and I got a tolerably good recado, with bridle, for seven dollars. I bought also a pair of the colossal Argentine spurs for the benefit of the different horses; and furnished with the native revenca—a broad and heavy whip, cut out of a strip of raw leather, with a short handle to it, and an iron ring—I was prepared to set forth.

One difficulty I had yet to overcome, and that was a most serious one—I did not understand the Spanish language; and having only thought of this voyage a few weeks ago, had certainly had no time to study it. What was to become of me, after my first start with the old correo, who, of course, had not the least idea of any other language in Christendom, I could not imagine; but I thought it worse than useless to make myself uneasy before the time. I had not yet tried what I could do, and there is always a way to make one's self understood, if one will only try.

The correo thought of starting about the 16th or 17th, and I had yet time to look round in the new place I was in. To lose as little as possible of this I accepted with the greatest pleasure an invitation from one of my countrymen, a merchant at Buenos Ayres and Bremen consul, to accompany him to his estancia.

We started on Saturday afternoon to have the whole Sunday before us, and the distance was only about three leagues. The first two leagues we found ourselves, with very little interruption, hemmed in on both sides by hedges and small plantations; and though some places here looked peculiar enough, I felt uncomfortable as long as I saw so many signs of civilization around me. I wanted to reach the campo, the free Pampas; and got tired of seeing nothing but habitations, fields, and gardens.

Many parts of the road, principally in low muddy places, were paved with sheep's skulls; even some fields were fenced in along the road, frequently for a hundred yards or more, with nothing but cattle skulls—the horns all stuck up with perfect regularity, to give the whole a finish. Dead cattle, sheep and horses, lay at the same time every where on the road—very frequently in the

middle of it—impregnating the air with a poisonous stench.—Buenos Ayres!

The horses were not the least alarmed at this litter of carcases. In Europe they would have shied or refused to pass, but here they were so used to the thing that they would leap, with the greatest indifference, right over what might be their dead kindred. Cattle graze close by, where some of their own herd lie rotting, and show not the least concern either for their dead comrades, or their own noses.

Leaving the gardens and fields, we still kept in sight of some low bushes or small plantations of peach, paradise, and other crippled trees; but a few leagues further on, even these disappeared, and left one wide unbroken ocean-like plain, affording pasture to innumerable heads of cattle, and the scene of many a bloody battle fought to free and to subdue a people.

After a couple of hours' easy gallop we reached the place of our destination, and I found myself, for the first time, at a real estancia on the campo of the Plate river.

These estancias, as they are called—farm would not express the real meaning of the word—are only in some cases plantations, and in the interior, most of them serve but to give the cattle-holders and their peons or servants a shelter. The peons frequently have hardly that, but live in inclosures used to pen their herds. Often country-people do not even try to raise vegetables for their own use. Meat is their chief nourishment, and the Argentinian may be said to eat meat with meat.

What the cocoa-palm is to the South Sea Islander, his herds are, in most respects, to the gaucho. The hides he uses in divers ways—as a thatch for his hut and a coverlet for his bed, for his corn-crib and ropes, his saddle and bridle, his boots and sacks. The meat is nearly his only nourishment, and even with the dung and bones he kindles his fire and cooks his meals.

But here the difference between a country whose inhabitants live on vegetables, and one where meat forms the main, and often only food, becomes evident. These estancias are entirely wanting in the homely, quiet, and pleasing outlines of a farm, and the cleanly cheerful life, whose main stock of provisions is vegetables, is missing here; while on every side death and putrefaction betray the rough trade of the cattle-breeder.

Wherever the eye ranges, round the dwellings of these estan-

cia holders, it meets or marks the traces of butchered or fallen animals. In every direction you see stretched hides, piled-up intestines, skulls, horns, hoofs, bones, and pools or signs of blood. Thousands and thousands of buzzards, hawks, and sea-gulls flap their wings over these places, or stand overgorged, too lazy to fly, on some old skeletons in the neighborhood. A stranger's nose has really first to get used to the disgusting fresh scent of meat and blood, let alone putrefaction.

Even the elsewhere peaceful and herbivorous domestic animals, change their nature and accommodate themselves to unavoidable circumstances. Chickens, geese, and turkeys, live entirely upon meat, and hogs are fattened upon it. Can it be wondered at, that the inhabitants of this country, continually butchering, and for ever surrounded by death and blood, become themselves wild and blood-thirsty, and learn to think, only too often, no more of a human life than that of a calf or a horse.

An immense quantity of wild water-fowl enlivens the small creeks and ponds and lakes on the wide plains. Wild ducks and geese, swans, cranes and flamingos, fly about in swarms, or float on the shallow and unwholesome waters.

We only went out once with our guns, and then, although in fact, it was more to see the game than for sport, I found my most extravagant expectations surpassed. In about half a day, which we spent on the margin of a little river, and a pond—I can not call it a lake—we saw several flocks of geese and swans, at least twenty different species of ducks and many diving-birds, two kinds of flamingos, one of a soft rose colour, which looked most beautiful in rising, and the other of a darker red and black, but both of them very shy. Innumerable plovers were scattered about everywhere, and as nobody kills them, showed themselves so tame and impudent, that they kept flying and screaming around us, wherever we went, and very frequently frightened the game away. Water, or swamp-snipes, a kind of wood-cock, appeared in flocks of eighty and ninety, as did also a large strand-snipe, a kind of water-turkey, as large as a common turkey, but not eatable. Besides these, there was a bird not unlike a grouse, and a quantity of cranes, storks, and gulls.

When we went home in the evening, the air was perfectly alive with ducks and geese, flying in regular triangles to their nightly resting-places. I noticed a small quadruped, about the

size of a large cat, but more heavy and clumsy, and belonging to the badger family, sitting before tolerably large and deep holes, and watching our movements. If we passed quietly by, they would remain stationary, but on the least motion toward them, they disappeared like lightning in their holes.

We shot one, just to have a fair look at the creature, and found it a little animal between the badger and the hamster, something larger than the American ground-hog. The skin of this little animal, I was told, is tolerably good, and even the meat is eatable, but nobody molests them. The gauchos have meat enough in their cattle, and they do not require, in this warm climate, the fur, and as the skins are not yet marketable, they have no inducement to kill these innocent creatures.

A peculiar kind of otter is found in great numbers in the water-courses, but Rosas prohibited their being hunted, as the skins, which are of some value, were reserved as a prize for his soldiers. The avestrus, or South American ostrich, is similarly reserved, and slaughter is punishable with a heavy penalty.

I was very careful to learn as much as I could of the character of the laws, and found here an admirable opportunity, the overseer of this plantation being a very intelligent German, who could give me every information I wanted.

What he said at first of Rosas, sounded much better than I had expected, and I found it confirmed afterward wherever I went. That Rosas was a tyrant, nobody could well deny. He ruled the land with an iron hand: when he overthrew his enemies, and gained the ascendency, blood had run in perfect streams, but it wanted such a man as Rosas to keep this unruly population, always ready to use the deadly knife, in peace and order. At the same time he protected foreigners and foreign handicrafts, for he felt that it needed their example, with his only half-civilized hordes, to make the people till the ground, and become after a while peaceful citizens.

The form of government has since been altered. Rosas has become a fugitive in Europe, and another president rules the Plata States. The new government has one great advantage, in not having commenced with a deluge of blood, or such atrocities as Rosas perpetrated, to satiate his vengeance and cow down his enemies. I hope it may be also able to keep in force his beneficial laws, which protect the lives and property of citi-

zens and foreigners, and in that case, the Argentine republic bids fair to become one of the most flourishing countries in South America.

The climate is salubrious. Sickness, it is true, appears here and there, but it is never malignant, and the soil is—unlike the prairies of North America, where the best land is never found—most excellent, producing even with very little culture first rate crops.

The export produce consists as yet only of hides, dried beef, tallow, wool, &c. Cattle and sheep, indeed, furnish the only produce for market, but what a quantity of this the Pampas raise, the reader may imagine, from the Buenos Ayres prices, namely, a fattened bullock of two years and a half, ten shillings; one three years old, eleven shillings; a cow, from ten to twelve shillings; a tame milch-cow, with calf, up to twenty shillings.

This is the price by the single head, but buying a herd together, as a new settler always does, cattle cost, on an average, from three to four shillings a head. Buyer and seller ride out, and drive up a certain number of cattle. In counting at the above-named price of from three to four shillings a head, calves are always given in.

A good broken-in horse commonly costs twenty or twenty-two shillings; an unbroken gelding, half that sum. Of stallions, you may buy as many as you wish, at four shillings a head, and mares are even cheaper, but mares are never ridden.

The most serious expense are the sheep. What are called the fine merino-sheep fetch as much as six dollars, or twenty-four shillings a head, but sheep-farmers here consider this an exorbitant charge, and the average price for good common sheep is only one shilling and sixpence; and if you buy the quite common kind, and in a lot, you pay from one and a half to two pesos—a pesos is not quite three-pence—the head. A dozen sheep-skins can be bought for six or eight shillings, the skins being dearer than the whole sheep. Hogs are the dearest animals in the country, and a good hog brings from one to two pounds.

The price of land has risen during the last ten years, but it is yet so cheap as not to require a very large capital in the settler. Land is measured by varas—a vara being something less than a yard—and government sells it in sections of one legua and a half, (a legua being six thousand varas), and each vara costs from four

to seven shillings. But the closer the land is to a town or city, the greater, of course, is its value.

Wheat, though I saw little of it raised in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, is cheap, as are all kinds of vegetables. They had just gathered, in June, the second harvest of potatoes; and there is no doubt, a poor man can commence here with a very small capital, and be pretty certain to secure, by moderate industry, a good subsistence.

On the Monday morning we returned to town, but I must not omit to mention a singular tree—or rather the singular tree they have here, for I saw no other—except some little stunted acacias. It is called the ombu, and is indeed a splendid tree for shade, and in form is the most fantastic I have ever seen. This tree, when young, has a trunk like other trees, running straight up from the ground to a height of eight or ten feet, but when old it becomes withered, and loses both root and branches. This is, after all, a very wise arrangement, for the wide-spreading branches of the wet and spongy wood, could never be able to support themselves, and indeed require to be sustained by props from the roots, which spring up to meet them, but, unlike the banana of India, do not again fall to the ground, but twine themselves round the stem, and form caves and columns, reaching out from the tree on every side. The wood is entirely useless, and will not even burn, unless it has been previously well-dried by the sun, but the leaves are a beautiful green, and the tree presents a fine appearance.

I had a very interesting interview, or rather audience, at the governor's house, with Donna Manuelita, the lovely daughter of the famous gaucho chief.

It was desirable to hear, from the governor himself, how far he would interest himself in German immigration, and if he would really be willing to grant any advantages to poor, but industrious German farmers, who landed in his territories, or only leave them to themselves; but Rosas never received strangers, not even the consuls of the different states, the American consul being the only exception. Whatever they wished to say must be brought before his daughter—the prime minister of state—and to her I also had been referred. But here another difficulty arose. On leaving my ship, knowing what kind of road I had to traverse, I had not encumbered myself with any superfluous wardrobe, and a gray woollen hunting-shirt, with my water-boots and broad-

brimmed hat, was the gayest attire I could assume for the presence-chamber. Mr. Graham, with whom I conferred on this subject, only laughed, and told me that would not make the least difference. Donna Manuelita, was too sensible and discreet a lady to care much about my appearance, and he would undertake to introduce me to her himself.

One evening, therefore, to the astonishment of the sentinel at the governor's palace, he presented me to Donna Manuelita, who was attended by some grandees of the Argentine court, and some lovely young ladies, one of whom spoke English very fluently, and another even a little German. In spite of my dress, which was more suitable to the Pampas than to a court, I passed a very pleasant hour.

The interior of the governor's house—so far as I could observe it—was simple, but very tastefully furnished in the European style, though the lofty and spacious rooms were suited to the warmer climate.

CHAPTER V.

THE SALADEROS.

I HEARD so much during my residence in Buenos Ayres, of the saladeros, or butchering places of this city, that I very naturally wished to see them; and one of my countrymen, a young merchant, undertook to be my cicerone. One fine morning, before breakfast—I wish we had waited till after—we took horse and galloped to a boca, or little creek, about three miles distant, where these saladeros lay.

Having followed nearly all the way the windings of the Plata river, I had contracted a faint presentiment of what we should behold, from a perfect mass of dead cattle and horses, which had been washed ashore by the stream, and lay undisturbed in the middle of the road, to be consumed by birds of prey, or by time. At one point in particular, where the high shore jutted out very steeply, and only a small road, or path, had been left, lay three horses together, over which we had to pass. The stench was stifling, but our horses did not mind it a bit, and jumped over their fallen comrades without the least hesitation.

After a ride of about fifteen minutes, we arrived in sight of the boca. I thought at first the banks of the little watercourse looked remarkably chalky, but as we neared the place I was astonished to see that the whole bank consisted of nothing else but cattle-skulls, which were walled up, with the horns sticking regularly out like spikes. But we had no time to linger on these relics of mortality; our road lay over the little bridge—a toll-bridge by-the-by—and a few minutes afterward we found ourselves between the low buildings and sheds of the saladeros.

At the shed we first visited, they did not, as they said, kill that day, but were busy salting down the hides, to get them ready for shipment. The place was cleared up, and looked passably clean; but galloping only a few hundred yards further, we heard the screams and yells of the drivers, and as we neared the

place saw three horsemen ride into a wide corral or inclosure, where a couple of hundred head of cattle were collected, and who tried to separate a part of them from the rest.

One of the horsemen was a most conspicuous figure—an old tall bony fellow, some fifty-six or sixty years old, with long iron-gray locks, tough and sunburnt, and with a physiognomy as plain and readable as heart could wish. If ever there existed a bloody murderous villain in these States, where people grow up in blood and murder, this was the man. Such have been the butchers sent by Rosas, with his orders of death into the very houses of his enemies, to cut their throats wherever they found them, even should it be at table, with wives and children around them. This man seemed to be the leader of the rest, and was undoubtedly a dexterous hand at this bloody trade.

A red poncho, with dark blue stripes, hung round his shoulders, and he wore a cheripaw of the same color, with a red kerchief round his head, and botas taken from the feet of a horse, which looked almost as red as his other garments, showing how busy he had been that morning at his handicraft. The lasso was fastened on the back of his saddle—for what would a gaucho be without a lasso? and in galloping along, the out-flying poncho sometimes afforded a glimpse of a long ivory-handled and blood-stained knife, stuck in a belt behind his back, the handle toward his right hand. A shaggy gray beard waved about his chin, while he was continually chewing one of his long mustaches, and, similar bunches of gray hair hung down over his eyes, now glaring with a wild and burning fire. I could not remove my eye from this old gray gaucho, and his every movement only riveted it more.

Three of the corrals were close together—one very large one, into which the cattle were driven as soon as they came in; the second, about half as large, designed to hold a part of them, so that the drivers need not always run among the crowd, and frighten the animals more than necessary; and the third and smallest, which would hold only forty or fifty head, forming the killing place. In the second were about thirty head standing apart from the first lot, and then three horsemen galloped in among these, and drove them with deafening cries into the smallest corral. At first the poor animals ran forward, seeing a place open for them, which might lead to liberty; but as soon as they

scented the fresh blood, they pressed back, though too late, their executioners being already upon them, pushing some forward by the weight of their horses, and frightening others by swinging their arms round, as if they were about to throw the dreaded lasso. Bewildered and half-deafened by the unearthly screams of their pursuers, alarmed by the scent of blood and the mass of strange faces and shapes around the corral, they advanced slowly, step by step, till only a few paces from the bars, which were to close upon them, when some of the poor creatures stood hesitating and trembling, as if insensible of the yells and blows which urged them onward.

This incensed the terrible old gaucho, who turned his revenca, and struck the heavy iron ring down on the hip-bones of the poor bellowing beasts, then dropping his revenca, which swung on a thin cord to his wrist, and plucking his knife from its scabbard, ran it, not to injure the hide, with a dreadful curse, between the hams of one unhappy animal. The rascal would have run his knife, I believe with the same delight into a human heart. But this cruel act accomplished, the last of the herd entered the corral; the bars closed behind them, and two minutes afterward the slaughter begun.

The old gaucho left the corral with his two followers, and all of them stationed themselves outside, where they fastened a very strong raw-hide rope to the saddle girts, of their horses, and then waited the signal for further proceedings.

The leathern rope was a long and very strong lasso, turned with a running noose over a block, which a man held in his hand. He was standing on a kind of scaffold, right above the fence, and opposite to where the cattle had entered the corral. As soon as he received the word, the man with the lasso swung it twice or three times round his head, and threw the noose with unerring precision round the horns of one of the animals. The three horsemen saw the noose flying, and perfectly satisfied that it had taken effect, they spurred forward, and dragged the ensnared heifer down on her knees and over her side; and so before she could gain her feet, or offer, in fact, the least resistance, brought her to the place where the lasso-thrower stood, when the latter, bending down, passed his long glittering knife with indescribable dexterity through her neck, close behind the horns. Then, without turning a look on his victim, he took the noose from the horns,

while the horsemen came galloping back to slack the lasso; and raising himself up to his old posture, opened a kind of tray in the corral, and the whole frame on which the heifer had been pulled down, glided away out with the bleeding animal upon it. It was then slid down a short railroad to an open shed, where half-a-dozen bloody hands, with naked arms and legs, and long knives, were waiting to strip off the hide, and cut up the different parts of the body.

A strong push drove the frame back to its old place, and the next moment the noose was thrown over another pair of horns, and the same performance was begun anew. Backward and forward ran the little frame, the lasso whirled, and the poor animals bellowed more and more dismally, betraying at each execution the greatest agitation and dread. With every sign of terror in their eyes, and bristling hair, they tried to escape the inevitable noose, but in vain—another and another fell, and once even two were caught together, without making the least alteration in the arrangements for slaughter; and half an hour afterward the three horsemen trotted back to the largest corral, to drive in another lot.

We now proceeded to view the slaughter-house itself; but I could not linger here, and turned away sickened. The place was certainly kept as clean as possible, but it could not prevent my heart and soul recoiling from such a scene. The blood ran in perfect streams through wooden and open gutters toward the boca, and several men were stationed to keep these channels free from clots. The shed was high and roomy; and the railroad on which the slain animals were brought down, passed through it from one end to the other. Men were busy cutting open an heifer, while others stripped the hide from the reeking carcase, and the body itself disappeared under their sharp knives and dexterous hands. And what a spectacle were these men! with their naked feet wading in blood, and their whole persons covered with it; while every where around were strewn the heads, and feet, and tongues of the slaughtered animals. In another corner men were loading wagons with intestines; and here I saw a whole pile, thirty or forty pieces, of unborn calves; and boys, working up to their shoulders in blood, were engaged skinning the largest, and dragging the rest by the hind legs to some carts which stood waiting to receive them.

One fellow in a short red poncho—I shall never forget him as long as I live—kept crawling round this sickening heap, till he seized one palpitating mass by the hind leg, pulled from under his poncho an old blood-stained bag, dropped his prize into it, and gliding off without any body observing his proceedings, disappeared from the shed. From this charnel heap he had picked out his breakfast! My blood curdled at the thought. I could endure such scenes no longer, and I hastened away. Our horses were only a few yards distant, but they stood as quiet as if they had been grazing on the open plain—they were used to it.

In a few minutes we were at full speed on our way home, and reached town in time for breakfast; but it was three days before I could again touch a piece of meat—I could not bear to look at it.

CHAPTER VI.

TO HORSE.

THE few days I was yet to remain at Buenos Ayres, I spent in walking about the town, seeing and hearing as much as possible. In the afternoon I usually rode out, partly to have a better opportunity of seeing the neighborhood, partly to accustom myself to the saddle; for though I could sit a horse very well, I was not quite sure how I could stand a ride, nearly all the way at full speed, of three hundred and nineteen leagues, at one stretch.

Horses are very cheap at Buenos Ayres, and one can very well hire a horse for a dollar a day; but the report spread by captains of merchantmen, that horses are so cheap here, that they are perfectly satisfied at a livery-stable if you only bring back the saddle, and will not ask a higher price for the horse than the common hire of it, is, I need hardly say, a fable. Sea-captains are, in fact, the only persons who can ever play this trick, as the proprietors of livery-stables at Buenos Ayres—nearly all of whom are Englishmen—know seamen as far as they can see them, and are aware how they treat horses, whenever they get "on board" of one; therefore they take very good care to let them have such animals only as they can no spoil—the oldest and worst in the stable—and consequently it is always an accident if they do come back. For such animals even a dealer in horseflesh has not the heart to ask a price, and they let off the delinquents, as the captains aver, if they only bring back the saddle; while the poor devil of a rider, who had hoped to enjoy an afternoon's quiet ride, thinks himself very well off, only to have been obliged to carry home his saddle for a distance of five or six miles on his own back, instead of the horse's.

On the 17th of June, two boys came to me from the old correo, leading a horse, to take me to his house, whence he intended to make an early start.

At home, Mr. Davies, my landlord—or rather my landlady's husband, for he was in the wool trade, and hardly ever at home—had in the mean time taken the greatest pains to persuade me not to risk the trip, at least not to do it for the sake of settling in California; and I could never convince him that I was not traveling *to*, but *through* California. "Stay away from the accursed country," he used to say; "I have got a particular friend there, hem,"—he put in the hem sometimes in the drollest way imaginable—"and he knows all about it, hem." He then told me some very dreadful tales about the mines, the fevers there, the murders and robberies, and a hundred other pleasant incidents, which might encourage a traveler, and finished this glowing account of the gold country nearly always with the words: "And to get to this wretched country as quick as possible, hem! you want to have your throat cut first from ear to ear, hem? and then be stuck up in the snow, and let the temporales have a blow at you, hem?"

Poor Mr. Davies, all his reasonings were in vain; and as I shook hands with him at parting, he hoped to see an account in the papers that the Pampas Indians had not eaten me, at least without pepper and salt.

Reaching the house of the old correo, I was rather astonished to see the old fellow, whom I had expected to find packing and saddling his horses, sitting very quietly and unconcerned in a chair, sucking his maté; while the whole room was strewn over with packets, packs, and blankets. His old lady was squatting in a corner, blowing a rather sickly coal-fire, to keep the water boiling for that eternal beverage; and his son leant back on a mattress, which seemed to serve at once as a sofa and bed, and played some Spanish dances, with a really skillful hand, on the guitar.

As I entered the room, the lady rose and offered me a small gourd, with a thin metal tube sticking in it, and containing fluid boiling hot. I knew from the description given to me by some friends, that this was the famous maté, and put the tube, without grumbling, between my lips; but bless my soul, how quickly I drew it out again! I believe it was red-hot, and the skin of my lips stuck to the pipe; but the lady smiled, and the old correo laughed outright, for they thought me a great greenhorn. Not able to drink their maté! how then could I stand a ride through the Pampas?

Seeing the bad impression I had made, I put the tube once more into my mouth, like a good boy, and at it I went. The tears rose in my eyes, and I considered myself a martyr in a small way, but I did not dare to wink any more.

The maté is the most favorite drink in the Argentine republic, and perhaps the reader may be well satisfied to hear a few words about it, if he has not to drink it. Maté itself is principally raised in the Brazils and Paraguay, and is gathered from a tree. It looks like a very fine green powder, with little pieces of stalk in it. This stuff is put in a small gourd about as large as an apple, which is filled up with boiling water. But since the fine dust-like powder, made into tea, would be too disagreeable to drink, a tube or bombilla, as it is called, with a little hollow and pierced ball at one end, is introduced into the gourd, and the ball sinking into the maté, holds back the powder, and only the liquid is sucked through. But the difficulty with a stranger lies in the metal, which immediately imbibes the heat of the water, and burns the lips of those who are not used to scorching. The natives draw away at this tube continually; but at first it is to a stranger not only painful, but even a disgusting act, for neither gourd nor bombilla are ever changed, and go from mouth to mouth through the whole company. Nor can you venture to decline the compliment—for such it is deemed—or you would offend the whole company, and particularly the host and hostess. I knew my fate from the first, and sat there sucking the sweet burning stuff, with a resignation worthy of a better cause.

While we were drinking, a couple of young fellows came in, and began to carry out the packs that strewed the floor. The correo followed soon after, leaving me alone with the old lady and the guitar player. The old lady immediately made an attack on the little Spanish I knew, and wanted to learn all about my family and home, circumstances, and interests. But I was very reserved, and at last she had to give up the inquest in despair, though not till her husband came suddenly back into the room, and buckling on his large spurs, and picking up a short-handled, long and strong whip, called to horse. In a few minutes he was ready, and took a short but kind leave of his wife, while the young fellow laid down his guitar to shake hands with him, and we sallied forth.

The horses were outside—four fine, strong, lively animals—

one loaded with all the packs and packets I had seen in the room, another with a large portmanteau, and the remaining two destined to carry ourselves. My saddle-bags were quickly fastened, my blanket and poncho tied behind, and the next minute found us trotting slowly through the crowded streets—for people are not allowed to gallop in town—till we reached the outskirts, when, clapping spurs to his horse, the old fellow gave the whip to the pack-horse, which a young gaucho—our postillion, who rode himself the horse with the portmanteau—held by a line, nodded to me, and away we went at a speed which I thought would inevitably knock up the pack-horse in a quarter of an hour. But little did I know of South American horses.

My old correo was a fine specimen of a gaucho, though dressed more in the European style. He wore a black broad-brimmed hat, like my own, but of a coarser and more durable stuff, a large dark-blue poncho, lined with red, and instead of being simply slit open in the middle, it was furnished with a cloak-like cape and button. His other garments consisted of a tight pair of unmentionables, and long tan-colored riding-boots, to which were buckled the heavy iron spurs. Round his neck he wore a red kerchief, and he grasped in his hand the longed whip already mentioned, provided, as it seemed, exclusively for the benefit of the pack-horse.

The spurs of the gauchos hang down under their heels, so that they can hardly walk with them, and have to step always on tiptoe. On foot, indeed, these gauchos are very inferior beings, reminding one of a seal ashore ; and the spurs with their holding-wheels, three and four inches in diameter, rattle and jingle behind them incessantly ; but let them touch the back of their horses, and they are changed as by a magic rod. At first stooping over and walking as if between eggs, the gaucho suddenly draws himself up, the downcast look becomes confident, even haughty, and once in the saddle, on the back of his prancing steed, horse and rider seem one being, made of fire and life. After a short time among them, I found also the advantage of draggling the spurs. The gaucho, of course, never thinks of cleaning or currying his horse, and consequently the animal, particularly in wet weather, is perfectly incrusted with mud, which a common European spur would never pierce. The spurs therefore must have long and sharp points, and as these, if stuck out

straight behind, could not but be very inconvenient and even dangerous to the rider, when riding a wild and unbroken horse, they are fastened in such a way that he may press his heels as closely as he pleases to the belly of the rearing animal, without using the spur, which, however, a slight turn of the foot will bring into immediate operation.

My attention was soon called to the surrounding country, and to the wild figures we met on the road, and who galloped madly past, their ponchos and kerchiefs streaming behind. The correo knew them all, having for more than forty years traversed the same route, and, as we proceeded, there was not a hut from which he had not a friendly word. Being in the great thoroughfare to the city, the main entrance from the interior, we passed numbers of mules and wagons, bringing produce to town. And the landscape itself, with the singular aloe and cactus hedges, the low houses, the garden walls of sheep's-heads, the heavy carts drawn by lazy oxen, and with a lazier driver sitting on the shaft, pricking the patient animals with a short-pointed stick; the expansive plain, with its widely-ranging swellings of low undulating land, and numerous herds, scattered over the green turf, formed altogether a scene of extraordinary interest.

But the correo had no eye for the scenery, and my sprightly horse required no little attention; so away we galloped, our horses a little scared sometimes by the buzzard and half-wild dogs, feasting on some mouldering carcase of horse or heifer, which we scented at a distance on the poisoned air, and from which they were startled by our approach. Then the road becomes more open; the sharp whip descends with a smack on the hips of the poor pack-horse, the postillion strikes with his revenca, and away we go at full speed over the plain.

CHAPTER VII.

A RIDE ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

Our first station was Al Puente de Marquez, a high-sounding name, appropriated by a miserable hut, at which we changed horses, and took some dinner—a dish of meat and another of pumpkin, maté being of course the vanguard of the whole. I knew immediately that my blistered lips would not be healed till I reached Mendoza.

This was the first gaucho hut I had entered, and though I thought at the time that it was a wretched hovel, the walls being of mud, and covered with reeds, I found afterward that it deserved to be considered a palace, furnished even with taste and luxury. In fact, it contained a table, and several chairs, with seats made of stretched hide, and we were even supplied with a table-cloth, though it was rather the worse for several weeks' use, and forks—every one of course is expected to carry his own knife. These were articles I then thought by no means superfluous. At dinner we all ate the meat out of one large dish, standing in the middle of the table. Several children dined with us, and one who sat next me, a rosy-faced, dark-eyed friendly little fellow—with long silken fringes to his eyes, and beautiful curly brown hair, would really have interested me, if he had not kept his long spoon so active, and so very close under his nose.

Dinner did not last long. Fresh horses were brought, and in an incredibly short time, packed and saddled, and away we went toward the next station, where we intended to stop all night.

The correo is the regular and only post that goes from Buenos Ayres to the interior, and keeps up tolerably regular communication with Chili, San Jago, and Valparaiso. The correo from San Jago brings the mail across the Cordilleras, in summer at stated times, and in winter whenever the snow permits; and at Mendoza he meets the correo from Buenos Ayres, with whom he

exchanges mails. The post starts every month from Buenos Ayres, and two correos proceed with it alternately.

The house at which we were to pass the night, was six leagues farther on, and was called the Cañada de Escobar. It was as dirty as the previous one, the denizens were as squalid, and the maté-tubes as hot. At the same time the hut lay dull and lonesome in the wide and open plain, no field, no garden at hand, not even an inclosure for horses or cattle, only a few posts, the rough trunks of some willow-trees, were driven into the ground round the hovel, and encircled a space of about twenty paces in diameter.

I can stand a great deal of discomfort, and never complain of a hard bed or a frugal meal, but the abominable filth which I met every where here, the dirty spoons and forks and dishes, and, above all, the slatternly habits and squalor of the women, spoiled my appetite at the outset of my journey. I had not yet got used to it—and I hoped that I never should—but I did not then know the worst.

The next morning I was, however, compensated for all my sufferings, real and imaginary. The air was fresh and bracing; the clear blue sky stretched pleasantly over the verdant plain, and the sight of peaceful herds, grazing every where on the soft and luxuriant turf, made me forget all the miseries of the hut—fleas included. Our horses were soon ready, and away we went, scampering over the plain, while on every side we beheld troops of wild horses, playing and chasing each other in the sunny light, and continually came on solitary little ponds, teeming with wild ducks, and surrounded by plovers, storks, and cranes.

High overhead flew long chains of wild geese and swans, and on the ground large and comfortable-looking water-turkeys strutted about, or broke through the low reeds on the margin of the ponds, and cackled to each other incessantly. Little screech-owls sat before their holes, easily distinguished by the heap of yellow earth thrown up around. On the rich clover and grass reposed herds of well-fed cattle, or young lambs frisked round their bleating mothers; and wild steeds neighing aloud, were answered by our panting horses, as they threw back their manes, and snuffed the pure and balmy air.

That night I was as hungry as a wolf, having had nothing to eat for four-and-twenty hours, but my landlady did not seem any advance on her precursors. The meat was served up in an old

wooden bowl, which had not seen warm water or a dish-cloth for at least a fortnight. I thought to have an alleviation of the fare in one thing, and was resolved to make some honest green tea, instead of the stuff they call maté. Boiling water being procured, tea was soon made, and I was just preparing to enjoy it in the usual and natural way, when, bless me! such an uproar arose in the hut: "He's going to drink it," cried the hostess, slapping her hands together in astonishment. Of course I was, but up started the old man—and how the knave grinned as he did so!—and presented me with a bombilla—the same that the old hag had used five minutes before for sucking her maté—and I actually had to take my tea through this horrible blow-pipe, for every time I tried to get rid of it, and to drink my tea in a Christian-like manner, I raised such a storm of derision, that at last I gave up the point in despair.

At this place I first saw an Argentine corn-crib, or barn, and a most singular concern it was. Their barns, like every thing else, are made of raw hide. An ox is stripped of its hide in such a way as to split only the back, leaving every other part of the hide entire; the feet are then sown up, and after the natural apertures have all been closed, the whole is swung on four posts, about seven feet high, when it is filled with wheat, and the slit above covered by another piece of raw hide, completing the crib.

The third day we reached the small town or village of Arrecifes, on a creek of the same name. Here I found an American, in the service of the republic, who had married a young native lady and lived very comfortable, as he said, in the midst of a population entirely Spanish. We made but a short halt at Arrecifes—just long enough to change horses, and give the correo a chance of getting a supply of aqua ardiente for his drinking horns, of which he had a couple swinging across his saddle; but I passed a very pleasant half-hour at the house of the American, and felt very sorry to leave him so soon.

In our way onward I saw how cruelly the Spaniards treat their horses. The stage was a distance of eight leagues, and we accomplished it at full speed; while the correo, whenever the poor, broken-down pack-horse wanted only to blow a bit, came mercilessly down upon it with his long whip, though I, for my part, would have willingly given the horses rest. But what could

I do? I had to stick to the correo, and could not even spare my own animal.

On we went. Hardly were we in the saddle when the correo cries "Gallop!" cuts the pack-horse over the hips with his long whip, and away we fly across the Pampas. Hold the bridle tight in your hand, dear reader, and look well for your path. Badgers and owls have their holes here at every step, and if you do not help your horse a little with your eyes, you may both kiss the ground. The correo is already a long way in front, you have spared your animal too much. Away with you, and take care of the reedy grass ahead; for it covers a swamp. A little more to the left the ground is harder, but it is full of half-concealed holes, and yet must be passed in haste; for the night is fast coming on, and your guide will soon be beyond reach, while path and road no longer exist.

As I came up, the old correo sat his horse stiff and motionless; while his long and heavy poncho, streaming out with every movement, flapped against his shoulders; and only his right arm, as it struck out with the relentless whip, showed that he had power to move. "On, on!" this was his only thought. The steed that bore him had no hold on his sympathies: it was only a horse; and if it carried its load to the door of the next station, it might lie down and die for all he cared.

I rode myself one of the poorest horses I had yet seen in the Pampas: it stumbled at every other step, and I was continually wondering why we did not both come down together. At last we came to a low, soft spot, where the grass was very luxuriant; but the soil, as if elastic, gave way at every tread. My poor horse bore up a good while, till, just as we were coming on drier ground, it came right down on its nose, and pitched me overhead. I was up in a second, and replacing the saddle-bags, the strap of which had been broken by the fall, got in the saddle again, and followed the old correo and postillion, who, I really believe, had not even looked round after me, to see if I was coming. But they were in the right: I was old enough to take care of myself; and setting spurs to my horse, I soon recovered my distance.

It was now getting dark, and we had yet a long way to go. The appearance of the plain began to be very peculiar. As night set in, a damp mist rose from the low ground, to a height of from two to three feet, changing the campo into what seemed

a milk-white, shoreless lake, to which the last rays of the sun, reflected by the clouds above, imparted at intervals a soft, rosy radiance.

I had now lost sight of the correo, in fact I had forgotten all about him, and left my horse to choose his own road, just as though I were not traversing a wide and pathless plain, infested by wild tribes, and where, if I lost my leader, I might wander for hundreds and hundreds of miles without regaining the track, and ignorant of the dangers that awaited me. But the scene around was far too interesting to be neglected; and still leaving the bridle to my horse, I hardly knew, or cared whither we went, if I could continue to gaze on this strange and beautiful sight.

The most extraordinary objects in this floating sea of mist were the grazing herds, the upper part of their bodies alone being visible; and the fog gathering in large fleecy masses, began to assume fantastic shapes, such as bergs and figures, which seemed to float on the shining surface of the lake, while lofty, dangerous-looking cliffs and glaciers hung above.

It seemed that I was always galloping down the slope of a steep hill, and that the mist would close the next minute over my head, and yet I had not left the open plain, and the sward lay smooth before me. But as night closed in, the mist rose higher and higher, and finally became so thick, that I could hardly see the ground for ten or twelve yards on either side. But my horse had in the mean time done his best; right ahead I could hear plainly the hoofs of my companions on some hard ground; and in a few minutes I reached a hard-beaten path, and we all arrived together at the hut where we intended to pass the night.

Next morning we started very early—the sun had not even risen above the horizon, and the correo announced as the reason, that we had a long day's march before us. "To-morrow," he added, "we shall come in the range of los Indios, amigo." Los Indios—the long-talked-of savages, we were already close to their war-path, and who could say what the two next days might not bring forth. But what matter? Should they come in a small party, we should have to fight; and if they came in a large one, we could but run.

Morning is for the animals of the Pampas the time of repose. Even the hawks and buzzards stand quietly on some low bush or

mound, and pay no heed to the little singing-birds flying around; only long-legged storks cackle and chatter, as they walk slowly in couples or small parties on the flat and dry ridges of the ponds. All the little ground-holes are empty; whatever lives down there, does not show its face in the first hours of morning. The herds of cattle lie chewing their cuds on the rich clover of the plains, and even the horses stand drowsily about, nodding in the cool breeze that rises with the sun.

How different the scene, when the sun is sinking in the west, and the low bushes of the Pampas throw their long shadows over the grass! Troops of horses and cattle are up and feeding, their young ones playing about them, as they move through the plains, only picking the best and sweetest pasture in this rich pantry of the Lord. They tramp and neigh in herds over the green-sward, and the soft lowing of the cows mingles with the shrill cry of the hawk, soaring on high, and seeming to have nothing in common with the tribes below.

Hei! how the horses dart with their riders through the plain, the rattling hoofs striking sand and turf far out behind, while they answer the well-known sounds of the steeds running wild over the expanse! Even the caves and ground-holes become alive, though half-an-hour before they seemed empty. How cosily the little bustard sits at his door, keeping his eye on you as you approach! Yonder is another one—there a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. To the right, just under the waving little shrub, a whole family are squatted, delighting in the gambols of the youngest, which has come out this night for the first time, and is quite astounded by all the wonders of the mighty world.

Owls are flying about, and far behind an ewe, with its new-born lamb, anxiously trying the distant flock, bleats and calls to the poor little thing which can yet hardly keep its feet, and which she can not leave behind. Already a powerful vulture, which has been circling about the place for some time, is watching the lamb and the mother, to find her one minute only off her guard, and tired of waiting, darts down at last for his prey. But the week timid ewe has suddenly changed her nature, and with bended head and sparkling eye, has become the assailant, but only advances a few steps, knowing full well that the safety of her young one depends on her presence. The vulture is taken

aback by the unlooked-for courage of the dam, and too cowardly to attack, but too greedy to give up, follows at a little distance, keeping his large round eyes on the tottering lamb, while the poor ewe, now pushing and now coaxing, strives to get it quicker along, out of the reach of the dreaded enemy.

An armadillo glides through the waving grass, and the young postillion raises himself high in his saddle to watch its course, and see if the bended halms will not again betray its presence.

And what is lying there in a pool of water, where a small sinking in the ground stayed the water from the last rain? It is a dying cow, the green glassy eye growing blind as it stares on the full and luxurious clover that presses softly against her side, in a few days to be infected by her decaying carcass, and trampled under foot by beasts of prey. And here, and every where, lie the skeletons of others, some yet covered with the old dry hide, others grown over with fresher and more luxuriant clover.

Then comes our old friend the stork. How watchful and motionless does he now stand in the small pond, peering into the clear water. He never even looks up at the screaming flight of parrots, which shoot with rapid wing over the plain to seek their nightly resting-place, nor the large troop of fiery-red flamingos, that have taken possession of a neighboring pond. Only one angry look does he throw over at a large flock of restless, cackling ducks, which dart down in wild and noisy flight into the pond, ruffling the water where it stands. Then again it is watchful as before, staring into the dark and shining tide, to see what supper it will furnish.

On—on we go. The sun has sunk long ago behind the Cordilleras, and night throws her vail over the slumbering earth.

That night we were camped in a small hovel, made of twigs stuck in the ground, and bent together above. The whole furniture of the house consisted of two horse-skulls for chairs, and a couple of ox-hides thrown carelessly on the ground. In the middle of the hut was a fire of bones and cow-dung, and from this rose a perfect steam of stench. Here some meat was prepared for our supper, and a most delicious flavor it had, broiled, without even a stick between, on that fire.

But all is nothing when you are used to it, and after an old gaucho had gnawed one of the bones awhile, he handed it to me, and I picked it clean. I had eaten hardly any thing for twenty-

four hours, and having traveled about eighty-four miles, was above trifles.

On the 21st, we reached the province of Santa Fé, and in crossing the little river Arroyo de Pavon, were in the direct track of the feared Indians. Five or six houses were standing together on the bank of the creek, and here we heard the first account of the Indians worth noticing. They had shown themselves in the neighborhood in troops of fifty or sixty: all well armed, and most excellently mounted, sometimes even with led horses. They had also had a skirmish with the soldiers, attacked several huts in the campo, and killed the inhabitants.

The men here spoke of nothing but los Indios, and had even sent their young women away to sheltered towns in the interior, while the men were ready to defend their homes or fly, as the horde should be small or great. Flying herds, with which the natives came galloping up, and startled game, were the most certain signs of the approach of the enemy; and flight toward the north—where the Cordoba range had hitherto proved a barrier against these wild tribes—was thought the surest, and in fact the only way to escape.

The Arroyo de Pavon seemed also in many respects a boundary of the country. From this point, the gauchos no longer took the paper money of Buenos Ayres. Paper dollars or pesos, worth threepence a-piece, and even the scenerie, changed in value. Hitherto the land had been one wide, uninterrupted beautiful green plain, covered with juicy clover, and fresh luxuriant grass, upon which the well-fed cattle grazed in innumerable herds and flocks; but from here, as if cut off by the bank of the river, the country took a more wintry aspect: the grass disappeared, and gave way to a gray furze, which throwing itself in broken masses like a vail over the sward, left here and there indeed beautiful green spots free, but only gathered more strength the farther we advanced into the interior, till it swallowed up the green altogether.

We rode that night till nearly ten o'clock, several hours after it had become perfectly dark, in order to cover as much of this country as we could, for the correo was, in fact, far from being at his ease; and every hut we passed, he inquired for news of the red men. We crossed that night a small river with very muddy banks, where I nearly sank with my horse in the soft mud; and

when at last we reached the hut where we were to lodge, it was too late to procure a bit to eat, although we had not broken our fast the whole day. But next morning we had time enough to eat and rest; a very heavy mist lay on the plain, and the correo and the inmates of the hut had a long talk together about the danger of starting in such a fog and being run upon by the Indians, who like to sneak about at such a time. Besides this, we had hardly any path to follow, and the old fellow was afraid of losing himself.

At last, a light air sprang up, and the mist, breaking into loose, rolling masses, drifted off toward the north; affording us once more a full view of the country. The correo was on the watch, and scanning the southern horizon, looked narrowly at the various herds of cattle, to mark if they showed any symptom of fear. In this reconnoissance I assisted him, having with me a most excellent pocket-telescope, made by one of our best opticians. Every thing seemed in perfect order, and the horses were brought out and quickly made ready to start.

As we proceeded, we saw but few cattle, the gauchos having driven their herds as far as they could out of reach of the Indians. The plain, however, abounded with deer. Frequently we started an old buck from a clump of furze, and the beautiful high-crested animals, looking, with their long white tails, exactly like the stags of Virginia, flew off with long bounds over the wide flat, never once stopping till they got out of hearing of the horses. I was at first astonished to find them so wild, the gauchos having no guns; but in truth the deer perhaps dreaded more their lassos and bolas and fleet horses, which rarely fail of insuring sport.

Galloping thus for a couple of hours, I forgot all about the Indians; but all at once I saw ahead of us, and right in our path, about half-a-mile distant, a party of the most singular-looking beings I had ever beheld, coming over the rise of a low undulating swell of land. That they were not men, I saw at a glance; but it was equally clear that they were not quadrupeds; and yet, as I looked again they seemed as if they were really long-legged naked men, running with a load upon their backs over the plains. The correo smiled as he saw how narrowly I watched these strange objects, and told me they were ostriches.

Ostriches! the first I had ever beheld in a wild state, ostriches which chased one another over the wide Pampas, striking the air

with their short, awkward wings, and throwing their long naked legs to the right and left as if they were sticks hanging under their belly. But their demeanor quickly changed as soon as they heard the clatter of our horses' hoofs, and in an instant they drew up and stood as if cut out of stone, so still and motionless. Then they flew over the plains as if carried by the pampero, and soon disappeared. Nor is it easy to overtake them when they once take flight; and the gaucho, when this is his object, has to come upon them unawares, and can only take them after a long and tedious chase.

I ought to say a few words about the lasso, at least about the bolas, for I suspect my English reader has heard the lasso described often enough. The bolas are small stones from three to four inches in diameter, and each is sewn tightly up in a piece of raw hide, to which is fastened a long strip of the same material, about four or five feet long, and all these three short ropes are tied together at the end. When the bolas is to be thrown, one is taken in the right hand, and the others being swung in a wide circle round the head to give them power and weight, the bolas is impelled forward, very much like the lasso, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, so that when released by the hand, the three bolas or balls spread out to a triangle, and fly whirling through the air till one of them finds, in the object aimed at, resistance, and is stopped, when the other two, striking round with the same force, entangle and throw down, and sometimes even kill the destined victim, whether man or beast. I have seen horses brought down by these bolas as if they had been struck by lightning, and the force with which they come is sufficient to break a horse or bull's leg.

The bolas form, with a lance fourteen feet in length, the principal weapons of the Indians; and they possess great dexterity in using them, as well as the lance which they carry, galloping up to the enemy, in an up-and-down swinging motion, till they strike at the mark. It is made out of a kind of bamboo or cane, and is furnished with an iron point. The correo told me it was all but impossible to avert a blow, from such a lance, on account of the swinging of the point; and the Pampas themselves have such skill in the use of this weapon, that passing by at full speed, they will strike a dollar without ever missing.

The gauchos, are, in all those exercises, hardly inferior to the

aborigines. Half-Indians themselves, they throw lassos and bolas with the same dexterity; and it is a splendid sight to see those wild, savage men on their panting steeds, their ponchos streaming out behind, the wide noose of the lasso whirling round their heads, and man and horse as if one being, following, with maddening speed, the dashing, flying herds, while the birds of prey circle overhead; the green plain, the blue sky, the picturesque groups of pursuers and pursued, changing with every minute; all this leaves an impression on the mind of the spectator which it would be difficult to describe and impossible to forget. Such a spectacle to be properly comprehended must be seen, felt: your blood must tingle in your veins, your own steed have danced under you with inflated nostrils and uttering wild neighs, and then it may be conceived and understood.

On the 23d we reached the little town of Cruza Alta, and here the correo stopped nearly an hour, to get all the information he could about the Indians. The little place was full of women, who had fled hither, from a fear of being carried off by those wild sons of the Pampas, a feat these modern Romans most willingly and not unfrequently, if they get a chance, accomplish. Of course the most dreadful stories were current about the savages, and my guide collected a perfect heap of murders, to spread dismay far and wide on our journey.

The next day we were galloping along our path, keeping at the same time a sharp eye toward the south, when we suddenly perceived right before us, first a large cloud of dust, and then discerned some black objects in the midst of it. We all stopped at the same moment, and the postillion groaned "los Indios;" but my telescope told me that it was nothing but a large vehicle, drawn by horses, and coming on at a rattling pace. The moving mass, as it drew nearer, proved to be a large clumsy omnibus, not drawn as such carriages are in our country, but by six foaming horses, each with the wild figure of a gaucho on its back, and fastened to the shaft by a ring in the strong hide belt or surcingle, which is bound round the middle of the horse.

When we came near, the vehicle stopped, and a parley commenced between the gauchos and the correo about the Indians. At the same time a window was opened, disclosing the yellow and wrinkled features of an old gentleman within, having a pair of green spectacles on his nose, and who anxiously inquired for

the latest murders. Five or six other faces appeared at the different sashes, belonging to as many boys—the old gentleman's fellow-travelers, and I found to my satisfaction that one of the boys could speak English. His parents lived at Valparaiso, and he was going with his tutor or professor to Buenos Ayres. But he would answer no questions, only wanting to hear about the Indians, all they had done, and all they were likely to do, and listened with pale features to the dreadful stories which the old rascal of a correo freely communicated to his teacher. To console him, I told him there was not one word of truth in these horrors, as we had seen no Indians, and I did not believe there was one within two hundred miles of us. But the Cordilleras! How was it with them? The most interesting point for me lay there. Should I be able to cross them? The boy answered: "Yes, in summer time; but now they are snow-locked." Snow-locked? bah! I began to expect there was as much foundation for this conjecture as for the stories about the Indians. Indians there certainly were somewhere, but the plains were wide, and it was very unlikely that we should meet them.

It was an extremely disagreeable sight as we proceeded, to meet such a quantity of small wooden crosses. We saw every day two or three, often even more, of these memorials, and they all marked the spot where some poor traveler had been murdered, not by the savage Indians alone, but by the hardly less treacherous gauchos. These are indeed a great deal too ready with their long, sharp knives, and revenge or cupidity too often prompts their willing hand.

On the 26th, we saw the first blue mountain ridges, a good way off toward the north. These were the Cordoba range, and our direction lay to the western point of it. That night we stopped in a village, called after the little river close by, Rio Guarto. Here we met another correo, who came from Mendoza, and was going to Cordoba. He knew nothing about the Cordilleras, but a great deal about the Indians; and, if he spoke truth, they had chased him to the very entrance of the last little town he had passed. But there had been only ten or twelve of the "brown devils," as he called them, and twelve of them should not chase us, though it was a different case with him, as he carried no fire-arms.

The inhabitants of the Pampas, as well as those of the larger

towns in South America, are very fond of cock-fighting. They like all amusements which are attended with bloodshed, and the correo we had met carried with him four very large and strong-looking fighting-cocks, in different baskets, fastened to the pack-horse, which as we all slept in one large room, were deposited in the four different corners of our chamber, and the cocks were then taken out, and fastened by one leg to some stakes driven in the ground, and intended to support a table-board or a bench.

I was engaged writing letters till very late, when I threw myself down on my blanket, with the saddle for my pillow, but I could only have slept about half-an-hour ere I was suddenly roused by a most dreadful noise, sounding like a trumpet in my very ear. I jumped up as if I had been shot. Before I could collect my senses, the same noise burst from another corner of the room, and presently from two corners at once. It was the cocks crowing, and sure enough they kept at it. Day was breaking, though I could yet see no gleam of light on the dark sky; and though I poked at the fowl nearest to me, to keep it at least quiet, it was without effect, and the other three crowed all the time; so we had it for the remainder of the night, and a pleasant night it was.

I had been told there was a countryman of mine living at this place, and not being able to find him late on the evening before, I went for him early this morning. He was a funny little fellow —by trade a stonemason; but on coming out here to the Pampas, and finding no stones, he had become a hat-maker, taken of course a wife, and was raising a family of six or seven children. At this time Rio Guarto was, on account of the Indians, garrisoned with troops, and a number of fugitives had taken refuge within its walls; and the little fellow thought an eating-house would agree very well with his business. Many preparations not being necessary, he had set up shop, got himself half-a-dozen plates, two or three bottles of aqua ardiente, and some forks, all placed behind a small bar in his mud-walled parlor, and the hotel was furnished. As I entered his room, six or seven soldiers were standing about the bar taking their breakfast—a piece of pudding, a sausage, and, a luxury here, a slice of bread; and a bowl of coffee, with red pepper and salt, were standing on the table, and each man had a glass of aqua ardiente before him.

It is, indeed, a very easy matter to keep a boarding-house in the Pampas; and as they seem never to wash plates or dishes. the landlady can do very comfortably all the work, which consists merely of putting a kettle on the fire to boil the sausages and the water for coffee and maté.

My countryman was from the Rhine, and having lived better than twenty years in this country, had nearly forgotten all his German. While speaking with me, he made such free use of Spanish words, that I ought really to have known both languages to keep up the discourse. He did not like the Pampas—and I did not blame him if he called that uncomfortable place where he lived, his home. He wished to be once more in Germany, but having no means of getting there, or if there, any means of subsisting, he himself thought it a hopeless case. He had heard that there had been a revolution, but did not believe it; and said, that if things were bad now in Germany, they were worse in South America. He told me the soil was very productive, but people did not sow or plant any thing, as there existed so many bad "hombres," who would steal the produce a great deal faster than it could grow. With respect to politics, he only spoke the common sentiment of the people. Rosas, then at the head of the government, kept the country quiet; but how long would his rule last? A new revolution would bring a new president, and how would the wild gauchos in the Pampas behave then? Even now they were hard to manage, and always ready for riot and plunder. Would the next government be strong enough to keep them in order?

This universal apprehension explains why no improvement is ever attempted in the country; all are afraid of a new revolution, and seem willing to keep themselves in the best circumstances for such a contingency—that is, not to encumber themselves with any property.

I left my countryman as I had found him. His life, he said, was very miserable. Civility was not to be found among the gauchos, and if once in a way a countryman arrived, it was always exactly as with me: he stopped for an hour or two, and was gone.

On the 27th we reached a little town, also garrisoned with soldiers and called Achiras; and the next day galloped from morning till night through a most desolate and barren stretch of

country without any road and riding over in a straight line toward a distant hill which we could just see on the horizon. This eminence was called El Morro, and we reached it late in the afternoon. On the other side we found a camp of soldiers, and here they were really required, for the Indians had shown themselves in the neighborhood. At the hut where we changed horses, the mountain home of two young persons, the host told us that they had not long ago killed his brother. He also showed us one of their lances taken in fight. It was a bamboo-pole, fourteen feet long, with an old bayonet fastened at the end.

Round the camp grazed several troops of horses, guarded by young fellows, and wild-looking enough to be Indians themselves. They had to keep the horses ready for the soldiers to spring in the saddle at a moment's warning, and guards were stationed on the top of the hill to watch the surrounding country.

The soldiers' camp at the very foot of the Morro was a scene of great animation, with its troops of horses and camp-fires, and whole bevies of women, either busy in the tents and huts, or broiling meat on the fire and carrying fuel from the nearest shrubs; yet it was certainly more like a camp of gipsies than of soldiers.

We started with fresh horses, though they were the worst we had had through the whole route; all the best, I suppose, having been impressed by the soldiers. If the Indians had attacked us that night, we should have been in an unenviable situation, but as it was we reached our quarters in safety.

In the evening I had the good fortune to witness an Argentine partridge hunt. Galloping along the plain we started a flock which separated, and we saw one dropping down again not far from us, in some bushy grass. The correo, with a significant nod, as if he intended to say, "Watch me, will you?" turned toward the spot, till he approached within twenty yards, when he commenced swinging his long whip round his head like a lasso, and encircling the place where the single partridge lay, at a short, quick gallop, he narrowed the circle more and more keeping his whip all the time in motion. The poor little partridge, meanwhile, squatted down as close as it could under the grass to keep out of the way of the swinging cord, when he suddenly struck downward and killed it on the spot.

Without alighting from his horse, the old fellow picked up the

dying bird, and then rode on, without having lost more than two or three minutes by the incident.

The next morning, the postillion took a broad, thin piece of raw meat, and put it—why should I scruple to tell the reader, since I had to eat it?—under his own seat, upon the saddle, covered over, it is true, from regard to cleanliness, with an old, untanned sheepskin, which had served at least two or three years for a saddle-cloth, and which slipped about under him in a most distressing manner.

"And did you eat this delicate morsel?" cries the reader. "I could not have touched it."

Oh yes, dear reader, if you had galloped between sixty and eighty miles, and really could get nothing else, you would take to it readily; at least, I did.

About twelve o'clock we met one of the Mendoza caravans, a train of about thirty large wagons or carts (for they all run on two wheels), which moved slowly, creaking and jarring one behind the other, across the plains of Buenos Ayres. These wagons carry the produce of the rich district of Mendoza, consisting principally of flour, wine, and raisons, to the city, and go commonly in large numbers for mutual protection, not only against the Indians, but also against their own countrymen, whose mouths not unfrequently water at sight of their rich freight.

These wagons deserve a short description. They rest, as I have already said, on two wheels, which are really gigantic in size. The frame-work is tolerably light, for the sides are almost always made of basket-work, having the upper part covered with raw hides. The high wheels, I was told, are necessary for the Pampas in wet weather; but they gave the vehicles, with their high, narrow bodies, a most singular appearance. Under the wagon, in traveling through those parts of the Pampas where there are no bushes, they carry some wood for fuel; and on the back part, secured by leather thongs, a high earthen water-jar; for part of the route is a perfect wilderness of sand and salt, and not even drinking water can be had for very long distances. But the water thus provided is for the men, as the oxen are obliged to put up with the brackish water found in the ponds.

The wagoners drive their oxen in a way peculiar to themselves, perfectly harmonizing with their southern indolence. Usually three or four yoke are fastened to the shaft, and to drive

these with a whip, it would need to be a very long and heavy one; but this would not be agreeable, and therefore they have another fixing, which is a very long pole, generally a bamboo, which swings from the fore part of the wagon in such a way as to reach out with its sharp iron-pointed end to the farthest yoke, at the same time being balanced at the butt-end by some weight, it is very easily managed. The driver, who leans lazily back in the forepart of the wagon, needs only to keep the bamboo swinging; being able, at the same time, to reach the first yoke with its point. The third yoke, indeed, can not be reached in this way, and for their benefit another point, about a foot long, is fastened right over their backs, and the driver has only to lift up the butt-end of the pole, and the point drops down on the poor beasts. For the two yoke nearest to his wagon, he carries another little pole, also sharp pointed, and just long enough to reach the second yoke.

When attacked by the Indians, they group in the same way as the emigrant wagons on the western prairies of North America, forming a kind of fortification, half of the wagons coming round in a semi-circle, and halting, while the other half close the circle. The cattle are brought into the centre, and the wagoners having lances, and not unfrequently fire-arms, bid defiance to the rushing swarm of savages, who can not use their bolas or lassos against such an impenetrable mass, and generally retreat with the loss of a couple killed or wounded.

Our next halting-place was San Luis, the principal town of the province of that name. Here the governor sent for the correo, and told him that he had very narrowly escaped a horde of Indians, who had been lying in wait for him farther north, on the route he usually took, when the savages were on the move, and had thus missed us. They had advanced this year farther up toward the north, as the spies reported to the governor, than ever they had before, and had even ventured into the mountains, which they had not left when the messengers came off to San Luis with the unwelcome news, as fast as their horses could carry them. A corps of cavalry was instantly sent out after them, to cut off their retreat; but I never heard how far they succeeded.

San Luis is about seventy-seven leguas from the foot of the Cordilleras, and we could see from here the blue range of the vast mountains as plain as if they had been within a distance

of twenty miles. The ridge stretched itself like an immense monster, with its snow-filled chasms—a gigantic snake of ice, between the sunny valleys of the south.

From San Luis our road lay through a perfect desert—a sandy flat full of thorns and myrtle-bushes, with no water, no cool or shady place at which man or beast could refresh. Through a distance of twelve leagues—and they seemed twenty in that desolate district—we saw scarcely a living thing, only once a lonesome sparrow, and shortly afterward a single buzzard; and this last passed over the dry and dusty bushes with a starved, melancholy look, depressing to behold.

The next day we had the same country; nothing but sand, sand, sand, myrtle and thorns, and low dry bush, with singular crumbling wood—the correo did not even know the name of it. in Spanish. It had a veiny, rough stem, from about one to two inches thick, and I could crush it very easily between my fingers. I counted five distinct kinds of myrtle. On one the leaves looked exactly like oak-leaves, though not much larger than those of a common myrtle; another bush had leaves shaped like a sharp-cut heart, but all were like our myrtle in blossom and seed.

This day we only changed horses once. There was no place where a station could be erected, owing to the want of water; and the poor beasts had first to make thirteen, and the next, sixteen leagues, without any thing to eat, there being not so much as a blade of grass that whole distance. It was a wearisome ride, and what a stretch for the poor pack-horse, with about two-hundred pounds upon its back, and going half the way in a gallop, over sinking sand, the old correo whipping it continually, and wanting to keep in a gallop, the whole distance. But that was impossible, the soft sand being too fatiguing. The horses, however, stood it well; but next day, when the station people brought us, in just such another wilderness, a pack-horse, whose back was one perfect sore from neck to hip, and wanted it to gallop a stage of ten leagues, exhausted nature for once gave in, and the poor beast dropped down in the path, without being able to rise again. The packs were then removed from its back, and put on the postillion's horse, the correo taking the large portmanteau on his own, and away we went, leaving the postillion behind with the helpless brute, for which he could not procure a drop of water or a handful of grass. Nor had he, poor fellow, a piece

of bread or a drop of any thing to drink himself, and the only water was a little muddy and brackish pond about half a mile distant. For this my correo did not care: the one was only a horse, the other a peon, a servant, to be treated but little better than a slave.

In truth, I was astonished when I first entered the republic, to see how contemptuously the cavalleros treated the lower classes. They call their country a republic, and the inhabitants republicans, but I had another idea of that form of government till I came here. The peon of South America—for I found afterward the same thing in Chili—is treated very little better than the colored man in the United States. If he approached a superior, it is cap in hand—he dare not sit at the same table with him; and even while we slept in the Pampas, however low and miserable our lodging, while we lay under shelter, the poor postillion had to sleep outside in the cold, wet air, with no covering but his thin poncho. Whether these men were governed by a chief, king, or president, it would be all the same. God has given them rights, but they do not know it; and if ever they do understand them, they will become, on their emancipation, worse than beasts of prey delivered from their cage.

The 2d of July we reached at last the little village of Pescara ó Rodeo Chacon, only twenty-three leguas from Mendoza, and bordering that fertile province. Here we were able to procure the horses plenty of food and water, and we ourselves got a clean table, good Mendoza bread, and most excellent Mendoza wine.

In the evening, just as we were preparing our beds, tolerably wearied with our long day's ride, I heard, in a neighboring hut, the tones of a guitar, accompanied by a man's voice. Playing the guitar is a very common amusement of the Spanish race, and I had heard it often on our road. They almost always sing with the music, but their voices are not always mellifluous. On this occasion, I was proceeding, despite the music, to roll myself up in my poncho, while the old correo twisted for himself a last cigaretto for the night, when the miserable song I had first heard was followed by another, and now aroused, I listened with pleasure to the voice of a master. My curiosity was now excited, and though the correo shook his head, and grumbled something about being out of one's senses, getting up in the night to hear a

crazy old song, I wrapped my poncho round me, and repaired to the neighboring hut.

As I entered the room, the men moved aside for me in a friendly way, so that I could have a fair look into the interior. I saw a young, tall fellow, his poncho thrown off, and having a guitar on his arm, leaning on a low bed, formed of stakes driven in the ground, with a cow-hide stretched over them, and touching the instrument with light and skillful fingers. His black curly hair fell in long silken ringlets round his fine, maiden-like forehead, and his dark eyes glistened in the animation of the song. He wore a short, dark-blue jacket, and round his waist a broad embroidered belt, common in the Pampas, and fastened in the fore-part with six large buttons, made of Spanish dollars, while about ten or twelve more dollars formed a kind of ornament indicating the wealth of the wearer. Under this belt, in the back of which was stuck a large knife, with a beautiful ivory handle, he wore a parti-colored cheripaw, and his feet were incased, not in the hide-botas of the gauchos, but in well-blacked boots, which showed a small and fine foot to advantage. His neck was encircled by a blood-red kerchief, and a broad-brimmed straw hat lay at his side. He was, in fact, the finest specimen of a wild young gaucho that I had yet seen; and though his features were so soft and even womanly, unusual fire and animation glowed and worked in his eyes.

I had hardly entered when he begun the second part of his song, and while the first had been soft and plaintive, it was wild and reckless now. At the same time his words struck home, and thundering bravos resounded on all sides, while men and women collected more and more, till the room became crowded.

I felt very sorry that I did not understand enough of the language to catch the meaning of his song; but I know that it touched on love and war, and, I doubt not, had some political allusions, for this part of the Argentine republic, as I heard afterward in Mendoza, was by no means enthusiastic for the government of Rosas. When the young man's song was finished, another caught up the guitar, and answered him, though not with such a beautiful voice, but the roof shook with the perfect shouts of laughter and bravos, which he elicited.

I remained at the concert more than an hour, and when I

sought my couch, it was a long while before I could get to sleep, so great was the noise.

Next morning, in order to reach Mendoza in good time, we made a very early start; it was hardly four o'clock when we were roused by the new postillion—the old one had come in about an hour before, having left the broken-down horse dead on the spot where it fell. We galloped along a tolerably plain road, till the rising sun lit up the country, and showed us in the distance, but now not so far off, the towering blue range of the Cordilleras, over which there hung a most singular streak of white clouds, spotted and striped with darker lines in a very peculiar manner. I had never in my life seen such a formation of cloud, but the mountains claimed for the moment all my attention to look at the sky, and I wondered how we could not, at so short a distance, distinguish the snow on such a lofty and extensive range.

The first ten leguas of the soil over which we passed was not much better than that traversed on the two previous days, the vegetation being exactly similar, except that the bush was less thorny—in fact, there was hardly any thing to be seen but myrtle-bushes; but soon a row of high, slim poplar-trees, planted in regular lines, as it seemed, showed the boundary-line of the desert, and we reached a tract of plantations, in which orchards, pastures, vineyards, gardens, and fields, alternately masses of screaming parrots hung in the poplars, or shot with nimble wings from one field to another, and hundreds of turtle-doves filled dark the large and majestic fig-trees, or cooed from the foliage of the orange-trees, while well-fed cattle and horses at will roamed over the pastures. It was, indeed, a sweet scene for the eye to rest upon.

From this station, after a repast of fruit and wine, we rode down a kind of broad alley, with plantations on either side, toward a low, flat hill, which at first obstructed our view, but on reaching an open place, we saw far ahead of us a wide and fertile plain, dotted with houses and plantations; and there—I involuntarily grasped the reins of my horse—was spread before us a scene of enchantment. I could not turn my eye from the horizon, though unable to embrace in one long gaze all the features of that wonderful sight.

How can I describe in words what, at the first glance, even

the sight could not comprehend, and which reason will scarcely believe.

Stretched out in front of me, as far to the north and south as eye could reach, lay the blue wide range I had recognized, even at San Luis, the Cordilleras, topped by a singular snake-like drift, which I had thought at first to be clouds and misty banks, but which, parted now by rocks, and hollow clefts, and snow-filled, snow-decked dales, rose high into the clouds that covered the upper ridge, and above, far above, gigantic peaks still shot up as if from the clouds, and sparkled in the sun, as it fell on their ice and snow-crowned summits. Following with my eye those giddy heights, I halted speechless—overpowered—and as I looked up at the rugged-pronged peaks, on whose points the heaven seemed to rest, tears filled my eyes. My heart was too full, and expressed its emotion in tears.

My companions, who were familiar with the sight and cared little about it, left me behind, galloping on their road at full speed; and, at length, clapping spurs to my horse, I galloped down the easy long slope, that stretched out toward Mendoza, though my eye remained riveted on the snowy chain, the backbone of a world that lay before me in gigantic majesty.

But the road itself soon required more of my attention than I had yet bestowed upon it. We were approaching a large and populous town, and signs of traffic and business began to appear. I passed strings of mules, laden heavily with the produce of distant provinces, on its way to Mendoza, while others were going back with their light straw pack-saddles on their back, quite empty, and running along in a quick and lively trot. Passengers, too, were numerous, and the country was highly cultivated, and dotted with small homely dwelling-houses, here standing alone, there sociably clustered together. Looking on this wide and fertile plain, it was easy to understand how Mendoza had come to be called the granary of the Argentine republic.

Reaching a piece of low, swampy and reedy ground, where the soil was too wet to favor agriculture, I got time again to raise my eye to the magnificent mountains; and a kind of dread rose in my heart, as I thought that I, weak, helpless being, should dare to cross their snowy heights, where grim winter had gathered all his terrors, letting them loose sometimes in gales and whirlwinds, that spread death and desolation around. But there was also a

singular charm in this consciousness of one's own strength and courage withal to dare the elements in their very teeth; and indeed I now only thought of the grandeur and splendor of the mountains; their terrors were yet too distant to disturb the pleasure of the moment.

As my eye ran over the wide, fertile plains, and the warm sunny dale—for, though the middle of winter, the air was as warm as it is with us in May—I thought, how good and righteous must be the dwellers in the land, surrounded by this glorious world, presenting every thing to lead them to be good and great; but my reflections were interrupted by the correo.

"Compañero," he said, reining up his horse, "mire aqua!" and he pointed upward with his arm.

I looked up, and my hand again grasped my bridle, but this time in surprise and disgust. Close to the road, and leaning a little forward, was a long and stout pole, driven in the soft ground, and on the top was a ghastly human head, with the long matted black hair and beard fluttering in the breeze.

"This was a blood-thirsty murderer," resumed my guide, "whose last feat was to butcher a whole family. It was here, favored by this swamp, that he and his gang committed their atrocities on poor travelers. The miscreant was caught at last, and the governor had his head stuck up here, as a warning for his companions. Since that time, they have left the place, and there have been no other murders here lately."

Such was the short account of the transaction which the old gaucho gave, while the hideous head of the murderer stared with death-fixed eyes upon the glories of nature around, unequaled in beauty by any single spot in the world—a dreadful mark in this peaceful scene.

That head—a sight too often encountered in this republic, where also there is hardly a spot at which the traveler does not come upon a wooden cross, the silent memorial of some bloody deed—marred all my pleasure. But the swift horses bore us at full speed toward the small and friendly frontier town of Mendoza. Around us were vineyards and villas; walled-up fields and gardens showing the careful industry of the inhabitants, while those narrow streets looked as if they stretched out their arms to welcome and shelter me from all the dangers and hardships of that vast plain.

CHAPTER VIII.

MENDOZA.

We entered the friendly streets of Mendoza about two o'clock in the afternoon. The aspect of the little town, is entirely in the old Spanish style: the houses low and flat-roofed, with wide yards attached, but of a more cleanly appearance than those of Buenos Ayres, but to me every house seemed like a home, for we had now left behind us those vast plains of La Plata, so abounding with terrors and dangers. Behind lay the long ride on horseback and the blood-thirsty hordes of savages, and I could now rest after the hardships and fatigues I had overcome. The winter journey over the snow-locked Cordilleras was still to be accomplished, with its temporales and yawning precipices. But what of them? They were three, four, it might be eight days ahead, and should certainly not trouble me at this happy moment.

Mendoza, the principal town of the province of that name, is inhabited by about eight thousand souls, and lies on the foot of the Cordilleras, which seem to rise up from the very houses into the skies. I had felt a certain regard and esteem for the little town, even before I had the pleasure of setting foot in it. All the caravans we met, loaded with the produce of the country; all the wine, fruit, flour, bread, cheese, aqua ardiente which we were able to procure on the road, where did it all come from but Mendoza? And, certainly, the comfortable appearance of the whole place, as I made my entry into it, was in keeping with its reputation.

The town itself indeed is nothing extraordinary, the quantity of adobe houses always at first giving a stranger the impression that the next heavy rain must wash the whole place into one heap of mud and tiles, from which the forsaken chimneys would look rather astonished at the surrounding devastation. But such catastrophes never happen; the mud is stamped and plastered hard and fast, and rain after rain wears off very little or nothing of the time-hardened walls.

Mendoza would be an opulent and more flourishing town, if it possessed some better means of communication with neighboring countries. From the east it is cut off by the vast and often dangerous plains, which can not be safely traversed, except by large caravans, or in the best case, by numerous droves of pack-mules; and toward the west lie the high, towering ridge of the Cordilleras, cutting off in winter all thoroughfare for traffic, and not unfrequently even for passengers, and in summer affording only a tedious and dangerous path for pack-mules. In spite of these disadvantages, Mendoza is the granary of the Argentine republic; and throughout the summer sends in every direction, even as far as Chili, drove after drove of mules, laden with raisins, wine, and other produce.

Several foreigners reside at Mendoza, principally Englishmen and Americans, and I met one Italian who spoke German, and three of my countrymen. Two of these last were hat-makers—the Germans in the Pampas seem to take to hat-making—and the third was a goldsmith. But next spring the traveler may look for these sojourners in vain; they had all set their thoughts toward the northwest, to the irresistible diggings. But it was indeed a pleasure to me to find them at Mendoza, for they were, in every respect, very kind and obliging, and treated me in a very friendly and cordial manner.

I made acquaintance here with an American gentleman, Mr. Vandice, who has the merit of having introduced the first printing-press into the Cordilleras. With the enterprise characteristic of his country, he brought the press with him from the United States, and commenced printing in a town and country where the art was not only unknown, but where he had to create a demand for it. In this he had at last succeeded. The Mendozians had as yet received all their newspapers and books from Buenos Ayres. A newspaper he could not establish, as nothing new ever happened at Mendoza, and any event that might occur would have been known in every family, before he could have printed it; but after having studied the Spanish language to perfection, and to master it more readily—having married a very pretty young lady from Achiras—he started a monthly review, devoted to useful and entertaining knowledge. But this was only the first step in the enterprise, and he had now to hawk the periodical out by the single copy, leaving it himself, as he told me at

the houses of the different persons he expected to become subscribers, and who conceived the pleasing delusion that the obliging foreigner had presented them with the "book," till a bill reminded them of the obligation. In this way he got—not unlike the Yankee clock-peddlers in the West—a stock of subscribers; for the señoras considered it a kind of fashion, and he was then on the safe side.

Besides this periodical, he reprinted the school-books, which Mendoza received from Buenos Ayres; and the State having, I presume, no copyright, left him in quiet possession of his spoils.

After this, he went a step farther, and taught the Mendozians not only the use, but also the necessity of visiting-cards, things they had, up to that time, only known by the reports of daring travelers. He commenced first with having them himself, and spreading them through the town; then he persuaded the governor to try the experiment, when the vanity of the female population—who gloried in having their names printed—was excited, and visiting-cards became the rage.

But notwithstanding his success—which was gained indeed only by great efforts—spite of the greatest difficulties, such as having, for example, to create his journeymen printers, by raising apprentices himself—he was already tired of the business, and ready to sell out and start for the diggings. He had, in fact, a strong bias toward California, and I only hope he did not afterward give way to it.

If outward show makes good republicans, the Mendozians are the very best, for they sport their red-colored ribbons, waistcoats, and every thing else to excess, and their very boots are striped with red "Federacion ó muerte." If an article can possibly be dyed red, they will not have it in any other color. But this has all been changed since, and the Argentine republic has thrown off its red ponchos and Rosas together.

The red ribbons were at this time more rampant at Mendoza than in Buenos Ayres itself, where strangers at least were not troubled with this nonsense; but here no foreigner was allowed to enter the palace court, without a red ribbon round his hat, and another in his button-hole, bearing the old device: "Viva la confederacion Argentina; mueran los salvajes. &c. Unitarios."

After having lived such a long time on meat, with hardly any vegetables or fruits, I enjoyed the delicious Mendozian fruits very

much, and was eating them nearly all day. They were very cheap, and for six cents (threepence) I could eat as many oranges, grapes, and figs as I pleased, for two or three days together.

The Mendozian wine is most excellent. It is nearly all red, sweet, and with a great deal of spirit, but the flavor is delicious. Like the fruit, it is very cheap. When we sent for some in the evening, we paid commonly one real (sixpence) for a gallon.

The vineyards are kept in a different way here from those in our country, on account of the very warm climate. On the Rhine, and in all the northern states, they want as much sun for the ripening grapes as they possibly can get; but in this secluded spot, sheltered from the sharp west and southwest winds by the Cordilleras, they have rather too much sun than otherwise, and therefore plant their vines in a kind of arbor, in rows, on tolerably high poles, from whence they reach over to one another, forming shady and covered walks, in which the grapes, after the hot season commences, hang in the shade of their own leaves.

Bread, meat, and vegetables are cheap in the same proportion; rents and servants' wages are low. The country itself is really a paradise, and what can man wish for more? Would not this be a happy asylum for all who are tired of a busy life; tired of politics? Of European politics they would in this place indeed hear nothing more, but they would have to deal with Argentine revolutions.

On the 9th of July I had the good fortune to witness one of the festivals in honor of the Confederation and liberty, as they call it—just as we call our war in Germany of 1815 the war of liberty, or rather as it is called by our kings. In the morning of that day they had a great parade in the public square, and in the evening the town was illuminated. The soldiers, a small troop, regulars, numbering about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty men, sauntered slowly, and as it seemed, leisurely through the streets to very indifferent music, which some negroes tried to blow out of a couple of horns and trumpets. They wore perfectly white uniforms with red caps and facings, and had muskets with bayonets; but as they drew nigh, I found that their lower garments were not all quite of the color of innocence. Very great discipline, or regard to uniformity, did not exist; some had shoes, some boots, and some corns on their feet.

Others carried their boots over their arms, one hanging down on each side, an arrangement in which the officers, of course, could have no objection. As they marched along, they carried on a very lively, and I doubt not a very interesting conversation.

The illumination was a much more brilliant affair, and was ordered in some parts of the town even after dark, by a parcel of soldiers, who rode through the streets, and stopped before each door, shouting some unintelligible words, when they pressed on to the next one without waiting for a reply.

The houses of Mendoza, as I have already observed, are built after the old Spanish style; in large squares, inclosing roomy yards, with hardly any windows toward the front of the street, and those grated. The illumination, therefore, was effected by four or five tallow-candles placed before the house on the pavement, and the boys in the streets took upon themselves the regulation of the festivity, carrying away a candle here, where they thought one less would do, and planting it in some more favorite spot. The illumination lasted as long as the fourth part of a tallow-candle would admit. There is nothing more pitiful in this world, than any kind of rejoicing ordered by government.

Next day, I saw the Argentine cavalry on their return from getting their ration—a piece of meat, which they always hang in a commodious manner on their left stirrup, and gallop along through the town, striking against the horses' legs and belly and against their own dirty feet. The cavalry use stirrups, and wear shoes. The common gauchos in the Pampas, in riding, use only small pieces of wood fastened to the stirrup-leather, and which slip between their two first toes, sticking out of the bota of raw hide, so that the whole foot rests upon them.

These soldiers had to march out a few days afterward, as the Indians—dare-devils as they were—had crossed the desert, and shown themselves in force close to the frontier settlements, which sent for succour to the town. The correo, to whom I spoke about it, told me he was sure they had followed his track, for the Indians, as all the spies reported, had some white leaders of course from the party of the Unitarios; and as he himself had brought to Mendoza some very important dispatches, and a not indescribable quantity of gold in his old portmanteau, it was very probable that they had got wind of the fact, and done their utmost to intercept him. On missing him at El Morro, they had

pushed on to overtake him, in which I was very glad that they were foiled.

All this time I was of course busy inquiring about the possibility of crossing the Cordilleras, and where I could get a guide. Though hearing even here some dreadful stories about the temporales, or snow-storms of those regions, I was not disheartened; for I learned, at the same time, that between the gales there was always an interval of fine weather, in which travelers, if the snow had hardened enough, could cross over in comparative security. All the little by-stories then, of freezing to death and getting blinded by the sunlit snow, fell on a deaf ear, as I had already heard more terrible tales, which proved to have no foundation.

My first object was to find a vaquiano, and this in fact seemed my chief difficulty; for there was only one man in the place willing to risk the passage at this time of the year, when there had just been a very heavy snowfall; and he asked three hundred dollars for his trouble—a sum I could not afford. He said that he did not like to risk his life for nothing, and would at least have some recompense for the peril. Three hundred dollars were at that time to me of more consequence than all the savages of the Pampas and the temporales of the mountains together; but the man did not mean what he said. After a quarter of an hour's debate, he came down to two hundred: the next day he was willing to take one hundred; and the day after, I made an agreement with him to take me over for five ounces in gold—he finding mules to the edge of the snow, and others again in Chili, while I was to supply provisions, and hire two men to carry my saddle, rations, and charcoals. The sum demanded was then about the value of £17 in Mendoza.

It required a couple of days to complete our preparations; for we had to secure provisions enough to hold out, if caught by a temporale, for two or three weeks in one of the stone-huts or casuchas, which are built along the winter track over the mountains. For provisions mountain-travelers usually take, besides some onions, salt, and coffee, as main stock, their charque and jerked beef, which they prepare in such a manner as to compress into the smallest space the greatest amount of nutriment; and for this purpose they hammer down the hard and tough charque as flat as possible, knocking one piece upon the other, till a mass of some thirty pounds is reduced into about a square foot of space.

Through the help of my countrymen I got also some good bread, and with an iron boiler, to boil some water for coffee, or "caldo," I was perfectly equipped for the march.

But the Spaniards are nearly as tedious and ridiculous with their passports as we are in Germany. Although I had received a passport *visé* from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, I had to undergo the same ceremony here, except that I got my passport gratis at Buenos Ayres, while they were friendly enough here to charge me five dollars for permission to leave the republic. When I protested against a new visa, and told them at the police-office of that I had already received, they asked me very quietly what they had to do with that; and as I could of course give them no satisfactory reply, my only alternative was to pay the five dollars.

The payment made, my passport went the whole circuit of the police-office, out of one room into another, and I with it, through five different apartments, and past five different functionaries, till it became like an album, full of autographs, and inscribed five times over with the motto of the Argentine republic: "Viva la confederacion Argentina, mueran los salvajes Unitarios."

CHAPTER IX.

A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE CORDILLERAS.

On the 11th of July, having made rather a late start to reach only the outskirts of the town, we camped close to a house, without a fire; but though it was a cold night, I slept well, glad enough to have entered at last on the finishing stage of my land voyage. Our little caravan consisted, besides the guide, a Chilean, with a green Chilean poncho, (a color not particularly liked in the Argentine republic), of two peons or servants, who were to carry my baggage and provisions across the snow when we took to walking, now all mounted on mules.

The morning rose in great beauty. The sky was clear and blue, and when the sun ascended over the wide and ocean-like Pampas, and even a long while before, while it was yet dusky on the plains, the snowy peaks of the gigantic mountains sparkled in his rosy beams, showing their sharp and rugged outlines on the dark-blue transparent sky. At last the sun threw his warm and glowing rays over the wide landscape, and over the cloud-like snow-fields of the Cordilleras, and the birds chirped, the dew glistened on the green leaves of the bushes, our animals trotted nimbly along the narrow path; and even my companions, in other respects not very agreeable to look upon, sung and whistled as much in love with the beauteous morning as the birds and mules.

To the right of our path stood a solitary and lonesome little house, surrounded by a small garden, and about fifteen steps from the door, in the direction of the path, was a low, thick-stemmed willow, where my three companions suddenly halted, and pulling off their hats sat a few minutes motionless in their saddles, their heads devoutly bent in prayer. I gazed at them in astonishment, when my guide, clapping on his hat again, pointed up, with a grin, at the tree, exclaiming "una bota" (a boot.)

I looked up and I saw the foot and leg, up to the knee, of the same murderer whose head had looked down on me from the pole

on the other side of Mendoza, nailed on the tree. I turned shuddering away from the disgusting sight, clapped spurs to my mule, and galloped ahead; the peons laughed, but followed.

It may be necessary, no doubt, to hold up to a people with whom murders are of rather common occurrence, the consequences of such a crime wherever they turn; but it is certainly a most disagreeable thing for one who does not require this reminder, to encounter such a spectacle every where in his path. And what had those poor people done, who lived in that house, that they were to have this disgusting sight always before them?

Leaving this accursed spot behind us, the quickly changing scenery brought new and happier thoughts, and my attention was soon arrested by whole herds of guanakas—a species of lama—which, though we were hardly four leguas from town, continually broke through the bushes and scampered over the first slopes of the rising hills.

The guanaka is a splendid animal, larger than the Virginian deer, with a longer neck and soft, splendid wool. But there is not much sport in shooting them, as they are not shy enough; and I believe I could have killed a dozen in a few hours, if I had been so disposed. The flesh, especially of the younger guanaka, is most excellent.

At a distance of thirteen leagues from Mendoza, during which we had held nearly a northern course, we enter the frontier hills of the Cordilleras. As yet we had seen no trees—nothing but low shrubby bushes grew in the dales, or on the slopes, where flocks of tame goats, the property of some mountaineers, grazed and climbed about.

In the afternoon we progressed rapidly in the ascent, keeping all the time close to a little water-course, with rocky and high cliffs rising up on each side.

That night we had some difficulty in finding a good sleeping-place; but camped at last under the shelter of a high, steep rock, not far from a small trickling stream. Wood was very scarce, and we were obliged to be satisfied with just sufficient fire to broil some meat and boil some water for coffee, turning in afterward, or rather turning out under the open shelving rock. Being so fresh from a warm country, I felt excessively chilled that night. We had passed the previous night in the open air, and it was, in comparison, warm to this place, which I had thought perfectly

sheltered, by the rocks. Next morning I found the water which I had standing near me, in a tin cup, as a drink, was frozen.

This was the first sign of our having made some headway up the mountains; and after half-an-hour's march that morning, we found plenty more. The little stream, by whose bank we shaped our way, was covered with ice, and where it had overflown the path, a very common occurrence, the ground was so slippery that our mules slid about, sometimes in a really dangerous manner. The exclamation by which my Chilean guide sought to encourage and cheer the poor animals, was characteristic, it was, "Oh, mula, oh mula!" reminding them that they were mules—and how could mules slip? In truth, the poor animals tried their best, and always succeeded, so that we passed places where horses would have broken their own and their riders' necks.

Higher and higher we climbed, till reaching the first summits we found ourselves on a flat and naked, snow-covered ridge; but though these hills are tolerably high, and would be called in many countries mountains, here, in comparison with the Cordilleras, they seem contemptible, and the Mendozians gave them the rather equivocal name of the "piojos de las Cordilleras."

The highest spur of the hills suddenly opened a panorama, the beauty of which I shall never forget. Right below us lay a warm, green valley, overgrown with dark thickets of bush, traversed by a small stream like a silver thread, while running up to the rugged, snow-covered steeps of the mountains, which rose almost perpendicularly on high, towering even from where we stood, far up into the clouds, and changing in color from the dazzling white of the sunlit snow-fields to the dark hollows of the sharp-cut clefts in which no snow could stick, and which seemed to pierce deep into the very heart of the mountains where they opened their black yawning chasms.

But as the terrors of that wintry region drew nearer, I became impatient to try my fortune on its giddy heights. My vaquiano, no admirer of scenery—particularly, as he afterward told me, when it included any snow, which he would have to cross—had got on before me, while I lingered to look around.

As I ascended, I found tracks of the guanakas and also of the puma, or American lion, a kind of large panther, the track of which is somewhat larger than that of the North American panther. I hoped to meet one of these animals in the snow, but

my vaquiano told me they were very seldom encountered in daytime, and only prowl about in search of prey at night. The small tracks of foxes appeared on different places.

In the evening we reached a valley—a fertile spot in the midst of barren and snow-clad mountains. Here mules could feed to their hearts' content, and we ourselves had a good meal of guanaka meat, and discussed a couple of bottles of wine to strengthen ourselves for our next tedious march. The house at which we stopped was the last frontier of the Argentine republic. We therefore bought a couple of horns of wine to take with us on our journey, and the next morning made an early start up the mountains.

The little mountain stream, the Tucunjado, that came down here in a self-opened valley, had its source at the very top of the Cordilleras, and we had to follow its current to the highest ridge —a ridge that parted, indeed, the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

We kept on the left shore of the stream, and the chain of the mountains opened before us like an immense portal seeming to admit us into their inmost depths. But slowly and by degrees the path again ran up, and though at first we had the mountain-stream so near us that we could stop to let our mules drink, the next mile brought us many feet above its murmuring water and here I noticed the vestiges of the rushing torrents, which roll down when the hot sun of summer melts the snow-fields on high, and pours the flood into the deep and narrow gullies. The torrents rise at least forty feet above the height at which the water now was, and immense rocks, broken loose by the powerful current, are carried far below, sometimes several hundred feet from their previous position.

At first the path—for it was but a narrow mule track—led up as slowly and on as broad and comfortable a slope as we could wish for; but as the sides of the mountain drew closer and closer together, the path began to run by deep and crumbling banks, and the mules with great difficulty picked their steps. We passed now places where to our left the abyss lay many hundred feet deep, while on the right, impending rocks hung high above us. But so gradually did the path alter, so little by little did the ridge narrow, and the steep edge of the precipice draw nearer that I did not notice it at first; all my attention being taken up

by the scenery. Here I saw the first condor, the giant vulture of the Cordilleras, hovering just above our heads It altered its course in descending, and flew over toward the other side of the hollow, which seemed to me hardly half a mile distant, but the bird became smaller and smaller, appearing at last not much larger than a crow long before that passage was crossed. There I felt more than saw the vastness of these mountains, and I was going to stop my mule, to have a fairer view, when a call from my guide, warned me to beware, and look well to my path.

The path, indeed, had become so narrow that it seemed to me, as it wound itself round a projecting rock, absolutely to terminate. I could see nothing more than a thin light streak, as if drawn with a piece of chalk, and I could not believe that this was our path. The rock round which it went did not show the least cut or notch, where even a goat could have planted its feet, let alone our clumsy mules. The little crumbling pieces of stone which our mules' hoofs kicked ever the precipice, made me sensible of the danger, falling straight down to a depth that my blood froze to think of.

But this was no place to stop at; and I observed closely the cautious manner in which my guide raised himself in his right stirrup, not doubting that we were now at the spot at which he had told me before, and where mules and riders were often thrown over. I was therefore careful not to irritate my mule at a spot where it certainly knew better how to go than I did—accidents having happened from travelers pulling their bridles at the wrong time. My guide went on very coolly along a trail where mules had to keep the very edge of the precipice. Mules frequently carry a load over this track, when they are very careful not to knock against the over-hanging rock, as the least push would send them over the precipice. Our mules, it is true, had no load, but they were accustomed to carrying one; and therefore kept the extreme edge, to my great discomposure. But I left it entirely to its own instinct, only lifting my left foot in the stirrup, as I saw the vanquiano do, so that, in case of an accident, I might throw myself off its back, and cling to the rock.

But why, the reader may ask, did you not get off the mule at once, and pass dangerous places on foot? Simply, my reader, in the first place, because the danger is the same for many miles;

and secondly, because those men who pass their lives in leading travelers over these mountains, know best where to walk, and where to ride, and I followed the example my guide set me. Nor, to tell the truth, did I at the moment think of any thing but my mule, as he moved slowly, step by step, round the yawning abyss, with scarcely three inches to spare on either side. As we proceeded, the path got still narrower, the abyss seemed deeper; and looking down once, between the mule's side and my stirrups, I saw below in the deep hollow a perfect heap of skeletons—mules that must have tumbled down since the last flood—or their bones would have been washed away. In my horror I forgot the warning of the vaquiano, and grasping the reins of my mule, tried to turn it away from the edge, which seemed to me as if it must crumble beneath its next step. My imprudence was near being fatal to me, for turning the head of my mule away from the precipice, it lost its sure footing, stepped aside, and striking the saddle-bags against the rock, it stumbled forward, and—no, dear reader, no such thing—we did not tumble. The mule planted its fore hoofs on a firm part of the crumbling ledge, and lifted itself up again, just as a small piece of stone, loosened by the effort, fell noiselessly from the path, and noiselessly springing from under us over, and struck long afterward with a dull hollow sound into the deep.

I need not be ashamed to say that this little incident made me tremble, and I thought the blood became stagnant in my veins. But mules are splendid animals for such a route; and whether for the sake of the rider, or their own, they proceed with the utmost caution, as I had now learnt from experience. From that moment I left my mule to do as he pleased, and he carried me safely over.

Just at the end of the passage, where the path again turned round a rock, which hid the guide from view, I reached a snow-drift, or rather a ledge of about ten or twelve paces, where a quantity of snow had drifted from a narrow gulch; and a space not six inches in width, and even that sloping down, was the only footing left. Even the mule now came to a stand. I pressed his flanks with heels to urge him on; but the two peons, who came close behind, called to me to alight here, and not attempt to pass that place in the saddle. At the same time, the guide appeared on the other side of the rock, and I saw that he

was on foot; but how to get down on such a place was the difficulty. On the left side I should have stepped down at least a couple of hundred feet; therefore, I must try the other. Throwing my leg with a sudden jerk over the mule's neck, I slipped down against the rock, the mule pressing as hard against me as it could, to prevent my pushing it down the precipice. I dodged beneath his head, and with the bridle grasped in my hand, led the way over the snow-drift.

That night we also camped in the very path, though at a broader part, and not far from the snow-line which we had seen glistening above us from the time we first entered the gorge. Wood was here very scarce, consisting only of dry thin bushes, which forced themselves out of cracks and fissures in the rocks. Below, in the steep and narrow gulches that run out toward the Tucunjado, we could still see the green myrtles, but none reached the height to which we had now climbed.

Our mules had now, in fact, nothing to subsist upon, except a very little dry wiry grass, and the tops of the bushes; but when I regretted their hard fare, the Chilean remarked that this was nothing, being only the first night; and asked what I would think of the second and third, if I thought this a privation? The second and third! Poor beasts! I began to be sorry that I had taken them so far up with us, since we should in any case have to walk whenever we reached the snow-line; but the Chilean laughed at my scruples. They were only mules; and even in summer-time, when they crossed the Cordilleras, had to subsist, he said, for days together without a blade of grass, sustaining themselves on their own dung strewn over the mountain paths. To obtain them some water, the peons had to crawl with them down the steep slope, to a depth of about three hundred yards, to the Tucunjado.

When we came to a halt, I questioned my guide as to the skeletons we had seen laying below, and he told me that it very seldom happened that mules bearing riders fell down the precipice, unless they rode in the midst of a drove of pack-mules, a practice now avoided. Mules were generally pushed down by those following, especially if they were young mules, here for the first time, and stepping one after another higher and higher up, till, at last, reaching those places where they could not turn back, even when necessary, they pushed up between the rocks

and the animals before them, to escape the precipice, and so forced the outer mules into the abyss.

The little fire that we were able to kindle this night, expired before we fell asleep; but being accustomed, by a long residence in the woods, to camp out, sometimes in very cold weather, I laid my blanket and poncho down backwoods' fashion on the edge of the rock, rolled myself up in it, and prepared for a comfortable nap, to the admiration of my Chilean guide.

"Bueno compañero!" exclaimed this worthy. "If you understand nothing else, you know at least how to make your bed in the mountains."

Next morning, after a three hours' march over not very dangerous paths, we reached the snow region. For some time we had been drawing nearer and nearer to the white masses that covered the heights; now they surrounded us on every side, leaving, notwithstanding, our own path free as yet. But soon a snow-drift, blown by a sharp north-easter in a small strip across our road, gave us the first warning of peril, and half an hour later our mules were wading up to their knees in the white-yielding drift. Grim winter had drawn its pall over the slumbering mountains, and audacious human beings dared to sully it with their feet.

This day we stopped when we came to a little sunny space, where the snow had melted away from the northern side, leaving a few tolerably strong bushes visible, which afforded us the means of preparing some charcoal, and making snow-shoes. The mode of preparing the charcoal was simple enough. The peons broke down a quantity of bush, which they heaped into two good piles, and setting them on fire, allowed them to burn awhile, when they covered them up with earth; then, taking out the relics, they put them into a small bag, which they had brought from Mendoza for that purpose. The whole quantity obtained did not exceed ten or fifteen pounds, and I did not see how we could make this last for our whole journey, even with the finest weather, much less if we should be caught in a temporale, and detained for two or three weeks.

Our snow-shoes consisted of a couple of sheep-skins, wound tightly over our boots, to prevent the snow from reaching the leather and sticking to it, while they also kept the feet warm. Under the sheep-skin was placed a piece of tanned leather, very

much like a moccasin, and corresponding to the sole of a shoe, but fastened afterward over the foot. But these appendages were only tried to-day, being worn only for a short distance, to see how they would answer, as we could yet ride our mules, and we were to camp in the Punta de la Vaca, a kind of stone-hut, erected for the use of travelers.

While the others were busy on the ledge, I climbed about the hill, admiring the giant tracks of the condors, of which I found a great many vestiges; when my Chilean guide came up, carrying something in his poncho, and laughing, asked me to guess what he had got. I might have tried for a year, and should not have guessed right, for it was nothing less than ten or twelve pounds of the most delicious raisins. I inquired eagerly where he had found them, and he pointed to a narrow little gulch, which entered the main valley about half a mile below.

Raisins in the snow! Here was a phenomenon; and I must acknowledge that at first I really thought of the possibility of raisins having grown up here in summer, and becoming dried by the cold and snow. At any rate I would see myself the place where they had been found, and wading back that distance—and it was about as far again as I had imagined—I came upon no natural vineyard, as I had almost expected, but on some twenty raisin-boxes, which, as I heard afterward, a mule-driver caught by a temporale just on the edge of the snow region, had thrown off here and abandoned, flying for his life down the mountains.

The winter setting in, had afterward made it impossible to take them to the place of their destination, and they were left to the mercy of the weather, and of passing travelers, which my guide proved plainly enough, would be very equivocal. One of the peons, indeed, came down with me to fill his poncho; and when I remonstrated with him, replied that if he did not take the raisins, others would; and, another thing, he liked them very much.

Toward evening we had every thing ready again, and moved about a mile farther up the ascent, the snow becoming so deep that, in some places, our mules could hardly get along. But at last we reached the place, "una casa," as the vaquiano said, though in truth it was a miserable stone hovel, into which we at home would not think of putting a horse in winter. And winter we found it here, where not even the dry points of bushes

protruded from the deep snow, and not a piece of wood was to be had for a fire, and not a blade of grass for the poor mules, which had also been without a feed the previous night, and would be the next night, on their return, if the vaquiano, who was to go back with them, could not reach the frontier house before night. Mules are really, after the camels of the deserts, the toughest animals on earth; but even they give up at last, over-burdened and over-worked by cruel man; and I met with numberless skeletons of mules along our path, where they had fallen down dead, the drivers taking off their packs and dividing them among the others, while the poor dying animals were left to their fate, whom fatigue had not already killed.

That night we had to make our tea from snow—a miserable drink—the water being too far off, and too difficult to get at. Next morning, after a night certainly not very pleasant, we perpared for a snow-march. The guide having gone back with the mules, one peon took my saddle and saddle-bags tied well together on his back, and the other shouldered the provisions and coals; I myself had my rifle with a German hunting-pouch, in which I carried my ammunition, one of Wedgewood's manifold writers (by-the-by, the most practicable writing materials a traveler can use on his way), and some clean linen and bread; and so we were all fixed, as the Yankees say, for a tramp. Each of us carried, besides this, a chair, and a very handy one too, though it had neither legs nor back, consisting, in fact, only in a piece of sheep-skin fastened to the hind part of the belt, and hanging down behind, with the wool inward, nearly to the back part of the knee. On sitting down on the snow, this chair was of course always in the right place.

Leaving our hut that morning, and bending round a projecting point of a steep spur, which came down one of the dark towering clefts so sharp and straight that no snow could lie upon it, we saw the upper vale of these gigantic mountains stretching out before us far to the west; and there, where the first chain of mountains rose again, above this, lay the dividing ridge of the two oceans, the backbone of the world.

The view was as terrible as it was beautiful, and I stopped to look up a minute to the snowy peaks which thronged around me, forming one vast theatre of piled-up mountains.

My two peons—and they were two as dirty and rough-looking

fellows as ever the Pampas had bred—profited by this rest, and coming down with their hands on their staffs, till their backs, with the load upon it, lay nearly horizontal; they rested in this position about a minute or two, singing, or rather mumbling, a low, monotonous song about their journey and God's help to it against temporales and avalanches.

Far in the distance, but not so far but what I thought we might reach it about twelve o'clock, we saw the first "casucha;" but traveling along as quick as possible, it seemed to me, after a two hours' march, as if we had not advanced two hundred yards.

Toward mid-day we reached a snow-glide. The mountains here are too steep to admit of an avalanche as in Switzerland, but the snow, becoming too heavy in the upper regions, presses down on the lower layers, and sometimes the whole side of a mountain is cleared by a snow-glide in a few minutes, filling the valley, into which it shoots, for miles around with immense masses of snow. We had to clamber about for more then two hours to clear the first snow-glide; sometimes making our way over soft, sometimes over hard snow, and such tumbling down into hollows, slipping, and gliding backward and forward, on the cold slippery ground, was enough to tire any man, let him be as familiar with hardships as he may.

It was not till sun-down that we reached the first casucha. My peons were quite knocked up, and they had to rest before they could set about preparing any supper.

This was our first night in the real snow, the first camp, in the very midst of the dangers of the passage. Should the weather only keep as it was three days longer, we should be out of the reach of temporales, and I could laugh at the perils we had encountered, as well as all the dreadful stories, which I had heard at Rio de Janeiro, at Buenos Ayres, and even at Mendoza. A temporale, however, might happen at any moment; the very next morning the heavens might be clouded, and that is the only warning, in these mountains of the approach of a storm.

I doubt if there were ever in all the world a couple of such dirty nasty cooks as my two peons. As long as I knew them and enjoyed their company, I never saw them wash their hands or faces, and I really believe their mother might say the same of them. They attempted to persuade me that it was dangerous to

wash one's self, coming into these latitudes; and when they saw me doing this hazardous thing with snow, as water was not to be had, they left the casucha in utter astonishment, and came out to look and laugh at me. Afterward, when I showed that my hands had not cracked from the use of the snow-water, as they had prophesied, they shrugged their shoulders, and said I had not got such a tender and soft skin as they had.

If I had not gone through so good a school in the Pampas, I should never have been able to live with these filthy fellows; but as it was, I took things coolly, knowing, moreover, that with the mountains I should get over this disagreeableness.

When we struck camp, the peons kindled a fire—and a very small one it was—with the charcoal which we had brought with us, boiled some water in a little iron pot, and commenced the preparation of our caldo, or soup. One chopped up some charque, previously well punched between a couple of stones; the other cut up some onions as small as possible, and mixing the whole together in one corner of a poncho—which, to judge from its appearance, had certainly served that purpose for a very considerable time—added some pepper and salt, and transferred the mixture to a tolerably large cow-horn, which it half filled. Over this was poured hot or boiling water, when the soup was completed, and after stirring up with a knife, became ready for use. It was always presented, in a kind of rough politeness, first to me, and what I had left, the peons ate themselves, not unfrequently preparing a second one in addition—for the caldo was their favorite dish.

The casuchas of the mountains are simple stone-huts, built by the government to give shelter in winter to the correo, or to travelers, principally as a refuge from temporales. They are raised from twelve to sixteen feet from the ground, to prevent their being easily covered by drift-snow or snow-glides, and they are approached by a rough staircase, which leads up to them. They have, of course, no windows, and the only accommodation they afford, is a small chimney and some air holes, which travelers, when they camp there, most commonly fill up, during their stay, with snow, and open again when they leave.

The floor of these casuchas is common earth, thrown upon stones similar to those composing the walls, and the ground is, therefore, cold and damp. Still they are a great accommoda-

tion to the traveler, and have saved many a life, which but for them would have been lost in the snow.

We were up again with daybreak, and after eating our caldo, made an early start. We had to cross on that forenoon two large snow-slips, and hard work it was to climb over those rough and yielding masses, the snow becoming deeper and deeper as we advanced. This would not have been of so much consequence, if the upper crust had been hard enough to bear us, but it was thin, and the soft snow was below, so that we had to raise our legs at every step as high as if we were climbing a staircase, while our feet no sooner touched the ground again, than they broke through and sank into the snow.

My compañeros had told me in the morning that we should reach hot water in the course of the day, but not understanding what they meant, I took no farther notice of it. Just after crossing the second snow-slip, however, I saw rising steam in the distance, and we reached a place where the tops of some bushes sticking out of the snow, showed a more luxuriant vegetation than farther below. A tedious walk over the long plain of soft snow, brought us to the bank of a stream, still the Tucunjadó, the course of which we had followed before, and here I was fully compensated for all I had undergone, in the really wonderful sight that met my eye.

Climbing over a layer of congealed snow, hardened, I imagine, by the falling steam of the hot spring, I saw right before me three jets of steaming water—the largest one several inches in diameter—shooting from the high, steep bank of the little stream, through the massive unyielding rock, and sending the steam high up into the clear atmosphere.

The sight was most beautiful: the steep bank and the boiling hot water, which shot hissing out, while flakes of snow lodged close around the edge of it, was a strange spectacle in such a region of frost.

High over the edge of the bank hung an immense quantity of snow, like a monstrous feather bed, just ready to slip down by its own weight. The steam kept licking the lower parts of the heap, while the sharp southwester, which blew through the dale, hardened the crust and retained the snow in its precarious position. The steam itself congealed and was transformed into icicles, which thus served to prop the snow like so many columns

Out of this self-formed winter palace rose the steaming vapor, and the warm sun shining upon it, changed it into myriads of glowing pearls, tinged with the most radiant and beautiful colors of the rainbow.

I could with difficulty tear myself from this lovely sight, and should have liked very much to have slid down to the hot jet itself, to try its temperature, but this was impossible. The steep bank and the overhanging masses of ice and snow did not allow of my getting nearer than I was, unless I had spent many hours cutting a path, and it was too dangerous to risk a long stay in such a region except from necessity.

In summer, the peons told me, visitors come to this spot from the Chilean side; and then, indeed, a residence between those picturesque mountain-peaks, in the very heart of the Cordilleras, must be charming.

Leaving the hot spring, we climbed another snow-glide, which must have come down very recently, and which took us several hours to cross. We then came to a more open part of the valley, and found harder snow—a great advantage in walking. Stepping along here at a brisk pace I startled a fox, and found a large number of the tracks of these animals coming out from a kind of hollow. Sportsmen are the most cruel beings on the face of this earth. A fox will not kill any thing, except for its own use; but though the one I had started could be of no use to me, and could do no harm to any one, no sooner did I see it than my first thought was murder, and I waited with mischievous joy, till it should come within shot.

My two companions, who seemed to feel interested in the sport, remained stationary, and Master Reynard came as carelessly up the slope as if he were only out for a quiet walk, when, judging the distance at about a hundred yards, just as he got the scent of us, but appeared to be uncertain as to the danger, I took a good and sure aim, and pulled the trigger. The gun went off, but to my utter astonishment the ball—one of the pointed slug-balls—struck the snow, as I plainly saw some paces short of the fox; and Reynard, discovering that all was not right, scampered off, leaving me to fire again with as little effect as before. Having no idea what could be the matter with the gun, I went to the place where the fox had stood, and counting the steps in going, was surprised to find that what I had thought about a

hundred yards, was really two hundred and sixty! so deceptive was the pure and transparent snow as to distance.

Indeed, on looking back, I saw that the spur of the mountain behind, on which lay the Punta del Vaoa, appeared to be not farther off than two or three miles, though I knew the distance to be much greater. Then I reflected that if the sight was misled in such a way by the thin air, in judging the distance of objects so close, what an enormous space must lie between the mountain-ridges, which really looked so far apart, and to what a height the mighty peaks must rise, when they were so gigantic even in appearance.

This also explained to me another fact, which hitherto I had not been able to comprehend. I had crossed, as I have already mentioned, several snow-glides which had shot down from the nearest sides of the rock, and covered distances which I now knew must be long, long miles, while the place on the rocks from which the snow had fallen had seemed in comparison only a few hundred yards in extent; but the illusion in this case was clear, and I now felt indeed, the immense greatness of these mountains.

That evening we walked till nearly dark before we came in sight of the next casucha, where we intended to camp, a projecting rock having screened it from view; but turning round this, we saw the little place before us, and to our great joy a bright fire blazing out of the dark door-way. There was company then —human beings in the snow besides ourselves, and we should this night see other faces, hear other voices! We stepped out as fast as we could, and reaching the place just with dark, found within the Chilean correo, who having profited by the fair weather, was on his way to Mendoza.

The first questions, from both sides, was, of course, after the road—how the snow was, whether hard or soft, and how many snow-glides were to be encountered. The answers were satisfactory, though principally for us, as we had only one bad place to pass, and if the good weather lasted, should find on the edge of the snow, on the Chilean side, a drove of mules, the drivers of which had intended to attempt crossing over with their animals as an experiment; but having sent out some persons to examine the mountains, and their reports being unsatisfactory, they proposed to turn back and wait for better weather. If we pushed

on, therefore, we might yet find them in one of the Chilean casuchas.

The correo congratulated us on having met with such fine weather, and told us that he had been locked up during this very winter in the last casucha we had passed, a dreadful temporale howling through the valleys, and filling them with snow, till they had eaten nearly all their provisions. In perfect despair they at length broke out from the cold walls, which had protected their lives several weeks, as soon as the storm had expended the greater part of its fury, to reach the lower region; and it was fortunate for them they did so, for the storm seemed only to have paused a little while, and they had hardly passed the Punta del Vaca, and left the snow behind them, when a new tornado commenced, driving the snow even down to where they fled, and sometimes upon their path. "And here we are," the old fellow continued, "right in the very middle of it; if we get one of those cap-fulls now we should be in a scrape."

But the weather remained fine, the gnomes of the mountains were friendly to us; and the next day, the 18th of July, we reached and crossed the dividing ridge between two oceans—the highest pass of the Cordilleras—though it was a tedious job to climb up those steep, snow-covered banks, a portion of which the sun had also commenced thawing, softening the snow, and making the ground slippery and unsafe under foot.

But there was one powerful consolation for all these hardships, let them be as disagreeable as ever they might—this was the last height; once over this ridge, and the worst was passed, each step bringing us nearer to the lofty object we wished to obtain. At length I almost reached the summit, climbing with all the strength left me, and was going to sink in exhaustion, but should I rest once more when so near the point I had aimed at reaching the whole morning? No; setting my teeth, I rushed up, and the next minute stood with a feeling it would be impossible to describe, upon the backbone of a world. No mountain-ridge any longer obscured my gaze, and the eye saw more than it was able to comprehend. Far, far over there, the dim and misty horizon —the dark mass of the Pacific Ocean, while close to our left, growing as it were from the very ridge upon which I was standing, the Tupungato, the highest peak of the Chilean Cordilleras, rose up between five and six thousand feet above us. The pass

where we crossed is said to be thirteen thousand feet high, while the Tupungato reaches eighteen thousand feet above the surface of the ocean.

I wrapped my woolen blanket around me, for the wind blew sharply and coldly from the southwest, and throwing myself upon one of the mighty rocks, which have been softened by the storms of ages, and were now crumbling beneath the hand of time, my eye remained fixed a long, long while—not on the picturesque mountains of Chili, not upon the beautiful panorama of all those peaks and ridges that rose around me and seemed a wild ocean of gigantic waves, with their sharp outline thrown out by the misty atmosphere behind—no, but on those vast plains in the far east, whose boundaries were my own Atlantic Ocean; for there, far, far away I had left my home, and how or when should I behold again all that I had left there?

When I looked up again a large and powerful condor, the giant vulture of these massive heights, was soaring nearly within a stone's throw right above me, striking the air with its colossal wings, as if it belonged to the grandeur of the scene, but finding that the figure below it possessed life and action, it turned its head, slowly sweeping away toward the sinking sun. I could have easily reached it with a bullet, but I should have thought it murder to shoot the bird at that moment.

But the sinking sun reminded me also of a night's shelter; my peons had passed me long before, scrambling down the steep snowy heights on the other side, and the next casucha lay yet in purple gloom far down between the rugged snow-peaks, which looked up to me menacingly from below—and what would I not have given to stay another hour on this spot; but there was no joking with this very height, and afterward I heard that we had hit on the most fortunate moment to cross it, for nearly always a perfect gale howls here over the ridge, and, in fact, the highest part of the mountain was swept as clean of snow as storm and hurricane could do it—old Boreas keeps his drawing-room in first-rate order.

Now, then, to begin my descent! and any one who ever went down a steep hill after a tedious day's march, will be able to judge what I felt, at gliding and slipping down the Cordilleras, after having, without more than about half-an-hour's rest, toiled up to their summits the whole day. I had, however, strained

my nerves too much during the few last days, and hardly after an hour's march such a peculiar kind of sickness overcame me that I had to throw myself down upon the ground several times to rest and gain some strength, cooling my lips at the same time with handfuls of snow. At such moments my head swam, and I felt sick; but there was no help for it, I had to go on, for I could not stop in the snow, and I scrambled up again after such attacks, to continue my journey with fresh vigor.

This hill was tremendously steep, the whole descent being a succession of uninterrupted leaps from rocks about three and four feet high, or gliding down ravines sometimes fifty or a hundred feet long. We did not reach the first casucha till dark; but what a dreadful place to stop in! The snow reached up to the very entrance of the little low hut, which was inside as dirty as men and beasts during a number of years could have made it; and to increase the beauties of the place, a mule brought up here by the very muleteers, I believe, who had been examining the path to see if they could cross the mountains with their animals, had died right before the door of the casucha—you had to step over it if you wanted to enter the low and dark room—and the powerful beak of some condor had been tearing at it, as long as it had been warm, I expect, for now even a sledge-hammer would have made very little impression upon it. And we must stay all night here?—could this be a habitation for human beings? But there was no choice left; the next casucha was a whole legua farther, and how would we have been able to pick our road along the dangerous cliffs and down steep banks, over the dazzling snow in the dark? No, we were forced to stop in the disgusting place; my only consolation being now a cup of hot tea, or even a hornful of caldo; I really did not care which, so I threw my blankets and things into the corner that looked least dirty, though I hardly believe a horse would have lain down in such a spot, and called the peons to kindle a fire.

But even this comfort was not afforded me: the rascals, that they might not be obliged to carry the coals over the steep mountain ridge, had burnt every particle the previous night, and we were now in the midst of snow without being able to kindle the least fire even to boil some water—nothing but the cold, dirty, stone-walls, and the dead mule lying before the door. There was a comfortable home for a man; but what good would

grumbling do? so with a hearty curse upon the lazy fellows, who were chewing in perfect self-contentment some of the stone-hard charque. I swallowed a mouthful of it myself, took a dram out of a little bottle the Italian apothecary in Mendoza had filled for me with some excellent bitters, rolled myself up in my blanket and poncho and threw myself on the cold and damp ground.

Next morning I was up long before daylight. There was one comfort in our situation, that we had not to wait in this dreadful hole for breakfast; so up I jumped, fastened the sheep-skin again over my boots, rolled up my blanket and threw it over my shoulders, and wrapping the poncho around me, and stepping over the carcass of the mule, I drew a deep breath, for the cold but pure morning air fanned my face, and my feet rested on the clean snow—what a contrast with the hole I had just left.

But when I came out into the mountains this morning upon the path we had to follow down the gulches and steeps, I saw how dangerous, even impossible, it would have been for us to travel last night in the dark, when we came to places we could hardly cross in broad daylight. The mountain-slopes were all steep and precipitous, covered, of course, with many feet of snow and crusted by the cold southwester, which blew with bitter sharpness through the narrow chasms, with a thin sheet of ice, over which a fine snow-dust like a thin, icy mist was drifting, in low transparent clouds. We had to travel along these cliffs and slopes, and one place in particular really seemed as if impossible to cross. It was the steep slope of a real mountain, for mountain high it rose to our left, while it went at an angle of about sixty degrees far, far down to a bluish, dark chasm. If the foot slipped here, all escape was out of the question, for smooth as a mirror, without the least bush, or shrub, or even elevation, it sloped down to the deep valley, where most certainly hundreds of feet of drifted snow would have buried the unhapy traveler for ever.

It was also impossible to go round this place—we had to face it; and my peons told me the old correo had passed it also, though perhaps a little higher up or farther below, which did not make the least difference; so I had to take out my large bowie-knife, and going before, cut or hack with it small holes in the snow, or rather ice, to put our feet in. The peons followed slowly and

carefully, setting their feet with great attention exactly in my tracks; and so we had to advance at least a quarter of a mile. The bank was so steep, at the same time, that when standing upright we could touch the snow with our outstretched hands, each step endangering life and limbs, but also diminishing the danger; and after we had passed this place, the worst was over. We came to some other such slopes, equally steep and dangerous perhaps, but not so long; and reaching the mountain-stream again after about three hours' march, we had, at least for a while, no more cliffs and chasms to threaten us with destruction at the first false step.

With the first water we also reached a casucha, these being on the Chilian side only one legua apart, while the distance between them on the eastern side of the Cordilleras was sometimes nearly three leguas. The small springs, of which we had crossed and followed several that day, collected here again into a larger mountain-stream, the Puente. Farther and farther we followed it down into the deeper valley, which widened here, and, in fact, already displayed some places free from snow; and which brought us, some time in the afternoon, to the next casucha, and with it to a hard and rocky path, upon which a small troop of mules was camping. From here, as I soon learned, the road was passable for mules, though with some disagreeable places; and glad enough to find the mules were returning that same evening to the low lands, because they had tried to pass, but found it impossible, I made a bargain with the leader of the troop to take me and my things to Santa Rosa, the first little place in the valley, where I had to get horses again from my old vaquiano's father. But here we rested first—here all the threatened dangers of the Cordilleras, of snow-drifts and temporales, were past; Pampas and snow-locked mountains lay behind me; and with the most pleasant feeling in the world, I threw myself here for the first time again, except on the very top of the mountains, upon the bare and naked ground, on which only a few blades of wiry grass grew; a hot cup of coffee being a kind of recompense for past sorrows and hardships.

Down, down we went from here, following the course of the Puente, which had become a large and wild mountain-stream—and I had known it as a child—took a slight rest toward evening close to the first hut we reached, where a Chilean had

made his home in one of the wildest, but at the same time most picturesque mountain-gulches, and started just before dark again; for my compagneros wanted to get to a good grassy place again, and have some food for their nearly-starved mules.

Here I tasted, for the first time, a genuine Chilean dinner, consisting of a rather primitive mush. Some coarse but very sweet wheat-flour was put into a horn, that was scraped and kept clean, water poured over it, and the mixture stirred up with a little stick—and it was even a luxury to have little sticks—into a thin drinkable mush. I looked at the beverage or nourishment, which ever I might call it, at first rather suspiciously; but either my taste had been spoiled in the mountains, or else it was really good, it seemed most excellent to me, and I emptied a whole horn. An excellent onion, which grows in Chili, with some red pepper, completed my meal; and after dinner I was able to lie down again under a tree were it ever so small, and upon the grass, were it ever so thin; it was tree and grass, and there was a sweet sound even in the name of the things.

When we started again, however, our dangers or hardships were not all passed—in fact, we had not even left the snow—for we had to cross several large masses, which not only caused our passage to be very tedious, but also showed that we might yet be overwhelmed by avalanches; but this was nothing, on we went—even the last ravine now lay behind us—and following a narrow and steep path in perfect darkness, where the Puente foamed, as it seemed, beneath the feet of our mules; and though a single false step would have hurled me down, a lifeless corpse, upon the sharp rocks of the valley, I felt so secure that I even slept in the saddle.

In the night we stopped at some place—I do not know where, and in fact cared less; it was pitch dark—and without inquiring if there was a house or habitation in the neighborhood, I slipped down from the saddle, wrapped myself up in my blanket, and slept on the very spot my foot had touched on leaving the stirrup. Next morning, up with daylight again: it was raw morning. When I awoke, the mule, ready saddled, was brought up to me. I got up—from the mule upon the ground, from the ground upon the mule. It was a miserable life; but every minute I drew nearer my place of destination, and ought not to grumble. The wind came up freezingly through the mountain-gulch.

I drew my poncho close around me, and thought of the last night's dream—a dream of home, of wife and child; and the rougher, the more unfriendly the outer world appeared to me, the more I gave myself up to the sweet thought.

The morning was raw and cold; a damp mist was spread over the valley, hardly allowing us to distinguish the path upon which we traveled for ten or fifteen paces ahead. Farther and farther down into the valley we rode; and with half-closed eyelids, I sate in my saddle with only sufficient consciousness of the present to keep my balance in the stirrups.

Dogs barked—I thought I heard the merry laugh of children's voices; I looked up, and grasping the reins of my mule, I really did not know the first moment if I was awake or still dreaming. Had I really come from out the iron frost only yesterday, at times up to the waist in snow, or climbing over icy heights, where neither tree nor shrub broke the monotonous solitude of snow and towering rock—and now?

Right before me I saw a peaceful cleanly cabin, nearly hidden in the friendly shade of thick green bushes. Close to the hut a perfect thicket of dark-leafed orange-trees, with their golden fruit peeping every where out; rose trees covered with budding flowers; peach-trees loaded with their soft sweet blossoms; and wherever the astonished eye turned, blooming bushes and shrubs, and the sweet verdure of the fertile slopes and valleys. Every thing had changed—as if the wand of a magician had struck the ground, and melted winter's icy power into blossom and waving fruit-laden branches. As if I myself had gained new power and life, I felt the warm spring-time gushing through my veins; and shaking off every thought of exhaustion or weakness, I dug my spurs into my rather astonished mule, and galloped, with joy and pleasure thrilling in my heart, on through the valley.

Chili had opened her hospitable arms to receive us—every inch of soil seemed cultivated—the numerous mule droves we met gave evidence of the busy communication in these parts. Every where oranges and blooming peach and apple-trees, in whose shade nice and cleanly houses lay, greeted our sight; the fields and gardens were surrounded by trimly-kept hedges or stone fences, and the springs and water-streams led to give moisture to the more arid districts, revealed the industry of an agrioultural people. Every step showed more and more that we

had left that country where death and signs of blood met the sight wherever the weary eye turned, and where animal nourishment made man the blood-thirsty being he showed himself, while here milder habits and milder food softened even the nature of the inhabitants, and spread peace and blessing around.

At mid-day we reached Santa Rosa, where I was to get fresh horses. Here also the last peon, whom I had taken with me, left me in charge of my old guide's brother, who went with me to Valparaiso to receive there the stipulated five ounces, after delivering me in good condition at the Puerto.

On the same evening, and now on the backs of two lively horses, we passed the friendly little town of San Felipe, with its broad regular streets, low-roofed houses, and inclosed gardens, its flowery hedges and fruit loaded orange-groves. Even before the magistrate's house stood two beautiful palms, the first—and, in fact, the only ones—I saw in Chili, which endowed the whole scenery with a warm tropical character; the natives themselves had something peculiar to distinguish them from those of the neighbor republic. They also wore the poncho but much shorter and of course, not of the same bright red colors; they also galloped their horses, but not at such a break-neck speed as the Argentines always do, not caring a straw if the horse breaks down as soon as it reaches the spot the rider wants to go to. The Chilean farmer not unfrequently even trots, a thing I only saw on the other side of the Cordilleras in Buenos Ayres itself, where horsemen were not allowed to gallop.

Riding appointments also—saddle, spur and bridle, but especially stirrup—are very different from the Argentine. The gaucho of the Pampas uses the smallest stirrup imaginable, and very frequently none at all, having only a small piece of wood or bone tied to the stirrup-leather, passing between his two largest toes, which rest upon a kind of knot or knob of the same character; but the Chilean stirrup, on the contrary, looks in comparison to the other like the box of a wagon-wheel—round, clumsy, and cut out of a single piece of wood with only a hollow to put the foot in. The spurs of the Chileans are something like the Argentine in weight and shape, but the wheel is about three and a half to four inches in diameter, and guarded with spikes close together, like the beams of a painted sun; while the Argen-

tine spurs, with only six single thorns or points, act like so many knives upon the sides of the poor horses. The Chilean saddle is also covered sometimes with six or eight sheep-skins, affording the rider, with the high back and pommel, a tolerably secure but rather clumsy seat.

We overtook a great many caravans to-day, which looked peculiar enough with their singular riding-gear, and the riders and even loads, for many of them were taking wine to town in leather bags, prepared out of the hide of some animals, I think principally goats.

That night we staid in one of the little Chilean huts, but I found them far different from the Argentine hovels: though very poor there was a great deal more comfort in them, and no comparison in cleanliness; they had immeasurably the advantage over all their eastern neighbors, very few excepted. Next morning at daylight we were up again; a singular impatience possessed me, a kind of foreboding that I should miss my ship if I did not hurry on. The whole day we passed, sometimes through well-cultivated land and on approaching again, the little mountain-stream which had formed this valley, entered a perfect wilderness of pebbles. They were sometimes of two and three hundred pounds weight, which the mad current had rolled down with it, and on flooding the bottoms threw the rocky seed all over the land, many a mile wide. These waters must have a dreadful force when they bring the melting snow down from the mountains, sweeping along with them every thing that meets them in their wild and reckless career.

The country itself was by no means such as I had expected to find here; with the exception of some cactus, I saw hardly any vegetation, except in the valleys, the hills being undulating and naked, like the giant waves of some old petrified ocean, and overgrown with a thin crop of grass. Every hill we reached I hoped to get in sight of the Pacific, and every hill only showed the reflection of exactly such an one as we had just scaled.

We passed through a nice little town about mid-day, Guillota, with fertile fields and gardens, and, as I every where saw, an industrious population. But it became dark, and we had not yet seen Valparaiso nor the signs of a larger town even, and we crossed hill after hill, our horses being dead beat at last, and mine hardly able to move. My guide was going to stop all

night at every hut we came to—he told me the horses could go no farther—but I had no rest; if he stopped, I told him I should go on foot, but Valparaiso I would reach that night. And on we traveled again, leading the horses up hill for their, and down hill, for our accommodation. Now we saw a bright light right before us, like a meteor—what was that?—the light house of El Puerto my compañero said, so we had at last reached the neighborhood of the sea; but the sea itself was invisible, the darkness could have been cut with a knife.

Next we came, as we saw sometimes when we ran right against them, to some shrubs and thickets the road wound through—and how the horses kept the road, I do not know; the path also turned downward, some lights were visible, and we had to cross now; and we must be near the shore, for I could plainly hear the breakers—the sandy bed of a deep water-course, very probably the same stream I had followed from the top of the Cordilleras. Down our horses went into the water—I do not know how deep, in fact I did not care, I was perfectly worn out, and only recollect I held up my gun over my head, to keep that dry. On—on, I thought, we should never reach Valparaiso, my horse could no longer carry me, crossing the water had done for it, and wet as I was, I had to lead it. At last, we reached the outskirts of the port; it was past nine o'clock, the people had shut their houses, and gone to bed, and a darkness enfolded us, such as I had never seen before.

And what could I have done to-night with my vessel? Nothing at all. But the "Talisman" could not leave the harbor now, at least, till to-morrow morning, and with daybreak I was sure to be on the landing. So I let my guide go ahead, and choose a house for us to stay in all night—what did I care about the place if I could only lie down and go to sleep? I was tired to death.

CHAPTER X.

VALPARAISO AND CHILI.

Do not ask me for a description of that night! It was the conclusion of all my hardships in Chili, it is true, but also as disgusting as any I had yet passed. However, I shall never forget "Donna Beatriz," as she was called, pulling out of some corner an old frying-pan, that had rested there, I will not even guess how long. She was going to fry some eggs, and discovering in it an old layer of grease, slapped the pan without much ado upon the fire, and put the eggs on top of the dissolving fat. I saw all this in a half dream, in a kind of stupor, and acted accordingly.

On inquiring here about the vessels in the harbor, none of the Chileans could give me any satisfactory answer; but at daybreak next morning—and I slept during the night in some corner upon an old mat—I was up, and at the landing. A great many vessels lay in the bay, but they were nearly all too far off to distinguish, even to what class they belonged. No breeze was stirring, however, and if the "Talisman" had not left, I was tolerably sure of getting on board; there was not much danger now of her sailing without me.

Hardly any body seemed as yet stirring; it was Sunday, and I always hate to come to a strange place on a Sunday morning —you can find nobody, you can buy nothing, and even in a traveler's dress people look at you and wonder where you come from; for they have nothing else to do on that day. And how much more so was this the case with me to-day, for never in my life had my dress been in a worse state than at present, and it had been in very bad ones. Dear reader, I had been twenty-four days in the saddle nearly at a stretch, seventeen days a break-neck gallop nearly all the time; traveling through the snow, climbing and sliding, was not the sort of thing to improve my garments, and I had only that one pair with me—yes, I might

well say, I had had that one pair, for to be candid, they no longer existed, except piece-meal; even the stout leather of my high water-boots had been rubbed through on the sides, and at the same time there had been no possibility of getting ready-made clothing on the way, except cheripaws, and I could not walk in those clumsy things.

Clean linen I had, of course, taken with me, but nothing else, not a spare stick in case of necessity, my only safeguard being the long Argentine poncho, which covered all. And I looked pleasant in it, scarlet of course being the predominant color, with a blood-red silk kerchief, tied loosely over the poncho round my neck, Argentine fashion. My hat also rather the worse for wear —in former times a fine, broad-brimmed black, felt sombrero— but the brim had been torn off, or opened at least close to the head nearly all around, by the continued flapping up and down, while galloping, and set me off to the best advantage. Add to this the sun-burnt face, hair and beard not shorn—I forgot when, and no wonder the dogs barked at me, when they saw me come down the street in my red and shining brightness—there is a countless number of unowned dogs in the streets of Valparaiso— and I really do not know how I should have kept them at bay much longer; for hearing the barking they came flocking in from all the other streets, and I had in fact already drawn my knife, when a young peon, passing by, and seeing my difficulty, stepped kindly up, and swung his arm round his head, as if he was whirling a lasso. The nearest caught the alarm, and they scampered down the street after two or three had commenced running. The dogs in Valparaiso have all rather a bad conscience, and fear the lasso extremely; so those dogs which were coming down the street to the rescue, hardly saw the others fleeing, before they turned tail themselves, without even asking what had been the matter.

I got rid of the dogs, but still it was most disagreeable to feel as if every one was staring at you behind. But, away with despair, even if I had missed the ship, I should find my trunk here, and could soon have dry and whole clothing again. I also had money at some merchant's in town, and being of a disposition to take things lightly, I walked down to the landing again, where I saw a European-looking gentleman crossing the street; he looked at the same time like an American, and was in fact the

landlord of the Star Hotel, as I afterward found, and could give me all the information I wanted.

"Did he know the 'Talisman?'—Why, nearly all the passengers on board had dined, and the captain and supercargo staid with him as long as they were on shore."

"Had?—so the 'Talisman' was gone!"

"Gone? Of course; yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, she was still in the harbor."

Yesterday afternoon, while I was toiling over those never ending monotonous hills, the "Talisman" had left her anchorage. If it had been daylight, I could not have helped seeing her from the top of the last hills, with all sails set, beating out with a light northern breeze toward the west. The wind had been so contrary for any ship to leave the harbor that the "Talisman" had been the only one that tried it, tacking and tacking till she got out, and once really all but letting her anchor drop again. Gone, and so short a time before, that was disagreeable—but what matter? I now had a chance of looking round in Valparaiso, and becoming a little better acquainted with Chili, till the next ship belonging to the same company, the "Reform," came in, which had left Germany shortly after the "Talisman," and continue on her my voyage to California.

The firm with whom I should find my things, was Messrs. Lampe, Miller and Fehrmann. Mr. Fehrmann was the only one who lived at this time in Valparaiso; and as all the stores were closed on Sunday, and I really could not wait till next day, I inquired his address and went to see him. The only thing I disliked was entering his house in such a fix, and rather bashfully I stole along the streets, down the long Almendral (and there was no chance for me to make a *détour*, as only one street ran along between the hills and the coast) to Mr. Fehrmann's residence.

Fortunately he was at home, but just ready to go out. I only met him at the entrance, and he seemed rather astonished at being addressed by such a person as myself in the German language—and my trunk?—"I really do not know," he answered; and calling directly one of his young men who lived in the same house, asked him if the "Talisman" had left any trunk or luggage for one of the passengers in the store or custom-house—not a thing, in spite of the captain and the supercargo's promise, they

had not landed the least article for me; and all I called my own in this part of the world, all that I wanted in linen and clothing, all that I needed to continue my journey, with only something like comfort, was on its way to blessed California, going along at this moment, who knew at how many knots an hour.

There was most certainly no joke in the matter, but I could not help myself, I had to laugh right out when I heard the news; and Mr. Fehrmann also, to whom I mentioned my name, and gave the outlines of my voyage in a few words, which he had also heard spoken of by the supercargo, laughed at first—and I would like to have seen the man who could have remained serious—but offered me at the same time, with the greatest and most friendly hospitality, his house as a residence during the time I should be obliged to stop at Valparaiso, which I accepted as frankly as it was offered, finding myself soon afterward not merely introduced into his house, but also into his family, as if I had belonged to it from earliest childhood.

But my clothing was in such a desperate state, that I had really to borrow only the most necessary articles, before I could go round the town and buy what I needed.

And so every thing turned out well, and next morning I felt perfectly reconciled with my situation; I could now rest after my tedious journey, see new and interesting things, and continue my voyage when the "Reform" came in from Bremen. She was to have started about four weeks after us, and not touch at Rio, but making a direct passage to Valparaiso, take in provisions there, and leave directly again for San Francisco.

Valparaiso, one of the most important towns on the Pacific Ocean, has been too often described for me to weary the English reader with the repetition of old and most certainly known accounts; I will give him only the outlines, and what I saw interesting in the place. He will find much, I hope, that is amusing.

Chili is a fertile and in many parts well-cultivated land, exporting quantities of grain, flour, and vegetables to foreign states, now principally to California and Australia, the people being, for a southern state at least, and without slave work, industrious enough. But besides the fertile soil, its mines are exceedingly rich, and with silver and copper mines have yielded extraordinary profits. The state also protects this branch of business, I might

say before all others. Thus, for instance, the discoverer of a new mine, no consequence whose land the ore may be found on, has the right of possession over the place, and the value of it can not be fixed by the former owner, but the state determines the price itself for the land, not according to the richness of the ore, but to that of the soil itself, if the land were converted to agricultural purposes; even more, if the discoverer of the ore, in working his mine, requires wood and water, and is prevented from obtaining them through the other property of the former owner surrounding him, the latter is obliged to furnish him with both, at a price government fixes.

Government, at the same time, desires and supports immigration of Europeans, principally Germans for agriculture; and during my residence in Valparaiso several German families who wanted to move over to Valdivia and could not find a vessel for that port, after waiting a good while in Valparaiso, were sent down by government in a little man-of-war brig, the "Condor"—passage free, though they had to find their own provisions—to the place of their destination.

The climate is most excellent, as no part of the country lies in a tropical latitude; the rainy season has cool and pleasant nights, to give the blood some rest and keep it from being always in a boiling state. It agrees also very well with Europeans, and those of my countrymen I spoke to here, and nearly all from the most northern parts of Germany, knew nothing at all of sickness, at least originating in the climate.

The town itself consists of two distinct parts—the Spanish and European—I may almost say the English part, for I believe there are more English merchants in Valparaiso than other foreign houses, though the Germans have also many large houses here, and some of the best firms in Valparaiso are German. The foreign part of the town is built nearest to the water and consists, in spite of the earthquakes which not unfrequently attack this part of the world, of a great many two or three storied houses, while the Chileans prefer lower buildings. The foreign part has also nothing extraordinary in its character, you see houses exactly like them all over the world, in all parts and ports; but the Chilean part is so much more interesting, and principally those little buildings which form a kind of suburb, running along the steep hills, and sometimes stuck up alongside a perfect wall, just

enough of the forepart resting upon hard ground to give the one end of the beam a footing, while the other end, not twelve feet long, stands on higher posts, to keep it horizontal. The hills cut up here, in fact, by a quantity of steep gulches, called quebradas, the most unhandy place to build a town in imaginable; but the Chileans did not care about that, build they must, and where the banks were not really perpendicular, or even overhanging—ay, where they only got a chance of shoving a beam in—there they stuck it, and there they had some house or other.

Valparaiso has been at all times a busy place; but at the present, with the gold excitement spreading over the world, and just on the very spot to form a watering station for all those vessels which had weathered the dangerous Cape, it was perfectly crowded with vessels; and through the demand, provisions, and especially fruit, rose to an enormous price. Boarding and lodging also rose proportionately, and English, American, French, and Italians did their best in erecting new hotels and *cafes*. Just at the landing, the eye was greeted by a rather uninviting California chop-house, a large sign-boar with giant letters. The Hole-in-the-Wall came next; also right in front of the landing, and both of them kept by Americans. The Golden Lion, a common dram-shop, also tried to attract boats, by the sign stuck out toward the water. Then the Star Hotel, the Ship Hotel, a new one, established by a Belgian, and affording very good accommodations. Also a good Spanish Hotel, the Chilean House, the European, the Victoria Hotel, the Hôtel de France—in short, hotels wherever you looked, and making money as fast as they could take it in. The price for boarding and lodging was at that time one and a half dollars per day.

But we will return here again after awhile, and I should like to take the reader with me on a short walk through town.

It is still very early yet, when we pass down the broad street that leads toward the eastern part of the city—the walk is cool and shady, and over the garden walls fruit-laden orange-trees nod and shake their rustling dew upon the pavement. Pavement! what singular ornaments are these in the side-walks? Stars and crosses laid out with little round pebbles and bones—what an odd idea, to pave streets with bones!—yes, dear reader, and especially, when they are human bones. Those stars and crosses are composed of the carpus and tarsus, wrist and ankle bones of

their former masters, the Spaniards. They carried their hostility against the conquered enemy so far, as even not to be satisfied with having them dead, under ground, but also kept some part of them above ground to stamp their heel upon. A first-rate lesson this though, for all severe masters, if they will only profit by it, while there is time.

The Chileans hated the Spaniards so much—ay, even hate them now—that they will never permit any body to say they talk Spanish. "No, Sñeor," they answer "ablamos castellano."

But we will proceed: it is not our fault that they here dishonor the bones of the dead—fanaticism has caused it; and Mephistopheles, whose particular delight it is to confound belief and unbelief in this world, has caused that to be honored in one part of the little ant-hill we call the earth, which they trample under foot in the other.

We now reach the farther end of the town. High garden walls alternate with low Spanish huts and houses; there are some Norfolk pines, extending their slender and graceful branches over the high stone fence, and not far from them a quantity of little coffee-tables, spread with a white clean napkin, invite the guassos coming from the country to take their frugal breakfast. What a blessing it is not to be tormented any longer by that dreadful maté, though it is drunk here also, but by no means to such an extent as on the other side of the Cordilleras.

What women are those we meet, in a coarse black woolen dress, a cloth of the same stuff thrown over their heads, so as only to leave a part of the forehead and the eyes free, but whose fingers, while holding the cloth together, reveal a transparent whiteness, and sparkle with costly rings—are they penitents? I thought so at first; but I soon learnt this was the church dress of the Señoras and Señoritas. The ladies had worn, as I was told, only a little while before, such an extraordinary display of jewels and other ornaments, silks and velvets, that the holy padres—and I honor them for it—thought it necessary to stop such a luxury in a place where they ought to have come only to pray to their God, and not to show all the neighbors their finery; and how many thousands of our ladies in England, France, Germany, and, in fact, through all the civilized states of the world, do exactly the very same thing, pretending not to be able to do without their weekly or daily worship, though, in fact, only

to have the opportunity of displaying a new bonnet or dress. We should all be equal before God; and as we pray, "lead us not into temptation," we should also not lead others into it, by kneeling right before their very eyes in some new finery, just brought home from the dressmaker's or milliner's. No, the black cloth covers all this: and the hearts that beat under it you may think, can have no other thoughts but of their God. No, dear reader, you are mistaken there; many a rendezvous takes place even beneath that black cover, even in that holy place; but dress can not alter that, and even if they were clothed in sackcloth, the heart would beat under it still.

A little farther on we met a chain-gang—prisoners of all climes and nations cleaning the street, the dark scowl of the Chilean bravo by the side of the open and even daring look of the gentleman guasso, in his common poncho and dress, though he wears fine linen. His hand had been rather too quick in a quarrel at grasping the knife—his memory was shorter than his patience; and he must now suffer for it a short time, but in irons with the rest, amidst felons and thieves of every description. But he knows his time will soon expire, and he may then gallop on his prancing steed through the streets he is now forced to sweep with chained hands.

Only a little farther on, the tiny watercourse comes foaming and gushing down the narrow ravine from the hills. Look at that glittering and sparkling stuff at the bottom, like golden specks strewn over a bed of sand. It is only mica, though many a gold-searching Californian has been deceived by the brightness of the worthless stuff, and carried bags of it with him, much to the amusement of his companions, and very much to his own discomfiture. But there is gold in these hills, notwithstanding, and after very heavy rains, the peons wash gold even in the mouth of the streams that pour through the streets of Valparaiso, and are able to earn about half-a-dollar a day at it.

But we must turn back. The streets become more lively, and there by the canal they seem to have even a horse-race; but they are only training some horses for the first leap at the bar. Let us stop here a minute.

In Chili they nearly always run their horses very short distances, even one or two hundred yards, and the first leap—for the horse is trained not to lose a single second after the signal is

given—must be, in most cases, decisive. The horses, therefore, are taught to stand, when ready to start, with their feet, as close together as goats stand upon a small rock, and when the signal for the horses to start is given, the whole weight of the animals, like the sinew on the bended bow, is thrown forward in readiness to aid the first leap.

The Chilean horse is a lively and active little animal, and capable of far more exertion than you may think at first sight. The Chilean nearly always gallops, but nor at such a wild speed as the Argentine; he thinks more of horse-flesh, and pays more attention to his animals than the former; but we need not say more, for the Argentine does not attend to them at all.

Nearly all the Chileans carry the lasso on their saddles, and have the same dexterity in using it as their eastern neighbors. The children commence in their earliest youth practicing with it, and you can see nearly every where little boys running about with thin lassos of twine, and catching chickens or little dogs, even trying their skill once in a while on a larger one; but this is a rather hazardous experiment, as the Chilean dogs, as soon as they feel something round their necks—for they live day and night in the greatest fear of this instrument—fly for their lives, not unfrequently carrying the little daring, but now screaming boy with them a long way through the street, till the line breaks, or somebody else comes to the rescue. Even the horse-police always carry the lasso on the back part of their saddles, and they sometimes use them also in broad daylight, if they want to catch any body.

There is a law in Valparaiso against galloping through the streets, and a most excellent law it is too, for nobody would be safe a minute, otherwise, from being run over, whenever he turned a corner; but the strangers who came here, did not agree with it at all, especially the Americans, and besides that, all seamen in particular fight hand and foot against it. If they get on board of a horse, they do not want to log two or three knots; they must also have, of course, a pair of those large Chilean spurs, if they only mean to go a couple of miles on a pleasure trip, and therefore are in a continual quarrel with the police—always ending though to their disadvantage, sometimes with walking home, and paying a fine besides. A vessel came in not long before, from Baltimore, and some of the passengers, of course,

must go right in the very first hour to a livery stable (and you see the sign-boards with a horse and "livery stable" painted to the right and left all over the town) and each hire a horse for a trip into the interior. The man who let the horses to them, acquainted them, of course, with the laws, and warned them not to gallop so long as they were in the streets; but what did they care? the man only told them this, they fancied, not to have his horses ridden hard, and digging their spurs in, away they went. But they had hardly passed the first corner, the stable-boy looking after them with a grin—for he knew the consequences—when they heard the call of the first policeman. Three of the horses being used to this cry, came suddenly to a dead halt, nearly throwing two of their riders over their heads, and were far too well satisfied with the law itself, to be induced, either by whip or spur, to move a step, till the police officer came up, and had a chance of giving the riders a fair warning; but the fourth, a young, lively, and rather wild animal, with a good rider upon its back, and the sharp wheel of the spur in its side, never stopped, but did its utmost to get out of harm's way as soon as possible.

The police-officer called again, and seeing it was no use, also spurred his horse, and the chase began. The American, a Green Mountain boy, who had ridden many a Saturday night, at a wilder speed than this, perhaps, and not fearing these "Spanjoles," as he calls them, was satisfied with having such a good horse under him, and cared little about the rest. On they went, the people getting out of the way, and looking after the wild, but not uncommon chase, though rather astonished at seeing a foreigner ride so well. But even the policeman found out at last that he should not overtake him till they got out of town, and not wishing to leave his station so far, he gave a last warning and loosened his lasso. On seeing that was not obeyed, he whirled the dangerous weapon a couple of times round his head, and while the noose darted off, and his own animal reared back, the astonished Green Mountain boy was suddenly caught round the arms and jerked somewhere, he did not know where, till he recovered from the fall, and found himself, bruised all over, in the hands of the police, and obliged to pay a certain amount of dollars and reals for the pleasure.

Besides the horses, there are also cabs in town, for the accommodation of the public, much like ours, but with their horses

put in rather differently. The off-horse runs in the same way, but the other is only fastened to his saddle-girt, with a strong piece of leather, and pulls at the same iron ring that holds the end of the lasso.

As early as you may pass through the streets of Valparaiso, you hear music—the sounds of the guitar are sure to be alive in some house or other. The Chilean is, at the same time, social before every other nation; and should I ever choose another country for my home, after having seen nearly the whole world, it would be Chili. Americans and English—as hospitable and kind-hearted as they may be—are cold in their exterior: a stranger above all must be introduced to them first, and even afterward it seems a very difficult thing for him to be upon a really friendly footing with any body; let them pay as many visits as they will to their neighbor, they will, with very few exceptions, always remain strangers—they have not the gift for a really social life.

It is different with the Chileans. If you come among them a perfect stranger, without being acquainted with a single one, without a letter of introduction, in which state you would be among English and Americans—but principally among the former—if you did not need their immediate help; and English and Americans will never deny that—as if on a desert island in some ocean—you may try on every side, but give it up at last in despair. The Chilean, on the contrary, as soon as he finds out you are a respectable man, comes himself to call on you, and you are from the first minute on such a footing in his house, as if you had been a visitor for years.

A passenger afterward came with the "Reform," who intended to stay a longer time in Valparaiso, and rented a little room for himself, though he could not even speak Spanish at that time properly; but he had only been a few days in his lodgings, and his neighbors had heard he was a perfect stranger and a gentleman, when they sent over to him, inviting him into their family, and received and treated him with the greatest kindness.

But to return to the landing. What a crowd there is round the place! English sailors, from a man-of-war, just returned from California, have had a fight on the landing; and hearing soldiers coming down the street, and not willing to get acquainted with the Chilean calabozo, they made a rush to their boat, with which

they have just landed coals, to get off to their ship. Hundreds of peons who were standing idling upon the plaza, to wait for work, and perhaps not over anxious to get it, laughed at the hurry the sailors, who were just a minute before raving mad, displayed; and Jack, not liking to be laughed at, but seeing the multitude, and hearing the music of the approaching soldiers, pushed out. The sailors had hardly left the landing, while the peons were flocking in swarms round the stairs, laughing at them in their harmless way, when they found in their long-boat pieces of the coal carried on shore, and used them as a missile, astonishing the natives not a little by throwing stones from out of the sea, right among them, and hitting those which had least expected it. But while all of them wanted to have a throw, they did not move forward with their boat, and the Chileans rushed back to some heaps of pebbles opportunely standing on the landing, gathering them up in their hats and ponchos, they returned to the fight, and the sailors found, rather too late, that they had stirred up a hornets' nest. Four of them immediately caught up their oars, but one stout fellow, the very picture of an old English tar, stood upon one of the hindmost thwarts, and turned his broad front daringly to the Chileans, and as he had no coals left to return the thickly-flying missiles, he abused them in the loudest and most insulting language, calling them blackguards, &c., and now and then—to give them a taste in their own language—carachos and infernal Spanjoles.

A little midshipman was in the boat, when the sailors rushed in and enjoyed the sport, as it seemed, exceedingly, as long as the sailors only threw from the boat, but was rather taken aback when the peons returned it in such a liberal manner. So, half-laughing, but also a little careful of his own person, he stationed himself just behind the stout sailor, dodging whenever he saw a stone coming, and rather pleased on the whole, as he had such a good place to see the fun. The boat had gained headway by this time, and would soon have been out of stones' throw, when a sailor, dead drunk, as it seemed, who had been forgotten on the beach, pressed through the crowd on shore, and seeing his boat gone gave a loud cheer and jumped right down from the top of the landing-stairs into the water. The boat had, of course to wait for him, and the peons tried in the mean time their best to hit the sailor, who was still standing, nearly unharmed, mock

ing and cursing them, nobody noticing the swimmer till a cry turned every eye upon him—the man was sinking. Nearly dead drunk, he had hardly an idea which direction he should take, and had also most certainly so heavy a load on board already, that he sunk and took in water. Once he came up, and sunk again. The boat pulled back now as hard as it could, and a couple of Chileans also pushed out to him with another small boat from the stairs. All hostilities had ceased, and both boats met, when the now perfectly unconscious seaman rose up, just with his head above the water for the last time. Four or five hands grasped him, and pulling him into the boat, threw him into the bottom, and then bending to their oars, they shot along swiftly toward the man-of-war.

Speaking of a midshipman, I can not forget a little fellow of that species whom I met one day on the beach outside town. I was coming from the lighthouse, where I had been looking if I could see any thing of my expected vessel, and he was standing with his arms folded, fondly observing a splendid man-of-war steamer, which was stationed here in the bay. The young gentleman might have been at the utmost fourteen years of age. I stopped not far from him, and also took a look over the bay; and he, seeing my eye turned toward his own vessel, I fancy, broke out admiringly, and said, half-turning to me as if there had been no other vessel in the bay.

"Isn't she a noble-looking craft? Did you ever see her equal?"

"The steamer, you mean? Yes, she is a beautiful vessel," I answered. "Where is she bound for?"

"Bound for?" I shall never forget the look he gave me, "bound for? why, Sir, she is a man-of-war steamer."

Just at this time the Chileans held a kind of eve to their September festivities, in honor of obtaining their independence. On a free and open plain upon the hills, near the lighthouse, on a sunny day in August, tents were pitched as if a fair was going to be held, and crowds of people flocked up on the heights to see the militia-artillery exercise. The blue, red, and white Chilean flag, with the two rearing guanakas, fluttered in the fresh breeze, and every where around small family parties were camping, while an uninterrupted line of people was still moving up the small and steep path which led in a zig-zag course toward the top of the hill.

The militia marched and handled their guns, all drawn by hand, very well indeed, and the populace crowded round the drinking-tents, turning sometimes to look at the soldiers exercise, sometimes to watch the white sails on the horizon, as they came nearer, with the fresh southern breeze; for the place allowed a free view over the wide Pacific Ocean to the south, and west, and north, and the white breakers far below on the dark slimy reefs.

Right between the groups walking up and down, or strewn over the ground, even into the very tents, among the drinking and eating multitude, riders galloped, as if their horses had safely-cushioned feet and not hard hoofs, ready to play the very mischief with any corn they might light upon. Now they stop near a group, laughing and drinking, the horse looking up into the eyes of his master's friends, as if it knew every one of them, and so it did, I have not the least doubt.

Long cavalcades of ladies and gentlemen, the former nearly all clothed in English riding-habits, but often also in that of the quasso-señoritas, with their common frock and a short embroidered poncho thrown over their dress, and very frequently attended by officers of the English army, galloped up the hill, following the broad, smooth road toward the light-house, or stopping opposite the marching and manœuvring militia.

In the midst of this life, there were also men, however, whose attention could not be attracted either by the deep, blue, sunlit-sea, by the exercising artillery, or even by the sparkling eyes of the fair Chilean girls—and I really believe Valparaiso has received its name after them—these men were the gamblers, who squatted round a poncho stretched out upon the green sward, watching their doves and cards, and not caring a straw for nature or nature's beauties, as long as they could not exchange them for dollars or ounces. Often, too, a merry guasso, whose spirits had been raised by the last glasses of strong chendoza wine, would gallop right up into the very centre of the players, the horse knowing well enough how to act on such occasions, being very careful before all other things not to step upon any body's toes, pushing aside the surrounding multitude with its nose, and afterward putting its fore-feet right upon the poncho, while the guasso himself threw down his dollar, or even his half ounce upon some favorite card, watching the game beneath him at the same time with his left elbow upon the pommel of his saddle, and his right

hand supported upon his right knee, with a half-cunning half-smiling eye.

But we are losing too much time up here; it is getting late, and we want to clamber down the quebradas, and take a peep into this wild part of the town.

How dangerous these huts hang upon the steep slopes of the hills! If a good earthquake were to shake these posts again together, and throw one hut into the chimney of the other, or if a fire were to rage along these dry spars and rafters, playing along on the banks, and every where finding combustibles for its greedy tongue—the idea alone is dreadful; and, as I am told, a fire has raged since that time, at least in a part of this quarter, clearing the slopes of habitations, and sending the burning beams whizzing into the narrow mountain-gulf below.

This part of the town seems, however, to be in rather a bad repute—and not without cause. Here are also the most frequented, and in fact only haunts of the sailors, who have given the difficult summits of the quebradas the significant appellations of fore and maintop, &c. But you had better take care how you enter these narrow streets, that look like mountain-passes, after dark, or you might get better acquainted with the wild life of Valparaiso than you ever had a wish to.

Drunken sea or landsmen—the difference, as it seems, disappearing at this altitude—press you in their rough benevolence to drink with them; and quarrels and jealousy have already caused many a blade to be drawn, and colored it with the warm heart's-blood of the victim. If a murder is committed, every door is directly closed, the persons in the streets glide up the steep and dark quebradas to escape the law and its disagreeable consequences, and the murderer takes a walk to the sea-shore to wash off the signs of his guilt, perhaps the remembrance of it also, with the blood of his victim; while the police-officers take up the wounded man to have him looked to, or if he is dead, to bury the corpse—perhaps that very night.

Night sets in fast now; what a dreadful noise they are making over there, in the lighted-up rooms, just opposite the foretop, and in a few houses farther down—the roofs of which though lie far below the level upon which the former house stands—guitars and harps, or some such instruments, and tambourines, and knocking against boards and planks, as if tables and benches took part in

the wild-concert. I pressed into the crowded room, and a perfect steam of tobacco, aqua ardiente, and who knows what other vapors, nearly drove me back again. There had also been a fight; on a bench next the door lay the body of an English sailor, seemingly lifeless, most certainly senseless, his features blue and swollen, and the blood streaming down from his face, while some of his comrades were emptying his pockets of watch and money, for fear of the company afterward—and left him to his fate.

A large ring was formed, and sailors from English and Chilean men-of-war were dancing with the wild girls of this region. They seemed to perform a kind of quadrille, but there was no order in the whole, the couples pulling here and there, and running against one another in their mad revelry.

A wild peculiar cry, like a scream, sounded through the room; a tall, sunburnt fellow, a guasso as it seemed, of the better class, not frequently seen in this part of the town, jumped into the ring, and the music stopped; the dancers stepped back upon the crowd, and the Chilean called to the musicians in a clear manly voice for a samacueca.

The next minute they struck up the tune, but it was a national dance, and three or four other guitars directly joined in, while the young quasso threw off his poncho and hat, and stood awaiting his lady. He was a splendid specimen of a South American, and his eyes sparkled and glistened, when the ring parted opposite to him, and a really beautiful, tall, and fair-haired girl, with a wild deceitful look in her soft eyes, stepped out, waving a white kerchief in her hand.

The samacueca is the national dance of the Chileans—the fandango of their Spanish ancestors, and always performed by a young man and woman. The couple move up to one another, waving and flirting with their kerchiefs, approaching and returning, passing each other, sometimes side by side, sometimes under the lifted arm, but always without touching. The movements of the pair were really graceful, and the spectators shouted and screamed in pure delight. The guitar players made at every vibration of the right hand a full sweep across the strings, singing at the same time a wild love song, at the highest pitch of their voices, and also gained the accompaniment of some girls, who darted toward them, and beat time, as if the noise was not half-mad enough yet, upon the sounding boards of the instruments.

But away—away—the place may interest you for a few minutes, but it is too disgusting to stay longer, and we will clamber again down the steep quebrada, and reach the lower parts of the town.

I went to the theatre the same night, and the house was crowded; there was a little operetta first—the tenor had a fine, beautiful voice, and was applauded very much, and after this a comedy was performed, which principally interested the French part of the audience—and I believe half of it was French that evening. Not long before, the French ship "Edouard," from Havre, had entered the harbor, but was kept at Valparaiso some time by difficulties that arose between captain and passengers; on board this ship was the blind poet Arago, who intended to go to California, but altered his mind afterward, and did not go farther. He had written, during his stay here, this comedy, to respond to the wishes of a great many of his countrymen in the town. French comedians had also come in the "Edouard," but there was this difficulty in the representation: part of it had to be performed by French, part of it by Spanish actors and actresses, none of them understanding both languages. But there is a help for every thing, so the French actors performed their part in French, the Spanish theirs in their own language, and all went well. The French were raving mad that evening, and I really do not know how many pairs of white kid gloves they burst during that one half hour, but there was a continual clapping of hands, and the poet—an old silver-haired and venerable man—was loudly called for at the end. He was sitting in a box close to the stage, between two young ladies in white, and rose up between them to speak a few words of thanks in his own language.

The French seemed to consider the whole as a kind of national triumph, and went off, like rockets in every direction.

The theatre at Valparaiso is a lofty and well-finished building, and boasts an exceedingly good orchestra. The Chileans, like all the northern nations, are very fond of music, and have an ear for it as well.

I witnessed this same night a most singular custom among the native South Americans, which made a deep impression upon me. On returning home rather late, after accompanying some captains of my acquaintance to the landing where their

boat was waiting for them, I passed a low roofed house, in whose well-lighted room music and dancing were going on. I tried to get a look through the curtained window, but did not succeed and was just passing on when the door opened, and two men came out. A third one was just going to shut the door again when he saw me, and addressing me asked me in the most friendly way to come in and be welcome. Always ready to see what I could wherever I got a chance, I followed his kind invitation, and found myself the next minute in a perfect flood of light, but in a very small room, crowded with people.

Taking in the whole at the first glance, the room seemed rather poorly furnished, with white-washed walls, only here and there ornamented with small and colored pictures of saints and martyrs. The tables and chairs were made of pine-wood—the latter with cane bottoms; and one corner of the room, and a great part of the whole space, in fact, was taken up by a large bed covered with flowered curtains, instead of a musquito net; but the curtains thrown back at present to offer room for those guests who would not dance themselves. Aqua ardiente and duloes were handed round; while all, men and women, the dancers excepted, smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, and consisting of a light frame-work, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a show-white lady frock—the eyes were closed—the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It might have been about seven feet high, and the figure was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterward she was one of the merriest in the crowd.

But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors

at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one now informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel.

I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child.

It was a corpse; and the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me that it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacaes commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance.

I left the house as in a dream, but afterward heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child, I believe up to four years of age, dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world, at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!

The Chileans have other singular fashions with their burials. Next morning I went up to the grave-yard, which, on the very steep, abrupt hill, under which the town is built, and the quebradas run up to, overlooks the place with the whole bay, and permits an unbounded prospect seaward. A little pavilion is raised on the very edge of the cliff, and you can enjoy the most beautiful view from the habitation of the dead; and many an hour I dreamed away up there, surrounded by putrefaction in every sense of the word.

I like to visit burial-grounds; I find an ineffable charm in walking about between the flat, low hummocks under which the quiet dead lie, with clasped hands, in their narrow beds, like withered leaves in an album, the short inscription upon them

marking name and date of the leaf! And how I love to see the sweet flowers keeping watch over the sleeping! Loving hands planted them there, and they shake their dew and waft their soft odor over the tombs!

There were some beautiful monuments in the Roman Catholic Cemetery, the most beautiful of all being that of an English family of the name of Waddington, another of the Gonzales, cut in Italy out of Cararra marble, to cover the dead on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. But I do not like monuments; they press too heavily upon the poor departed—they lie too impenetrably between them and the flowers, which can creep over the stone, but no more whisper their sweet loving words to the sleepers beneath. My last resting-place I should like very different. I should wish to be buried in the forest, in my own green woods; and the tree whose roots twined around me, should drop its dew upon the lowly grave to water my flowers, and give shelter to the birds which whispered their sweet songs over the departed; but no hard and heavy stone upon the grave—the earth pressed heavily enough upon us, when we have to bid farwell to all that was dear and beloved upon it!

Just behind the splendid monument of the Gonzales family stood a high, singularly-shaped building; it really looked like an old whitewashed watch-tower, without door or window, about eighteen feet high, and perhaps five or six in diameter, with a kind of bird-cage iron net-work over it. The young man who had offered to be my guide up here, told me this was the bone-house, where the bones were thrown in when they cleaned an old pit!

Pit! did they bury their dead here in pits? I should soon learn. He led me to a hole, as I may well call it, in the lower part of the cemetery, not twenty steps from the very pavilion which offers a view over the animated and beautiful scenery below. It was about ten feet deep, sixteen or eighteen feet long, and perhaps ten feet wide, and seemed at first sight to be empty; but a shudder seized upon me, when a second look convinced me of the dreadful reality. The pit was full of corpses: on every side they lay, stretched out here without coffin or cover, with only a few spadefuls of sand thrown over them; here a leg stuck out from the horrible mass, there a hand or an arm; and fresh corpses were thrown on top, and formed only another layer, till the hole was filled, and another one had to be opened for a new

ghostly population; but the old one is left open, without a cover to keep off rain or sunshine, till it is filled.

They have at the same time the singular custom of burying their dead—if you call it burying—at twelve o'clock at night. —With the twelfth stroke of the clock, the coffin or corpse bearers if the dead are laid in this hole and are carried out in an open kind of box—leave the house, and walk up in as large a body as circumstances admit, each bearing a lantern, to the burial-ground; burying the dead, if they have money enough to pay for a single grave (twenty dollars, I believe), or laying them down in that hole—ay, throwing them down from above, if they have not hands enough to carry or lift them down—one man following afterward on a ladder, which is let down into the pit, to stretch the body out, not for the sake of the dead, but that it may occupy as little room as possible. I witnessed this proceeding several times, and shall never forget the impression it made upon me.

Right opposite the Roman Catholic burial-ground, there is also a Portestant burial-place, but without this dreadful pit. Simple stones or wooden crosses stand at the head of the dead, and no such dreadful spot—dreadful, though it have for its back-ground the blue Pacific ocean and the snow-decked Cordilleras—sickens the heart of the beholder.

A great many sailors especially lie buried here, and I noticed some humorous verses upon some of the graves. For instance, the inscription of Isaak Tickell's last lodging of H. M. ship "President," ran thus:

> "Shipmates all, my cruise is up,
> My body's moored at rest,
> My soul is—where?—aloft of course,
> Rojoicing with the blest!"

On going home at night, after visiting the ground burials, I was astonished at finding the different watchmen whistle whenever I passed one. At first I thought they saw something suspicious about me, but I soon found it was a rule with all nocturnal ramblers. Wherever a person passed through a street, the signal, a shrill whistle, was given by the nearest watchman; the next knew through it that somebody was about, who ought to have been in his bed by this time, and kept a good look-out for him: he most certainly could not hide, without being missed. The police in Valparaiso is really the best I ever saw all over the

world, and far better than our own watchmen, who most frequently sleep at night from one hour to another, merely bawling, as soon as they open their eyes, the hour, and blowing horns or springing rattles, to awaken all those who have not yet heard they are awake. Having made the greatest noise they possibly can, and given warning by it to the theives about that they must keep quiet a few minutes longer, they squat down again to be out of harm's way.

The calaboza was a singular place, which I visited with one of the German captains, who had all his crew locked up there. The sailors had refused to work as long as their mate was on board, and the captain had them locked up to consider the thing over again. He asked me to go down with him, for he wanted to start in a few days, and was going to see if the men had made up their minds to be reasonable.

I never saw such a prison in my life. In an open court-yard stood a quantity of wagons, a kind of caravan, like those in which wild beasts are carried among us to fairs and markets; wagons about twenty-five feet long, and eight or nine wide, open all round, but guarded strongly by thick iron bars, and in one of these, really like newly-caught animals, the poor sailors were sitting, the whole crew in the one box. But they would not leave the place to go on board again, and declared they would stick to what they had said first. The captain had to take them down to the landing in the wagon, and carry them on board his vessel with the assistance of the police; he also, afterward, reached San Francisco with them, but, of course, they ran away there the first day.

I had now been in Valparaiso fully three weeks, waiting for the "Reform" to come in; and though I had every possible cause to be satisfied with my situation, as I lived in Mr. Fehrmann's family—he was married to a young Chilean lady—as if I had been in my own home, still there is never any satisfaction, if a man is waiting for any thing; impatience will be always the predominant feeling, and a restlessness that will not let you pass your time as you ought to do. Besides this, I would not leave town, for there were always ships in sight, and each of them could be the "Reform," while I had no idea how long she would stop here, when she really arrived, perhaps only a day or two, and I dared not leave the harbor, for fear of missing her.

At last she arrived one fine Sunday morning, and when I went on board, expecting to hear of her starting to-morrow or next day again, the captain told me, he did not know if the ship ever would leave the harbor, at least with the passengers, for they had tried to take his life, and he was going to have the case tried. The passengers for their part at the same time said, they were going to sue him for treating them badly, and insulting them, principally a lady, and trying to starve them on the voyage. In fact, things seemed to be in a pretty mess on board.

But matters soon cooled down; the Russian consul (an English gentleman in town, I have forgotten his name), as the "Reform" sailed under Russian colors, had them all a couple of times before him; the captain agreed to lay in some fresh provisions, the passengers were warned to behave themselves, and deliver up all the arms they had in their possession. And eight days afterward we sailed, for the quarrel lasted so long; and, I believe, it would have lasted even longer, had not those who had had the most to say, been the first to run short of money, and having no dollars left to spend, they now wanted to get away from here as soon as possible.

Our passage to California was in general a good one; we ran out to the west from the first start, expecting the northwest winds afterward, which were said to prevail in the higher latitudes, but north and northeast winds instead set in, and being carried by this farther westward than we had expected, we were taken a little out of our course. Higher up, the breeze, however, became more favorable, and we entered, after beating for about three days off and on, the Californian coast, the longed-for entrance of the bay of San Francisco, the so-called "Golden Gate of California."

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

SAN FRANCISCO IN THE AUTUMN OF 1849.

With my passage through the Golden Gate, a perfectly new phase of my life commenced; but instead of giving such an important step a serious thought, lest we might jump head over heels into this new chaos, to which history never yet had furnished a parallel—and none of us would have been the worse for reflection—none of us thought of such a thing. Each minute produced a new and ever-varying picture, that rose, as it seemed, from the ground around us, and we felt like men who have sat for long months in prison might, and then step suddenly into the free and dazzling light of the sun—it is a very natural thing that we should try first to accustom our eyes to the strange light, all the rest will come in regular succession.

The Golden Gate is really a splendid entrance to such a bay as San Francisco; it bears some resemblance to the heads of Port Jackson, except that the mountains are higher here, and the country looked even wilder; but the English reader has had descriptions enough about it, and I would much prefer taking him back to our own ship, and to commence with me the new, and if wearisome, most certainly wild and interesting life.

The passengers had crowded on the fore part of the vessel, and we looked first for tents and huts along the shore, and numerous herds of cattle and horses gladdened our eyes—such things look well after a long voyage.

"There is a tent," the cry suddenly rose—"there, close to those little dark bushes; and over there again—there is a quantity of them; that must be a town," and with such acclamations the attentions of the new gold-diggers was called now to one,

now to the other shore; and an hour later a fresh breeze, and the extraordinarily strong tide that flows here, carried us speedily up into the bay and toward the hill upon whose brow the first huts of San Francisco itself already became visible.

"But I can't see any body washing," some disappointed voice cried from the forecastle, "donner-wetter, is there any room left on shore," the good man seemed to fear he would be crowded here on the hills.

"There are diggers—there they are washing!" another suddenly cried, and with lightning-speed this cry was caught up by fifty other voices; the men seemed perfectly happy at having already found gold-diggers on shore and with them a kind of assurance of the reality of the thing, till we drew a little nearer the spot, and found in these supposed gold-hunters a couple of quiet cows, which had been looking for grass instead of gold in the small valley.

But San Francisco itself now attracted all our glances to it; there to the right, upon that flat and naked hill more and more tents and low wooden buildings became visible, the hill itself yet concealing the greatest part, and now—mast on mast—a perfect forest of them opened at once to our sight. Ship after ship, forming a perfect town upon the water, filled the inner bay, and hundreds of little boats and small sailing crafts were darting every where over the yet unoccupied places. With this the tents and horses—riders appearing on the tops of the hills—the more widely spreading town—the eye found no time to take in all at once the strange novelty which surrounded us, and we stood a long while perfectly bewildered, before single objects in our immediate neighborhood obtained their rightful share of attention.

Captain Meyer of the "Talisman" pulled out to us from his own ship, which now lay in sight of us, and a few minutes afterward the heavy anchor rattled and thundered down to the golden bottom.

And California? I really do not know where to begin. It seemed as if the old tales of the Thousand and One Nights had become true, and an indefinite number of genii with their golden bowls full of diamonds and other valuables, must spring out directly, from the clayey bottom, and offer their treasures to us. People spoke here of gold, as if it was only common dust, and the price asked and paid for every thing proved it at least partly true.

Only to go on shore, a distance of perhaps one hundred yards, we had to pay one dollar a piece, and every thing else was in proportion. The town itself, spreading out over a wide area of ground consisted of hardly any thing but low huts and tents. Fremont's hotel, a small two storied frame house—which by-the-by I never saw inhabited—towered like a palace among its low neighbors and these confused habitations were scattered in wild disorder all over the place, facing the most favorable spot of ground only respecting those roads, which had been marked out for public streets. The beautiful weather, as hardly any rain falls throughout the summer season, had encouraged people to take nearly any thing of woven or spun manufacture to set up a house, more to get a partition from the street, than for any other purpose. Houses, if I may give them that name, were raised on the lightest possible frames, even basket-work, covered or stretched over with the lightest possible calico, and colors? what a variety caught the eye, on looking down such a street—the blue flowered cotton had not been sufficient for the fore-part of the house, so a red square piece had been added to it with immense stitches, while perhaps a bright yellow pattern had served to cover, together with a striped green piece, the hinder parts of the wall and complete the roof. Many such huts or tents had at the same time a sign-board stuck before them—for the house itself could never have supported it—as large as the front itself and covered with immense letters, informing the public that the inhabitant of this odd little habitation had a store for the sale of nearly every thing imaginable, and at the same time was not improbably a doctor or dentist. The sign-board had, of course, been painted in the States, and brought out here to astonish the natives.

But the new comers were far more interesting still, and I soon divided those I saw sauntering or hurrying through, and in the streets, into three different and very distinct classes. The first of these were those who already lived here or were naturalized to the strange objects around them. The most of them I am nearly certain were merchants or their clerks, who went about their business, quickly and without looking much about them; they knew the goings on of this strange part of the world already and their time was money.

The second class of the new-comers, who have landed every

thing, looked about them for a fortnight, fixed a day when they will start for the mines, and amuse themselves in the mean time by walking about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, to see and hear what they can during the short time of their stay in town. These groups stop before the calico houses, and laugh at the different patterns, come to a dead halt where they see ironware, lift and try the weight of the pick-axes and spades, take the dirty crowbars, shaking their heads at the same time, between two fingers, rock the cradles, the store-keeper has put as an inducement before his door; and one or two, who have already inquired into the mysteries of gold-washing, as likely as not one with a book in his hand, are comparing the reality with the description, and trying to explain the use of the wonderful article. Such men inquire the price of every thing, but buy nothing, having brought all such tools with them from the States, and ask the prices now only to smile inwardly at the thought of the money they have already saved by not being obliged to pay Californian prices now for all such things. They also enter the gambling-houses, saunter up and down between the tables, look at the pictures, talk about the large pieces of gold a gambler has piled up here and there before him for a bait, even risk, but in very rare cases, a single dollar on a favorite card, with the excuse—we have come here to try our luck—we must try every thing; but losing it, they leave the house as quietly as they entered it, to visit, perhaps, an auction-room, with the same profit to the owner of it, stopping the passage there for hours, without the least intention of buying the slightest article.

The third is the working-class, but in a far different sense from what we understand by this name; and these might, or ought to be also divided again into two different classes, into voluntary and astonished workmen.

The voluntary are those who have made up their minds to face any thing; they have thrown off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and got at it with a will to set up their huts or houses, work on the road for Government perhaps, or do any thing that comes within their reach—not to get rich in this way, but to get their things in order, or save the money for their passage to the mines.

The astonished, on the other hand—and the landing swarms with them—are those who find themselves suddenly obliged to

work here, because no one will do it for them, while a single errand costs them as much as they paid for a month's service in the old country. They have read about such a state of things existing in California as they really find it; but believed it with a face, as if they were going to say: "Oh, you're only joking," and now find themselves, to their utter dismay in a scrape, and don't know yet exactly how to get out of it again. They stand on the shore of this most singular country, with their trunks, boxes, chests, and other things around them, and nobody seems to care the least in the world about them or about their trunks. If they do not really intend to stop down there on the landing all night —and other boats in fact are already pressing in, and want the room to land their own baggage—they must move, and at it they got at last to toil up the steep banks in the sweat of their brow. They do not pull off their coats; for they would be ashamed to show themselves in the streets in shirt sleeves, and every twenty yards, or as soon as they meet any body, they set down whatever they are carrying, wipe their red hot faces, and ask the man, who looks to them very much like a laborer, to take their luggage to an hotel, looking in great astonishment after the "free and independent," who most likely, told them "to do it themselves, if they wanted it done." They have torn their dress-coats, and knocked their silk hats into all manner of shapes; and these are the men, who stop at last on the top of the bank, setting on their own trunk they have carried up here, and wiping their faces, perhaps, with an embroidered handkerchief, murmur reproachfully—"and this is California?"

To form an opinion about the country itself, merely from the first wild impressions—and these I wish to give the reader—would be madness. At that time seventy thousand men were supposed to be working in the mines, and San Francisco with its environs was estimated to contain about twenty-five thousand; but it would be just as easy to count the ants in a garden, as the fluctuating population of such a town, and the inhabitants of thousands and thousands of tents scattered through the interior.

But the first harvest time of San Francisco, where every article of food and clothing cost nearly its weight in gold, seemed to have passed. Quantities of goods lay, even without a shelter or cover, in the streets, and principally on the shore of the bay—and in the auction-rooms goods were sold at any price—auction

eers only wanting to hear a bid, to get things out of their hands. I saw, for instance, a good lot of tea sold in this way for five cents a pound.

Lumber maintained an excellent price; but every body had written for it to the States and Valparaiso, Australia, Sweden, and Germany, and a number of ships were expected with it.

Rents were extraordinary, and for small houses or rooms, in the business part of the town, sometimes five and six hundred dollars per month were paid. Restaurants of two or three rooms, with a kitchen, paid from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars, only for the month—and so on. Even to deposit your trunk in some boarding-house or store-room you had to pay from one dollar to one and a half per month; the man who took care of things, as he called it, not being in any way responsible for the safe or even dry keeping of the things—you might just as well have put them under some tree in the bush. But what matter to the gold-diggers, they had left the whole world behind them; and should they now hang their heart on an old trunk, even if it contained their last shirt? No—away to the mines; in one day they would be able to wash out there the value of two such trunks, and where was the use of wasting a thought upon it.

A stranger could see how things were thrown about as soon as he put foot ashore; there were at that time, I really believe, not ten square feet in the city, where a dirty, but in every other respect perfectly new shirt was not lying. People had to pay six dollars per dozen for washing; and new shirts only cost seven and eight, and the consequence was, every body bought new ones, and threw the old away, which were three months afterward picked up again, principally by some Irish women, and washed and sold. But a good many merchants, who brought fine linen with them, and were not willing to throw a shirt away they had worn perhaps only a day or two, put them by in some trunk, and sent them—it may sound ridiculous, but is notwithstanding true—by vessels bound for China to get them washed there for a mere nothing, and brought back when the ship returned. It is a rather long distance to send for a washerwoman.

I was interested, but disgusted at the same time at the quantity of gambling hells and tables, which pay an enormous rent to Government, and in no country are any thing better than a

licensed way of stealing money and ruining people. How it will be in later times with these places I do not know, but they will never be stopped without bloodshed, and the people of the once organized state will have as they once did in several parts of the United States—to lynch the gamblers to get rid of them.

But in spite of this, they are most excellent places to study character, and I have passed many an hour in these well-warmed and well-lighted rooms, among a crowd of people who were pressing up and down between the tables, stopping sometimes where a larger pile of gold than common, or a higher bet, attracted their curiosity. During the time I stopped in San Francisco, a Mexican—who are always the calmest and seemingly the least eager players, entered the El Dorado, and after standing for a time in the crowd, wrapped up in his old serape and looking how the game went, he finally pulled out an old linen bag of dollars, as every body thought, and put it upon a card, and from that minute bending over the table, and watching the fingers of the gambler, as if he was tracing the blood running through his veins. He won, and the gambler quietly took the bag and opened it, to count the dollars, when he turned suddenly as pale as a sheet, for the bag contained not dollars, but dubloons. As he had not money enough on his own table, he called on some of his neighbors, but the Mexican was paid directly, and afterward left the room as quietly as he had entered it. But this was only an exceptional case, and hundreds and hundreds lose their all in these hells, for they have not even a fair chance against the gamblers themselves, all of whom—and I really believe there is not a single exception—play false wherever they get a chance; and what difference in that case is there between this and stealing.

Those various representatives of nations he meets every where in the streets, look singular to the stranger. The Californians themselves, with their large, gayly-colored ponchos and their broad-brimmed glazed hats, and the Chinese, these two being in fact, the most prominent among them, with the addition of the Mexicans in their slashed trousers, white drawers, and dirty cerapnes. Frenchmen from the southern parts of France, with their red caps and sunburnt faces; South Sea Islanders; Malays, Chileans, and Argentines; English, Germans, Italians, claim your attention, and, in short, every native on the globe seems to have sent her representative; and here and there, but rarely, you may

notice a Californian Indian gliding quickly through the streets to gain open ground again, looking around him at the same time in dull and mute astonishment.

Thousands of these different people start daily for the mines, partly in small steamers, which had commenced to run to Stockton and Sacramento only, partly in schooners, and partly in small sailing boats, in a slow, but also cheaper way, and even round the bay of San Francisco, toward Pueblo San José with mules and horses, but those only for the most southern mines.

I now inquired for my luggage left on board the "Talisman," as the reader will recollect. A part of it I found in good order, but another part had disappeared; neither the captain nor the supercargo troubling their heads much about it after I had left the ship.

This arranged, I myself looked round for a conveyance for the mines, and not wishing to pay thirty dollars a-piece for a passage on board one of the steamers, some of us, all passengers by the "Reform," (and a motley group we were), determined on going in a large schooner, the "Pomona," which was ready to start that very next day.

On the 19th of October we were on the landing at the appointed spot, to wait there for the "Pomona's" boat to take us on board

CHAPTER II.

A TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES IN THE RAINY SEASON.

PUNCTUALLY at two o'clock—I don't know how it is, but we Germans are always punctual—we took our luggage down to the shore, expecting the promised boat every minute, but obtaining, instead of an early start, a most splendid two hours' opportunity of watching the lively intercourse on this place, to our hearts' content. Boats were every where coming in from the different vessels, setting passengers on land with their luggage, and leaving the poor animals not unfrequently in the nicest kind of predicament—a little steamer, that had come from Sacramento having also just landed some sick people. A cart seemed to have been already provided, for it came down from town for them, and two very pale and sickly-looking men were put into it, and taken up to town, perhaps to be buried in a day or two.

"You are for the mines?" inquired an old sunburnt American, surely from the backwoods, for he had the entire cut of the face. He was going to pass us, but stopped on seeing our "fixings," with a singular kind of fun lighting up his eyes—and he had cause enough for it, for some of us looked sufficiently green.

"Yes, we are," I answered him, rather abruptly, but the man was not so soon rebuffed.

"Well boys," he continued, giving his quid a turn from the larboard to the starboard side, "'a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse,' but if you'll listen to reason, what I don't expect you will, though; you had better stay here in town during the rainy season, which may commence every day. If you go up to the mountains for to wash, it 'mought' be more likely you would get washed—you understand me."

It was all right, but the good man was wasting his time, his counsel, in fact, came rather late, and I told him so, that we had already taken our passage on board a schooner for Sacramento city.

"Paid already?" he inquired, pursing his brows "and on board a schooner—deck passage?"

I only nodded to him, and the old fellow, without saying another word, shoved his hands down into his breeches pockets as far as he could get them, and whistling "Yankee doodle" with all his might, went down the street.

I did not like his manner; the old man had most certainly seen a good deal of California, but what could we do now; at this very moment, the "Pomona's" boat also came alongside, and taking our things on board, turned, of course, our attention from every other object. The schooner lay between the rest of the vessels, and on a spot where I did not see how we would get out again; and how did it look on board? I thought of the old American already—there was no room even to put a foot down upon deck, every inch of the gangway, as well as every other part of the vessel, was stowed with flour-bags, lumber, and barrels; the surface of this perfect chaos of things crowded at the same time with passengers, who seemed to look upon us as intruders upon their peace. But what could we do; throwing, therefore, what little luggage we had on the top of the flour-bags and molasses-barrels, we followed after them, trying at the same time, though in vain, to look out a place where we could pass the night in only some degree of comfort.

Our anchor was not weighed, or the mainsail set till sunset, and I felt really curious to see how we could clear, in spite of a nice little breeze, all the neighboring vessels. And sure enough we did clear them, for the mate ran her, after we had made hardly twenty yards headway, right plump into the bowsprit of the next bark, and before we could get clear of her and repair damages, it had become so dark that there was no possibility of starting that same night again.

This was a fine beginning of a voyage, and I was only glad that the old American could not see us here. We passed a miserable night—very good accommodations for deck passengers were promised to us, and we did not even get a place to stretch ourselves; the consequence, of course, being a bad dysentery, very easily caught in this climate. Next day we started, but only covered a distance I could have pulled in half the time in a skiff, yet we were moving at least, till the third day, when the old schooner that drew ten feet of water—while the pilot himself

said that we could never pass the bar of the Sacramento with it in the present state of the river—run comfortably aground in the very bay, and there we stuck.

The captain, an American, but one of the worst specimens of the nation—such a character as you principally find on the flat, and steam-boats of the Mississippi and Arkansas—(his name was Peterson, I shall never forget it), swore and cursed the whole day, from the very minute the schooner started, to the moment the sails were again furled. I do not attach much weight to a slight curse, it eases our hearts sometimes, and does us good, but I myself, and even the sailors of the schooner, felt disgusted at the low, profane fellow, with his never-ceasing oaths. He would not give a single command without such an addition, and a hundred times a day—for he had his flying jib up and down five and six times every hour—we had him bawling on deck.

"Take down that flying jib," followed by a horrible string of oaths.

We had to get a lighter from Benitia, a little town on the bay, to ease our ship off the bar, and lost by it fully twenty-four hours, and after we got off, Mr. Peterson wanted to take the same freight on board again, and load her down as before; but to this we objected. We seven Germans, and three or four Americans, told him they would never allow him to take these goods on board as long as we were there, since the pilot himself had said we should not be able to clear the bar with them; several of us, besides, were very sick of the whole affair, and the captain offered to return us part of our passage-money, if we would go with some other conveyance up from New York, another little town right on the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquim. We were glad enough to take advantage of such a change, and soon found a boatman, who passed us with a nice little sailing wherry, to take us all together up to Sacramento city for ten dollars a head. We quickly agreed—the man made one hundred dollars in about thirty-two hours, and jumping aboard, had the satisfaction of passing that same evening the "Pomona" again, lying high and dry on the bar of the Sacramento river, while we could even hear that sweet captain of hers at the distance we were, cursing his mate and all hands on deck.

Our captain was the boatswain of the "Sabine" a full ship which had come out to California with passengers; the ship

being owned by the passengers themselves who had bought her in New York, loaded her with provisions and some goods, and got her out here, after deducting their own passage-money, nearly for nothing. She now lay for sale in the harbor, with only the captain and cook on board.

Ships were very frequently sold in this way in the United States, old tubs thought unfit for sea long before, and perhaps condemned in one harbor already—when the gold excitement drove poople nearly mad, and every body wanted to be the first to get away, were painted afresh, received another name, and a couple of new spars perhaps, and away they went, with a cargo of passengers and provisions round the Cape. If every thing went well, they doubled the Cape and reached their place of destination, but many of these never in a condition to weather the storms and rough sea of those latitudes, and a new coat of paint not being sufficient to hold them longer together, went to pieces, and many a poor sailor or passenger has had his gold fever cooled in the icy waves of that dangerous Cape. We went up the Sacramento with a light though favorable breeze, and it was pleasant to the eye to see the beautiful oaks that filled the river bottoms, and were on many places encircled by luxurious vines and other evergreens. But the bottom is not wooded far inland, the timber stretching only to about a mile or two in breadth, and bounded again by wide and perfectly bare and swampy plains, on which, however, a most excellent grass grows, and which serve at the same time as lurking places for the elk and grizzly bear. The river itself is tolerably broad and open, with a good channel even for larger vessels, and as it is cleared by the annual floods from the greater number of snags, boats have with only a little attention no dangerous passage at all.

That night we camped on the bank of the river by a good roaring fire, there being plenty of dry wood about there to keep it up all night, and next afternoon we reached Sacramento city, rather a proud name for a place which looked at that time very much as if a wandering tribe of Indians had stuck camps there for a night or two. From the river we could see nothing at all of the town, as nearly all the trees, chiefly large sycamores and oaks, had been left standing along the bank, though the river itself, at the same time, evinced the neighborhood of a large and busy place by all kinds and varieties of vessels, which lay there,

some moored, others stopped to land passengers, and some in fact run aground; among them, two large full ships, which must have come up here with very high water, and were now lying dolefully upon their beam-ends.

Taking our things up the high and dusty bank, we struck camp just above town on the edge of a little thicket, where we had plenty of wood and water, but I was astonished at seeing the busy life of this so young, but, in fact, so rapidly rising place. Every body seemed in a hurry; carts and wagons were pressing to and fro, bringing and taking goods from and to the river: here a party were loading their mules for the mines, there another setting up a tent or small hut to commence business. Wherever a man was seen idle in the street he was sure to be asked if he wanted work, and even the schooners on the landing paid eight dollars a day for taking out freight, while carpenters, and all other artisans were offered twelve, fourteen, and sixteen dollars a day. As provisions, and, in fact, every thing else, was very dear here, we wanted to get off as soon as possible, and required for this purpose, before any thing else, a mule to carry our provisions and part of our other effects, and they were daily in the auction mart of the place.

The same morning I went into a drug-store to buy some linseed, for I was not well yet, and felt extremely weak. On asking the price of the linseed first, before I ordered the man to get it for me, for I had began to row careful, the apothecary told me it was one dollar an ounce; the young man, with a beautiful crop of fiery red hair, assuring me at the same time he would not get up from his chair for less than a dollar, so I did not disturb his rest any further.

Next morning I went to the auction mart, and I wish the reader could have been with me there, to see the singularly busy life of that little place. In one of the widest streets of Sacramento, the houses of course consisting of nothing but tents and some low wooden frames, and beneath some beautiful old oak trees the inhabitants had left standing, the auction was held, which lasted from early morning till late in the afternoon every day of the week, except Sunday, and collected of course all those who had some business as well as those who had none—only to see the sport, or perhaps hear the prices of the different things and animals.

At several spots where they had chosen, the large stump of a tree or some large cask, set on end for that purpose, lank and lean down-easters—and you will know them wherever you find them through the world—stood praising and selling with nearly incredible volubility all that came under their hands. But these had, in spite of that, the fewest auditors, for the greatest mass of spectators or buyers formed a perfect avenue in the street, up and down which eight or ten auctioneers were galloping upon just as many mules or horses.

"Gentlemen, eighteen dollars, only eighteen dollars," one of them croaked in a hoarse and hardly audible voice, for he had been screaming in that way, for the last fourteen days—praising at the same time an old white horse which really seemed to be only held together by the saddle-girt. "Eighteen dollars for this fine, young, excellent horse, gentlemen—shall I say twenty? Only eighteen dollars for this excellent riding-horse, gentlemen. Only eighteen dollars, with saddle and bridle, alone worth thirty in San Francisco?"

"One hundred and thirty dollars for this fine mule, gentlemen," another cried, galloping close up to the hoarse one, drowning his voice completely with his own. "Only one hundred and thirty dollars—worth one hundred and eighty or two hundred, gentlemen—shall I say one hundred and thirty-five?—hundred and thirty two—thank you, gone for one hundred and thirty-two dollars, gentlemen."

It was in fact a beautiful mule, and was sold afterward for one hundred and fifty-one dollars; the price of mules varying also from sixty up to that sum, just as there were buyers in the market or parties came up, who wanted to start soon. The horses, nearly all of which had come over the mountains that summer, looked pitiable enough—only one fetched sixty dollars, with saddle and bridle—the rest were nearly all sold at prices varying from twenty to thirty dollars.

Large wagons, commonly drawn by two yoke of oxen, all of which had also come over the mountains, fetched the best prices, as they were frequently sold, especially if the oxen looked well, for seven and eight hundred dollars.

We bought on the second day a good mule for seventy-five dollars, and packing what provisions and cooking utensils we possessed upon it, making a load of about one hundred and fifty

to one hundred and eighty pounds, we started on the 27th of October in good earnest for the mines; but the reader ought to have seen us. Our little party consisted of seven souls, and a motley company it was, three of them being merchants' clerks one an apothecary, one a sailor, one a locksmith (the locksmith and one of the merchants' clerks were brothers), and myself. We had only taken with us what little luggage we could not do without, but, besides this, nearly all of us carried some kind of weapon or other. But I had better give the reader at once a true description of all of us, he'll get acquainted in that way with a great number of such parties that started and even yet start in a similar way to the mountains—for gold.

We had been, as I have said, seven, but one of the young merchantmen gave up the second day, and staid behind; the weather was too hot for him, and he was not able to undergo so many hardships as he thought we would be obliged to do from the first start—and he was not far wrong in that.

The two brothers, to commence with the most interesting part of the group—Jews from Berlin, seemed not to have had much idea about working hard, but like a good many of the new comers thought they should find the gold easily enough in the mountains, they wanted at least to make the trial, and were equiped accordingly. The locksmith carried a rifle and a long hanger, or couteau-de-chasse, at his side, wore a gray gardener's cap with a large peak, a leathern belt with a pistol stuck in it, and a white linen bag over his left shoulder, his trowsers were, at the same time, rolled up, and his coat lay with the rest of the things upon the mule, himself going in shirt-sleeves.

His brother sported a short jacket, rather tight-fitting trowsers, high water-boots, and a singularly formed blue cap, with a kind of china button upon it. He carried no gun, merely a hanger, but as he buckled it rather curiously around him, the weapon was always too far behind and too deep, and really seemed more for ornament than use. Over his right shoulder he had also swung a kind of bag with some little things he wanted on the road, and as our frying-pan would not agree upon the mule with the boiler and the teapot, but knocked against them continually, and kept up an uninterrupted clatter, he carried that in his hand, which made it look in connection with the couteau-de-chasse, something like a species of shield.

The little apothecary wore a green Polish cap, with four corners, a strip of black fur around it, and a red beard below it, carrying upon his back a kind of soldier's black knapsack, with a rolled-up blanket laid over it, and a short, stout walking-stick in his hand. His trowsers were also tucked up half-way to his knee, and he had a peculiar way of holding the stick in walking far away from his body. His name was Kunitz, the two brothers name Meyer.

The fourth, Huhne, was a stout young fellow, of about twenty years of age, with a green hunting-cap, yellow overcoat, trowsers, and half boots, a striped bag over one shoulder, a rolled-up blanket over the other, and a double-barreled gun in his hand.

The young sailor wore his sea-clothes, but with the addition of a double-barreled gun, and a rolled-up blanket.

I myself wore my old leathern hunting-shirt, with hunting-pouch, rifle, and bowie-knife, with a Scotch cap and high water-boots, and also a small pouch buckled round me, which contained the most necessary medicines for the mines.

Such was our equipments for the diggings, and with the mule among us, which one of us always had to lead, the reader may be assured we formed a perfect picture.

During the first days we met with not the least accident worth noticing; we marched slowly along a very dusty and extremely hot road, meeting empty wagons and mules, coming from the mines, and sometimes horsemen, who galloped along at a rattling rate, with a serape or blanket behind them, leaving the mines and going back to the towns, before the rainy season set in. Sometimes we even overtook pedestrians, who carried every thing they had upon their backs, trudging slowly along upon their tedious track, or resting, already knocked up, under a shady tree, with their spades, pickaxes, and pans by their side.

The third night we reached an old but abandoned camping place of some Indian tribe, and struck camp there ourselves. A really romantic spot had been chosen for it, upon the shore of the Sacramento, many signs showing at the same time that the tribe could have left this place only a few days before, perhaps when the Americans came and set up their tents not a hundred yards from their old hearths and homes. Down on the river there were the posts yet left, upon which the fishers had lain with their nets, and the planks still extending into clear water, where

the squaw had come down to fill the drinking vessels, and get the water for their acorn mush. On the top of the bank we found the round stones, with which they crush and pound their acorn meal, and several wooden troughs and bowls, forgotten or purposely left behind, rested here and there against a tree. These brown sons of the plains had also been good hunters, with their simple bows and arrows. What a quantity of deer-horns were lying on the roots of an old broken-down white oak, and close to it the wings of a black and powerful eagle, proved the true and deadly aim of another marksman.

And where were the Indians who had chased the deer, or the squaws who had cooked their meals? Gone, driven away from the graves of their fathers, wandering homeless through a country where the pale-face had disturbed their peace, killed, or frightened away their game, destroyed their fisheries, and threatened and even taken their lives. One year had been enough to effect all this, and the Indians had already ceased to exist as a tribe, before they could only comprehend what fearful consequences the crowding in of the pale-faces upon their lands must entail on them and their children.

In North America, as well as other colonies, the oppression and destruction of the natives or aborigines was effected gradually, and was rather the effect of time, or the natural consequences of immigration. The children saw year after year how the strangers increased, and found themselves thrust back from the inhabited parts into their wild homes, the game growing scarcer with every year, though the whites themselves showed the tribes other means of earning their living, and even encouraged them to gain it in the same way their conquerors did. Their religion and habits were at the same time respected, and the pioneers, who went first among them and settled in their boundaries, had to act with great precaution for their own security: the red son of the woods was too powerful in his own home, and the squatter feared the war-yell of the enraged warrior.

But how different was the fate of the Indians here, the cry of the new El Dorado shot through the world, and before the wild children of these mountains could have the least foreboding what would be the consequence of hundreds on hundreds flocking in and searching the gulfs after the "yellow stones," their land was flooded with them. From all sides, over the mountains,

down from the north, and up from the south, and even over the sea, they pressed in; the natives were not driven back, they were surrounded and ruined, and while the whites suffered them to exist at least, they robbed them at the same time of nearly all the means of existence, while they punished the least crime against themselves with death.

But enough of those painful facts; we pity the poor tribes while we can not save them, and the car of Fate rolls slowly on and crushes them beneath its wheels.

On Thursday, the 30th, we passed the little tent-town Vermont. Feather River here empties itself into the Sacramento, having Vermont upon its left shore, and another little town, Fremont upon its right, the small tongue or peninsula which juts out between the two rivers, being already occupied, though the yearly floods are said to cover the whole strip of land with the powerful swell of the torrents.

There was a ferry established here large enough to carry loaded wagons over with their teams. That same night, we camped on Bear Creek, following up Feather River now, to cross it farther above. Next day we crossed the Yuba River, which empties itself into Feather River, the Yuba also being a tolerable good watercourse, with sufficient water for even small steamers, a good way up, but now only navigated by some whale-boats. We could cross the Yuba, however, by wading.

Here we met a team coming down from the most northern mines, and a German was with it, who told us to go up by all means to the Reading Mines, where there was every thing we wanted—plenty of gold, provisions cheap, and several very nice families had taken up their quarters there to winter in the mountains. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles, and we could do it easily in six days. It was getting dark and the man had no time to stop any longer with us, for he wanted to cross the river with his team before night set in.

We held a grand council that evening as to where to go to, as we had fixed on no certain spot as yet; but thinking we could trust a countryman of ours who could not have the least interest in the place we might select for our own winter quarters, we determined at last on following his advice and foot it really to the Reading's; there was plenty of game and gold, by his account, and we should have a pleasant life in the mountains.

But it was a singular fact, that every body we spoke with about the mines had an opinion of his own, differing entirely from the rest, about all those places we heard commonly talked of. Some had told us before that the Reading Mines were unhealthy; others had said unhealthy, no, but there is no gold to be found; and this old fellow gave a glowing account of them. Just in the same way, some praised Feather River up to the clouds, while others gave it the worst name of all the gold-producing streams in California—who was right now?

Next day, therefore, we determined on taking the northern route: we crossed Feather River by wading it, and camped on the other side. On this day we came to the first Indian village, built on the banks of the river, and consisting of at least thirty or thirty-five well-made huts, dug half in the ground, and walled and roofed very much like those of the Mandan Indians of North America. The huts were dug about four feet deep into the ground, strong posts being set up in the inside and the middle, with rafters and beams across them, which were overlaid and connected with branches, and finally covered with a thick and well-beaten coat of earth, which was of a perfectly round shape and turned off the rain completely. Above ground they rose to a height of six or eight feet, having a small and low entrance, through which the inhabitants had to crawl in or out. A hole for the smoke was left exactly in the centre.

These villages look rather singular through a quantity of cylindrical, plait-work erections, made out of cane, about ten feet high, and four feet in diameter. They serve to hold the winter provisions for the natives, and generally stand singly by the separate huts to which they belong, sometimes, though, three and four together, looking very much like a kind of watch-tower, scattered through the camp. At the entrance of a great many huts we found squaws sitting, with large piles of roasted acorns spread out on a blanket, by their side, while they were cracking the hard shell of the acorn with their ivory teeth, dropping the kernel without touching it with their lips, into a piece of cloth upon their laps, and throwing the shell away. The dress of the women consisted of a blanket thrown round the shoulders, and a short but thick kind of mat, or rather apron, made out of reeds or rushes. The men on the contrary, sported nearly every fashion in the world; some were entirely naked without even a waist-

coat, merely with some ornament in the hair, others had a blanket wrapped around them, while others again wore a perfectly European dress with every thing belonging to it, except shoes. Their national ornaments seemed to be of a very simple kind; they all had, both men and women, their ears pierced, and wore in these a simple piece of wood or quill ornament and painted. They also tattoo, but I only saw a few of them with these marks, and then on the chin, only, with fine blue stripes running down from the corners of the mouth.

The first village we passed seemed very thickly inhabited, or else every body was before his own door or upon the roof of his hut, where the men were principally sitting, and seemingly enjoying the warm sun with a great deal of pleasure. They were nearly all naked, squatting with their backs together, and appearing not to take the least notice of the white passers. Only upon one hut four fellows were stationed, three naked and one wrapped up in a fiery red blanket, who seemed to find peculiar amusement in our appearance, talking, arguing with each other, and laughing. The women were nearly all busy, diving, though, wherever they got a chance, away into their huts as soon as the white strangers approached them. We saw a singular kind of ornament in one of these villages; it was a long pole, upon the upper part of which five or six very well-stuffed wild geese were fastened just as if they were running up the pole with outstretched necks. Not speaking the language, I could not inquire of the natives for what purpose they had set up such a sign, for there was no wild goose hotel in the neighborhood; but what I heard afterward of the tribe makes me think it was a kind of national emblem, the favorite animal of the tribe, and as likely as not that from which the whole tribe derives its name, as other tribes in California are called cayotas, and also in the Atlantic States Wolves and Foxes.

One of our party, the oldest Meyer, poor fellow, got a dreadful tooth-ache, after we were a few days out, and in consequence of it a swelled face, but such a face I never saw before in my life; his head really seemed to be double its proper size, and his countenance was in fact most doleful. Tooth-ache is at the same time an extraordinary pain, and whoever has suffered from it, will know it—with some teeth cold water held on to them, will cease the pain, while others can not bear even the thought of it

Some teeth, and in fact the most, drive you nearly mad as soon as you apply salt to them, while I saw a lady only very recently, who put a whole pinch of table-salt right into the hollow tooth to deaden the pain. Some teeth require you to hold your head up, while others make you bend it down to let the blood rush to it, or even stand upon your head, sometimes in its worst paroxysms. This was the sort of tooth Meyer had, and the mad aching seemed to ease as soon as he held down his head, perhaps for half a minute to the ground; and as much as we pitied the poor fellow, it was sometimes really impossible to refrain from laughing at his manœuvres.

The wagon road led right through the third Indian village we reached, and following it, we entered the little town where the natives were sitting in their surly silence on the houses, only once in a while throwing a dark look upon the strangers who pressed in more and more, filling the country with their multitudes. Suddenly right in the very centre of the place, and surrounded on every side by the crowded huts—for tooth-ache never cares for place nor time—Meyer had one of his worst fits; and without even looking round to see where he was, he placed both his hands upon the ground, and dropping his head down as far as he could, he lifted, partly to bring the upper portion of his body farther forward, and partly to balance it, his right leg as high up as he could get it. The cap fell from his head, all the things he carried, slipped forward over his shoulders, and the hanger had caught in some fold or other, and was now standing, just as it had hung before, right upright into the air, increasing of course the oddity of the whole figure.

The effect was, however, extraordinary, which this posture had upon the at first so indolent natives. At the first moment, a couple of women, who had been setting close by, cleaning a crous, jumped up, dropped whatever they held in their laps, and ran as quickly as they could into their huts, and even the men rose up suddenly, looking in mute astonishment and wonder at the extraordinary stranger who presented himself in the heart of their homes in such a peculiar, and perhaps hostile posture. The thick red face that now became visible between his arms and just above the ground, did not serve to reassure them; but when we ourselves could hold on no longer, but burst out, in spite of our compassion for the poor fellow, into loud and perfect roars of laughter, they seemed to drop every idea of hostility on his part, and

thinking, as likely as not, the whole only a performance the kind stranger had got up for their own and sole amusement, they also set up a perfect scream of delight; and the women on every side coming out of their caves again, and other natives jumping upon the nearest hut, we were surrounded in a few seconds by swarms of Indians, poor Meyer, with his dreadful pain and desperate posture, forming the centre of the merry crowd.

At last he rose up again, greeted this time by a perfect cheer; but he was not in the humor to favor the grinning savages with another performance, which they seemed really desirous to have, but throwing a wild and angry look around him, he shook his luggage in order, and traveled on.

That same night we had a small shower of rain, and the clouds began to look rather suspicious; if the rainy season really set in now, we were in a bad fix, and so it turned out. We had not marched three miles that morning, before a fine drizzly shower commenced, which grew harder and harder, and set in at last to a downright rain which soaked us through in a few hours. Still we trudged on over a wide plain, fringed by the timber growth of the Bute Creek, which we reached late that night. There would not have been the least chance of building any kind of camp when we reached the first tree; for it was dark as pitch, and all of us as cold and wet as if we had lain a day in ice-water, but fortunately there was a rancho here, "Neal's Range," as the Americans call it, and we found an old shed, under which a party of Americans had already camped, with a roaring fire on the one side of it. Making room for us to lie down at least on the damp ground, we were able to boil that evening a cup of red-hot coffee, and stretch our limbs—our legs sticking out just under the drippings of the roof—in comparative shelter. That night a perfect storm set in, the wind howling through the gnarled limbs of the old oaks, and breaking down branches every where. Toward morning however, the sky cleared, but Bute Creek was so swollen, that we should have had to swim if we wanted to cross; and not being in any such hurry, and rather inclined to rest a day and dry our wet clothes, we decided on stopping here till next morning, and then continue our journey to the Reading Diggings.

But our means of existence would soon become rather precarious, if we did not speedily reach some mine or other, and be

able to work there. A part of our little company had had no money at all when we started, and buying mule, provisions and tools had absorbed the rest. Every cent we had in cash on this very day, as we lay here under an old crazy shed in the middle of a wilderness, with only a small stock of provisions left, consisted of four dollars and a half—about eighteen shillings—for six men, and provisions rose during the rain like mushrooms. Here we also found several parties coming down from the mines, and all of them seemed to have been in or near the Reading Diggings, and gave us the worst description imaginable of them: provisions were cheap there, because every body left who saw the possibility of selling what little he had, and though there was undoubtedly gold there, it lay in such scattered spots that made it a real matter of accident who might drop upon a small quantity, while many at the same time—eighteen out of twenty—worked and worked, just for their living, while it was even doubtful if they could make that, if a heavy snow-fall should set in, in those rather high and cold regions. Another point was the impossibility of getting away again, if winter really set in, and from all we heard now—and which was in fact confirmed by several other parties, who came in next day—it seemed as if our countryman, who had given us such a glowing description of the place, had had some interest in getting us there; very probably, a quantity of provisions he wanted to sell himself on the spot. I particularly inquired how game was up there, to have, at least something to depend upon, if provisions became too dear, but in this we also found ourselves disappointed. Our informants had lived several months in the mountains, some of them even hunters, but had not met a single grizzly bear, and very seldom deer. There was no dependence on that.

But what to do now? These men had a notion of going to Feather River Mines, but they would not advise us to do so, for nobody could tell which place was the best; but the Feather River Mines were assuredly the nearest, and our main object was now to get to a place where we could earn our living, as there was such a bad prospect of carrying out our former plans. In fact, we had no great alternative left; and therefore determined, after a hurriedly-held council, on giving up the Reading Mines, and starting direct for Feather River. To do this we had, however, to retrace our steps about ten miles, and then strike over to

Feather River again, and cross this stream rather higher up than we had done the previous time.

But it seemed as if we should not get away so quickly from Bute Creek as we thought; for the second day we could not find our mule till late in the afternoon, and the third and fourth day it rained again as if the skies had sprung a leak, which could not be stopped in any way.

On Wednesday forenoon, when the rain was pouring down in torrents, the road consisting, in fact, of nothing else but a solid bed of mud, ankle-deep, with holes in it, where the mules sank down sometimes to their girths, two wagons with emigrants came down the road, and in fact, right across the Rocky Mountains, who had left the States on the 1st of May. The poor people were from Missouri; and as they had lost all their animals but four on the road, they had to leave the greater part of their provisions and goods behind, to reach in safety a warmer climate, before the winter snows set in, and buried them in the icy heights. I felt truly sorry for the poor children (the mother lay sick in the first wagon), the poor things wet to the skin and shivering; in fact, were obliged to wade through mud and water behind the vehicle, as the two half-starved oxen were not able to drag any additional weight. The men stopped their wagons not far from our fire, to go into the house and inquire the road, and perhaps also to take a horn (a single dram cost fifty cents, or two shillings), and the little ones came round our fire to warm themselves. They were a boy of about eleven, and a girl of nine, and another one of about seven years of age; and as we fortunately had some boiling water, I quickly made them a cup of coffee, which seemed to do them at least some little good.

When I expressed my pity for them, an American, who was standing by, remarked the children would not find it so great a hardship as the parents did, as they frequently were used to such a life in their own country, where they had to go, sometimes in the worst kind of weather, four or five miles to school. The smallest of the children looked wistfully up into his face while he was speaking, and then said, with a deep sigh:

"Yes; but when we came home in the evening, mamma had a warm dress for us, and on the hearth we found warm food and hot coffee."

A couple of clear tears rose up into the poor little creature's

eyes, when she thought of the scattered household gods of her own home; but she struggled manfully against the weakness, child as she was, and seemed to be ashamed of it, for she only held down her little head, while spreading her cold and tiny hands before the blazing flame.

And gold—vile gold alone—had driven this man from his peaceful home, exposing his family to all the dangers and hardships of such a long and tedious journey—to the burning sun and the fevers of the plains, the icy winds and dangers of the snowy mountains. At the same time, he was not leaving a country where he had to toil on steadily in the sweat of his brow, under a hateful government perhaps, or held in poverty by an overburdened population; but he had quitted a free and happy country, where every man, without overworking himself, could earn his living, and see his children grow up around him in peace and plenty: and if his wife, who lay sick in the cold and damp wagon, died on the road or in this country, could he ever again look his children in the face, whose mother he had killed? Could he ever be happy again?

Thousands of families have crossed the plains and Rocky Mountains, under similar circumstances, in hardship and misery, and hundreds of them were even now shut up in the snow, working away for their lives, only to reach the wet and swampy low lands; perfectly willing to brave any thing they might meet there, that they might not starve and be frozen to death in those icy regions. And even before they reached the mountains, many families lost their father and leader, or the children their mother, the parents their offspring they had started with in pride and hope; and travelers from there told me there were parts of those plains where a man could never miss the road to the mines, if he only followed the graves.

That night we had to hunt up our mule again; and the younger Meyer, who really could not find his way through the woods for a hundred yards, succeeded—though I really could not comprehend how—in losing himself not a quarter of a mile from our camp, in an open plain, though he had not left the trees beneath whose shade the rancho stood more than about four hundred yards. Without even a blanket, and not able of course to kindle a fire, he had the satisfaction of running all night round a tree, to keep himself warm and alive.

On Thursday morning we left this range, to strike to Feather River, and a bad and tedious march we had of it. On the road I tried to get within shooting distance of some herds of antelopes, but in vain; they were exceedingly shy and wild, and on the open plain, without even the smallest bush to hide and creep up to them; they had their sentinels posted in every direction, and at the first sight of man fled in wild disorder toward the mountains. I only shot a cayota, one of the little Californian wolves; but could, of course, do nothing with it. It measured about four feet, to the end of the bushy tail.

That night we camped on the banks of Feather River in a miserable spot, some of our party had chosen, while two of us had been out looking for antelopes. They had even collected no wood, except some green twigs, with which to boil a little water and smoke our eyes out. But here we entered for the first time the real mines; little tents and bush-covered huts every where met our sight, and when night set in, from all the slopes of the hills, from out the valleys, and from the banks of the river, glittered through the darkness, and here and there large fires blazed up, showing the different places where the gold-searching population of the El Dorado had struck camp and dreamt their golden dreams. Though it rained that night again, as if heaven's gates were opened, we did not grumble, for had we not reached the mines at last, and was not the rest now, in comparison with all the hardships we had suffered, mere child's play? We all regarded the rain that night as if it belonged to the first impression of the gold district, but I could not help thinking of the old American, who had spoken to me when we were awaiting the "Pomona's" boat, and said we were going to the mines to wash, though we had the probability of getting washed instead—and how true had the old fellow's words turned out? I fancied I saw him whistle down the streets, with his hands, or rather his arms in his pockets, up to his very elbows.

Next morning we were perfectly benumed with cold and wet; at the same time, as our fire had been entirely put out by the rain, we could not even boil a cup of coffee, and determined on crossing the river before breakfast, leaving that for the other side of the stream, if the weather cleared up a little. At this part of the mines—the little place was called, Long's Store—they had told us we should find a ferry, and so we did, but a singular-look-

ing concern it was to go on board of. The ferry consisted, in fact, of nothing else but a simple wagon-body from some of the old Illinois or Indiana wagons, caulked and pitched as well as possible, and just able to carry four persons, but hardly their baggage. Four of us had to go over first, paying a quarter of a dollor a-head, then driving the mule in, it crossed in good style, and after this I followed with the young sailor and our baggage to bring up the rear. As the stream was here hemmed in by high and mighty rocks, a powerful current shot through the narrow valley with dangerous speed, and our craft was not in a fit state to give us a great deal of confidence, but each of us squatting in a corner and keeping her as quiet as possible and in good trim, while the boatman himself in the third, and the baggage in the fourth made up the balance, we pushed her out in the stream and the ferryman began paddling with all his might. All at once the water came oozing in, and we had not left the shore more than about fifteen yards, when it came in with a rush.

"She has sprung a leak," said our oarsman dryly, and being used to it, I expect, he at the same time pulled her round with much dexterity, and ran her back upon a flat rock right below, which had served him, I am sure, many a time as a safe mooring-place. We had to bail her out now, and stuffing some old rags he carried with him for the purpose into the leak, which was nearly half an inch wide, we started again, and this time reached the other shore, though nearly half-filled, and all our things wet.

As we paid one dollar and a half for ferrying, and had been obliged to buy some salt and fresh meat at Neal's range, we had here—when we reached the other bank of the Feather River—e pluribus unum—just one dollar left in cash. One dollar left to keep six strong, healthy men alive—there was a prospect for a cashier. But what matter, were we not in the mines, had we not provisions for several days yet, and where was there a cause to be disheartened? The rain, however, was disagreeable; it poured down all day, and hearing of some beautiful timber a little way farther up the river, where we could build a small hut or 'shanty, and cover it with split boards, we determined on trying to reach that part of the country as quickly as possible to get at least under shelter, and be no longer exposed to a continually drenching rain.

On reaching the top of the hill we found an old Pensylvanian,

who showed the first gold. He and his daughter had been washing the day before and cleared nearly an ounce—as he said—and he thought the prospects in this quarter of the world very good. Down on the river we could also see several men at work, rocking away at their cradles, and digging and picking the hard ground. The people led a busy life, and they seemed well satisfied with it, though I must confess I had thought it rather different from what I found it. Still it was only a first commencement, and gave little cause for grumbling as yet.

Next day we had some better weather, and as it was Sunday, we thought there would be no work going on in the mines, but the late excessive wet made the gold-finders stick to their cradles the first fair day they got to make up for lost time, and they were busy as bees along the whole bank of the stream. We saw them only at work along the banks of the little river, or in gravel-beds forming little islands in the low water. Throwing off the gravel till they came to a certain depth, they carried all this gravel, which contained some clayey ground to their cradles or machines, and rocked away; at most places only two worked together, as they had the water for washing to hand; on some places, I saw three with one cradle, and on a good many spots only one by himself, picking the ground, carrying it to the water for washing it out, sometimes even with a common pan.

But here we could not stop, as we had no tent to lay under, and were not able to pay fifty and sixty dollars for one, we were obliged to go to a place where we could get timber, and the next day found us among the beautiful red-wood of these mountains. But provisions had risen here also to an extraordinary price, flour was seventy-five cents per pound, pork one dollar, salt also one dollar, and fresh meat fifty cents with and seventy-five cents without the bone, and nothing else to be got. Never mind, we were at last on the very spot we had wanted to reach. Every where on the banks of the river we saw men at work, and little log cabins were built up on every suitable place, therefore marching up the river, after we had passed the last store, about two miles further, and finding a really romantic spot under high towering pines and red-wood, we threw down our blankets, and struck camp.

Before all other things, even before getting under shelter, however much we needed it, we had to try to get a cradle, and while

one part of our company went to work and washed out some gold to buy provisions with, the other should fell trees and build a small hut, to have at least a dry and comfortable place to sleep in. As the rainy season had set in in good earnest, we had not to look long for somebody who wanted to sell his traps and quit the mines, and since we no longer had any use for the mule, we made a bargain with two men, who worked a little farther up the creek, one a Norwegian and the other an American, to exchange our mule for their cradle and tools and some few provisions they could spare. I also stopped with them half a day to see them work the cradle, and get an idea how to hunt for gold, though the whole work looked to me so strange and wild that I did not see how it could require judgment where every thing seemed mere chance work.

But I shall not tire the reader with a description of the washing itself or the different tools and machines; all this has been described over and over again in England, and is far too monotonous to bear long explanations. I did not dig myself, for being the only one among us who could handle an ax, I went to work to fell a large red-wood, and split some boards for a roof, the other five, in the mean time, trying what they could do in the way of washing. We were full of hopes, for the least success would guarantee to us not only our existence in the mountains through the winter, but also a good profit, and perhaps—for why not we as well as others—some overgrown lumps of gold, of an indefinite number of pounds, troy weight—the heavier the better. We found ourselves very much disappointed in the course of time.

It rained continually; there was not a dry thread upon our backs, and even our blankets had become soaked and afforded no warmth. Provisions rose of course accordingly, and when the gold-diggers came to camp that evening, they brought with them about two dollars' worth of gold, and on sending one of them up to the store to buy provisions with it, the store-keeper would not let us have flour under one dollar per pound, pork at a dollar and a quarter.

The next day, Tuesday, the same game—no gold found, a trifle excepted, rain all day, and provisions rising again a quarter of a dollar the pound. The first tree I felled, too, would not answer; it looked well enough outside, but was mouldy and

wouldn't split, and I had to cut down another one, but the main instrument for splitting boards, a froe, was wanting, and I had to lose half a day in running about through the neighborhood merely to find a man who owned one, and even that we could not keep, for the man himself expected his family up there in a few days (I pity the poor women who would be obliged to stop through a rainy season in these mountains), and had to set up, of course, a good and dry house first before they reached the place. In fact, every thing went the wrong way, and the only thing that kept on regularly was the rain, which came down; while, with equal regularity, provisions went up, with every shower. At last we had not a single cent left to buy even the most necessary article of food, and we would not borrow. Our meal had become smaller every day, and only to fill our stomachs we began mixing our bread with a small kind of red berry, which grew around us in great profusion, and tasted well enough. As we could not live much longer, and we all saw we must come to some decision, if our condition could not be altered in one way or the other. We agreed finally that the next day should be decisive, whether we stopped any longer up here (where there was, in fact, no chance at all of provisions coming up again this winter, if the weather continued as it was), or starting back for Sacramento and San Francisco, and give up mining altogether for this season at least. The gold-diggers wanted to try, therefore, for the last time, a new plan, and I myself, as there seemed no chance of getting a froe for the next three or four days, shouldered my gun to take a walk over the hills, and try if I could not come across a deer, or perhaps an old grizzly bear, and get a quantity of meat.

Nothing at all succeeded; our gold-diggers got this day less than ever, provisions rose up that evening to two dollars for a pound of flour, and the same price for pork—the store-keeper seeming quite diffident about selling it at present, where he had no chance of getting more, and I myself, upon my hunting trip, saw only a single deer, and that out of the range of my gun; I could not find even tracks, and the hills really seemed as if every particle of game had been killed, or driven away.

Next night we had hardly any thing to eat, and it rained frightfully; but if we had any doubt what course to follow under such circumstances, some Americans who passed our camp early

next morning, would have solved it. They had every thing they called their own, which they could carry upon their backs, leaving, as they said, a neighborhood where there would be a famine in a few days, if all stopped there. Again we held a general council, and the result of it was that we packed up our things, and that same morning, the 18th of November, with the first rays of the sun after a short delay we started, heavily loaded, on our back track.

But we most certainly did not intend to carry all the things we were loaded with at present, to the low lands again, therefore, on reaching the first store on the hills, where a Missourian had commenced keeping a warehouse, as he called it; we made a bargain with him, and sold him all our tools and part of the cooking utensils, the younger Meyer even his rifle, and the older, his hanger, for cash, and went on our way with a very light load and in the best possible manner, down into the valley. We had found no gold, but what matter, we were all healthy yet, and had seen the mines at least—the next time better luck—and laughing and talking we clambered down the steep ridges till night overtook, and found us round a large fire and a splendid panful of most excellent dumplings, Huhne, a very good hand at such things, had prepared to get out rather weakened stomachs in good working order again. That night though, we tasted, in spite of the dumplings, the pleasures of mountain-life again in bumpers.

At about ten o'clock, it commenced raining, and never left off for a single minute during the whole night. Next morning we had to get up in the rain, kindle a fire again, and cook our breakfast, after which, wringing out our heavy blankets, rolling them up again, and slinging them over our shoulders, we marched on. Next night we had to lay down in the soft and perfectly liquid mud, not a dry spot was to be found in the whole neighborhood; but it did not rain this night, and that was some comfort. We had our worst time though two days afterward. On reaching Feather River again, the banks of which were high and dry, and comparatively easy, we arrived—after another night's hard rain, which, however, we passed under a roof—at a small slew or branch, which had now grown to a perfect torrent, and ran right across our path. This we had to cross; but finding it deeper than we had at first anticipated, our only chance was to make a raft, for the purpose of dragging across our things, and those of

our companions who could not swim. As no large timber grew there, we carried a parcel of old and half-burnt logs to the water's edge, and tying them together with all the small pieces of twine we possessed, we really made a sort of raft, which we thought would carry all our things. We worked at this for about three hours, the rain coming down at the same time as hard as it could, and the two Meyers and Kunitz standing, while the other three were wading about in the water, and carrying and floating the old logs shivering with cold, and ready to give up nearly every thing in despair. At last we were ready for a trial, and fastening a rather weak fishing-line I had in my pocket as a tow-line to our clumsy craft, I waded into the water, and when I felt it getting too deep to walk, cried to the others to push the raft after me, while I struck out for the other shore.

It was no go; the logs were too heavy, and sunk under water before it had got even out of reach of the young sailor, who wisely followed it to see how it would answer, and as the weight was too great for the line, it broke, and catching at the same moment round my left arm and both my feet, it was all I could do to reach the other shore with my right arm; satisfied at finding that they had at least got hold of the raft again on the other side, and were pulling it in. Swimming back, I helped them to pull our soaking wet things out of the water, when our sailor-boy, who had noticed the rising of the creek, told us to make haste with whatever we wanted to do, for in the next quarter of an hour, we should have just such another slew on our other side, and was even on a little island already, for the streamlet had risen in the last half hour more than six inches. Some Americans who also wanted to cross, and had been looking at us for a good while, to see what success we had, hurried back, and on reaching the other channel, shouted to us to make haste and follow them, for the log we had crossed over on was nearly under water already.

We had no choice left, for though there would have been very little difficulty in crossing with Huhne and the sailor, we should have had to leave the others, and not being willing to do that, we caught up our luggage, which was as heavy as lead now through the water, and turned back. And, in fact, it was high time; the powerful current nearly swept us away, and though

we all reached the shore safely, we were all but dead with cold and wet.

That night we camped again in the house where we had staid the previous one, with one of our countrymen, at least under a dry roof, but with hardly any firewood, and the reader may think what a night we passed. Our provisions consisted at the same time of a small piece of fat pork and one biscuit apiece, eleven of us crowding round a small pile of little more than hot embers. We saw the effects of this day's work next morning; for the sailor whom I had thought the hardiest of the whole of us, and who had complained the previous night of headache and drowsiness, was attacked by a swelling in his feet, so that he could not wear his boots, pain in the gums, indicating at the same time the first signs of scurvy.

Not being able to cross the slough, which had become a perfect torrent, sweeping every thing before it, we heard of a whale-boat which had come up Feather River. Some of those staying with us at the hut declared their intention of crossing to the other shore of the river, there being not so many sloughs and swamps in following the river's course, as on this side. The only difficulty seemed the price; the Yankee, who saw well enough that a party of travelers was in a fix, asking two dollars per head to take us across. We had to pay it, however; and taking our sick man over also, we walked on slowly and tediously with him. For the first two or three hours he was able to walk at least by himself, while I carried his baggage; but afterward even that seemed impossible, and I had to lead him slowly along.

On Friday we reached Captain Sutter's farm on Feather River; it was the first truly cultivated spot I had seen in California, and it looked to me really like home. I was getting tired of lying out in the wet every night; I longed for warm and clean clothing and civilized nourishment, and the tiles on the roof, the window-panes, the clean and open yard, with its plows and other implements, the homely-looking curtains to the windows, and even flower-pots, recalled to my memory long-past scenes, which rains and flood seemed nearly to have washed out of my memory.

Fortunately, I found Mr. Sutter, for whom I had brought to California a chest of books from a friend of his in Germany, at home; and was received by him in a most friendly manner,

though I looked most certainly more like a swamped vagabond than any thing else. But people up here are accustomed to see persons return from the mines in just such outrigs, and find nothing uncommon or extraordinary in it, though I am sure if I had shown myself in that state in any of our German towns, the police-officers would have taken care of me directly. But I was sorry at not being able to accept even the captain's hospitable invitation to dinner, as much as I needed a good meal once again: for our sick man did not allow us to delay any longer; he wanted rest, and, if possible, medicines, and the sooner we got him into Sacramento, the better. Captain Sutter, however, when he saw we were determined on starting, loaded us with provisions.

Captain Sutter is a well-set, stout, and healthy-looking man, of about forty-five years of age, with a large mustache—a remembrance of former times. He was the first of all in the mines, in fact, who had power and provisions—two extraordinary things at that time—and through his proximity to the first gold mine, only had to pick up the lumps as they fell. He owned, at the same time, immense tracts of land; and part of them, as Sacramento City, in the most advantageous positions; but being too good-hearted, he was misused by most of those he had been kind to, and he commenced having his troubles with the land; the American squatters settling on it, wherever they thought fit, and caring little or nothing whether they were in the right or not, so long as they kept the land. The state of things was far too unsettled as yet, and the transition from a wild to a civilized condition, far too rapid and unnatural.

During our stay on the farm, the younger Meyer was taken ill, or at least attacked by weakness; he fainted right down in the yard, looking for the rest of the day ghastly pale, but recovered sufficiently to enable us to continue our journey, though rather slowly that same morning.

I really do not know how we should have got on during the next day, for it proved all we could do as it was to proceed a few miles with our sick man—and he became worse during the night—had it not been for a horse and cart—which overtook us that night at our camping-place—belonging to two of our countrymen, who offered to take the sick man in their cart as far as they went, nearly to the little town of Vernon, on the Sacramento

River. Next morning we helped him on board, and were able then to travel as fast as we pleased along the high and dry beaten path of the river bank. That night the cayotas favored us with a perfect serenade; they howled round our camp in a most doleful manner, sometimes within a stone's throw somewhere in the bushes, and their screaming and yelling during a part of the night rendered it impossible to do more than shut our eyes. The little things are not dangerous, and will never attack a man even when collected in large bodies.

The land down here was a perfect plain, with timber only on the edge of the river, forming a small wooded bottom crossed by many sloughs; a great part of this plain was now, after the heavy rains, under water, though I do not doubt that some well-dug ditches would easily drain it off; but here and there the thickly-growing toolas, a kind of thick, fleshy rush, showed real swamps, and as most of these had been burnt off during the summer, it gave the country a really doleful and black aspect. The sloughs we had to cross were fortunately not deep, for we had dry weather at least the last two days, and these sloughs fall just as fast as they rise.

About dinner time we reached Vernon, the older Meyer also growing ill, or at least so weak, that he could not walk any longer. Very probably the sight of a whale-boat, just about to start from here for Sacramento, did much to make him think so, but it being at the same time desirable to have somebody with our sick sailor, we took passage for the two—with nearly the last money we had—the passage being five dollars for each of them, a distance they could run down with the current in about three or four hours.

That night we camped for the first time again on the Sacramento River and next day, Monday, the 26th of November, reached Sacramento City, where we found our sick man taken to a boarding-house, stretched out on his blanket at least under the dry roof of a tent.

And here we were, after a winter's excursion into the mines, not washers but washed, as that old American had prophesied only too truly; but we were not in a mood to be sorry about any thing, we had got back in safety and if we had no money, here we were in a place where we could get plenty of work, as we thought. We could sleep at least dry, the clouds threatening

another shower for to-night, and even this we considered a perfect luxury; and a luxury it really was, for our clothes had, in fact, had no time, during the last four weeks, to dry thoroughly on our bodies; and such a life would certainly be sufficient to shake the strongest constitution, besides being as unpleasant as any one could desire.

CHAPTER III.

SACRAMENTO CITY.

But what a difference there was between the Sacramento of four weeks before and now. When we came here before the rainy season, how busy, how lively the streets were—five or six schooners at one time discharging cargo on the banks; wagons pressing around it to get their loads and start for the mines. People in the streets even ran sometimes at full speed, not to lose their valuable time; merchants meeting at the corners exchanged a few hurried words, and on they went again to attend to their business. Where a man showed himself idling, he was sure of having twenty inquiries, one after the other, "If he did not want work, and what he could do?" There was even a premium paid to those who would get good workmen for the different schooners or other places of business. Each man you spoke with had his own plans, and generally wanted hands to help him in accomplishing them.

On the landing, there were as many schooners as at that time, it is true, but every thing seemed dead on board, and if you saw a figure moving upon them, it was the cook who sat leisurely upon some empty cask, smoking his pipe, or the captain himself, who, once in a while, stuck his head out of the cabin to take a look at the clouds, and pulled it back again with a low muttered curse. No wagon, no cart was to be seen on the landing, and those few men who were idling up and down there, seemed really at a loss what to do with themselves during the whole long day. Whenever a new vessel came up from San Francisco, an accident that occurred perhaps twice a week now, ten or twenty men hurried on board her, hardly waiting till the planks had been shoved out; but they returned without work, the master having been obliged to promise his passengers the job.

There were enough auctions even yet, but goods fetched no prices. I stopped that afternoon before a tent, where a Yankee

was selling a quantity of rifles and pistols by auction, and was astonished at hearing the sums he all but gave them away for. Small pistols were sold for a dollar and a half the pair, and good-looking American rifles, that had cost eight or ten dollars at least in New York, for three and four. In fact, things had altered in a most extraordinary manner, for an immense number of workmen seemed to have been thrown, by the rainy season, back upon the towns, and every body, wherever we inquired, told us the same tale—it was nearly an impossibility now to get any work at all in the place.

Although provisions were a great deal cheaper here than in the mines, they held, notwithstanding, a very good price; and in the boarding-houses they asked three dollars and a half a day for boarding and lodging—calling lodging the cover of the roof, for you had to sleep upon the floor in your own blankets. A single meal was one dollar and a quarter. For us to live at such a rate, without being able to get employment, was entirely out of the question: our sick man had to be placed in comfortable lodgings, as far as they could be got up here; and though it was possible to pay such a sum for one man, we could never have managed it for more.

The two brothers Meyer, however, determined on going down to San Francisco with the first steamer, where they had money and friends to pay their passage afterward; while Huhne and myself gave our sick man in charge of the hostess, a little kind-hearted Pennsylvanian woman, and leaving all our things in the tent as a kind of security, we shouldered our blankets to look for work of some sort or another. After having tried in vain for this purpose nearly every house in Sacramento, we went four miles farther down the river to Suttersville, but without any better success; and hearing that an old Dutchman lived on the other side of the Sacramento, an old settler and owner of an immense tract of country, we determined on going and seeing him, as we were told he had a good many wood-cutters in his employ.

Mr. Swartz, as the Americans called him, was fortunately at home: and from the description of all his possessions in land and cattle I had heard in Sacramento, I had thought him an immensely rich gentleman. The reader may judge, therefore, of our astonishment when we reached the spot, and found, instead of a comfortable building—house and garden, and farm-yard, as I

had most certainly expected—a low dirty hovel, and Mr. Swartz himself suiting the place exactly, and sitting, a great deal farther than three sheets in the wind, before a couple of bottles of most abominable gin. But he was a character, and on hearing him talk, I really did not know at first, and in fact could not guess, what language he spoke, though I understood the sense of what he said; and it was not till after about half an hour's conversation, and when the ear had got accustomed to the strange sounds and words, that I found he was talking a most wonderful mixture of his own, composed of Dutch, English, and German, and a vague suspicion arose at the same time in my mind that some Indian words slipped in between the rest—Huhne, in fact, thought he was speaking Indian entirely. As it seemed, he had formed this dialect for his own accommodation, for continually having around him representatives of these different nations, it would have been a perfect torment to talk to them in all their different tongues. In this mixture, however, each of them could find words enough of his own language to serve him, and those who lived with him proved, through their understanding this composition, that his practical invention had acquired his language, which in the end came to the same thing.

That evening an Englishman came to see Mr. Swartz on some business, and I had a fair chance of hearing the old Dutchman (but he belonged to the lowest class of that nation) in the full flow of his eloquence, and admiring his philology. When he commenced playing upon the stranger that part of his lingo which had the most English words in it, the latter started and looked at him, then after listening a little while with really painful attention, he seemed to understand a part of what was said to him, and answered accordingly; but finding at last it would not do, he asked Mr. Swartz to talk English with him, "he didn't understand Dutch enough, though some words really sounded very much like English."

Mr. Swartz, without being the least disconcerted, and having expended all the English upon him he could muster, commenced now in what he himself called his own language. For a few minutes the conversation was maintained in this, but it seemed worse than ever for the poor Englishman, who sat there with his mouth open and staring at the speaker, gave it up at last in despair, and begged Mr. Swartz, with an apology, to speak Dutch

again, as he had done before, as he could understand that a "leetle" better than the English.

But in spite of Mr. Swartz's originality, he had no work for us, having, as he told us next morning—for that night he seemed more inclined to drink than to talk—already a very large quantity of wood stacked up on his lands, awaiting the boats to take it down to San Francisco—if that sold well he would have no objection to cut some more, but not before.

What to do now we did not know, but going back to Sacramento, and grumbling about the miserable state of business at present, we heard of some wood-cutters in the bottom-lands, between Suttersville and Sacramento city, and leaving the road to see what work those men did, and how they got paid for it, we followed a small path leading through the timber, and soon found ourselves in the very midst of the wood-choppers, who were felling trees on all sides, managing things as it seemed, upon their own hands, and setting up cordwood on their own hook, as they said.

As we soon learned, all these men were cutting trees down on Uncle Sam's territory, not caring a straw who might claim the ground, or the trees upon it, though a great many did. Oakwood was worth at this time about fifteen dollars a cord in Sacramento city; carriage was eight dollars the cord, for a distance of hardly two miles on a perfect level road, so there was about seven dollars left for the wood itself, certainly a very fair price, for a good workman could set up a cord very easily in a day. On inquiring, we learnt from the wood-cutters themselves that wood was a very good article at present, there being not the least danger in the world of our not selling the cord for cash, if we only first set it up, and we were sure of getting seven dollars; but even if we did not wish to run the risk, we could get five dollars and a half from some of the wood-cutters themselves here.

There was a chance; bidding good-by to the friendly fellows who had given us such good advice, we hastened toward town, to commence our work as soon as possible, not to get too much in debt with our sick man, and even found, before we left the bottom, an Englishman, who had some hands employed in wood-cutting, and wanted us to set up for him three cords, seven dollars a cord; he even offered to lend us an ax at first starting. In town I took my gun into an iron ware-room, and left it there as security for another ax with a handle, the handle alone costing

two dollars, the ax two and a half, and at it we went in good earnest.

The first days we got on very slowly. Huhne, never having handled an ax in his life, had to learn first how to use it to the best advantage and without danger to himself, for an ax is an awkward and dangerous tool for a raw hand to handle; but on the third day we had set up a cord and a half between us, and commenced earning money instead of getting deeper into debt every day.

But who were the real owners of this soil and wood? Nobody knew, in fact, nobody cared, at least, among the wood-cutters themselves, though there were in Sacramento city several Americans who claimed a right to the soil, and even stuck up printed bills on the trees, all over the bottom, warning the wood-cutters, and assuring them of heavy fines if they persevered in their unlawful deeds. The wood-cutters did not molest these bills, but cut down the trees on which they were pasted, and fastened them in derision upon their own cords.

I do not know how it was with the land at that time, and in fact very few men did; but I have not the least doubt it had been taken up by somebody, and probably every thing done to secure him in after-time the ownership, when things commenced becoming a little better regulated; but as it was now, nobody knew who was master or who servant, and squatters commenced knocking up small cabins or shantees every where, and claiming the nearest hundred and sixty acres by the American right of preemption.

At the same time, a meeting was held in Sacramento—squatter's meeting, as they called it—against the unlawful, unnatural claims of landowners. Large bills were posted all over town, and on the appointed evening an immense log-fire was kindled on the bank of the Sacramento, just opposite the City Hotel, where a kind of scaffold was also erected for the speakers, with a large American flag waving over it.

I was of course present, warming my back among the multitude against the immense fire, and listening, at the same time, to the unripe, unpractical speeches of mere boys, who got up and spoke for hours of things they knew nothing about. The mob, for I really do not know any other name for it, had neither law nor reason on its side in claiming pieces of ground which had had a

rightful owner even before they ever thought of going to California, for they denied Sutter himself the right of possessing property in Sacramento city, while they claimed it for themselves; but the truth was, they wanted a property, a piece of ground here of their own, which they did not like stealing openly, and in order to have now a so-called just cause for the deed, they brought forward the old nonsense of the common American stump-speeches, as you can hear in the States at election-time fifty times a day. Boys, whose beards had never seen the first razor, climbed up upon the speaker's bench, the third word they uttered being the "glorious flag," and the fourth sentence "the blood their forefathers had shed to maintain their rights," repeating over and over again old stories nobody thought of denying or contradicting, and a party of loafers standing at a distance round the fire, only near enough to hear the loudly-screamed watch word, would then break out in halloos and hurrahs that frequently lasted five minutes.

The glorious flag received that night at least thirty times three, and even three times three more cheers, and hip, hip, hip, hurrahs, just according to circumstances, and the speakers took the greatest pains imaginable to prove the honor of the flag under which they sought to hide their own illegal actions.

Finally, they came to a resolution that the rights and claims of the so-called landowners—viz., Sutter and others, who had thought up to that time they were really proprietors, were null and void, and each citizen of the United States could squat down now on any piece of ground he saw fit, and claim his quarter-section, as a commencement.

To meet such unjust demands with the same weapons, the landowners also held a meeting in one of the hotels; but the squatters—that is, all the loafers from the neighborhood—in order to prove, I fancy, that they were also free and independent citizens, forced an entrance, and broke up the meeting by howling and hissing. But every nation has its fair share of scoundrels.

Next evening there was another squatter-meeting; and nearly every night there was some tumult or noise in the street. At the same time, Captain Sutter had a bill posted in Sacramento, by his agents, Brannan and Co., warning all the squatters against building huts and tents between two certain streets in Sacra-

mento city, as Captain Sutter himself, the first squatter, had claimed that soil as his one hundred and sixty acres, and every body who continued there in spite of the warning, would have to pay a very heavy rent.

Things went on in this way for a good while, till after I left Sacramento City, when one day the independent squatters became rather too independent, and shooting the sheriff—who was sent out to restore order—down from his horse, the citizens themselves rose up against them, and scattered them over the country.

Only the wood-cutters profitted by this unsettled state of land ed property, for nobody troubled them—in fact, nobody was certain about the boundaries of particular claims, or about the claims themselves; and even those who pretended to own the land, bought their wood from the wood-cutters, or sent some hands out themselves to cut down whatever they needed, and wherever they could get it.

But while we were working here, out in the woods, we wanted some kind of shelter; the last night had been clear, but clouds were again rising in the west, and we therefore determined on building a kind of ground-hole or hut, with every comfort bush and earth could offer. Digging accordingly into the slope of the bank, to get a backwall and a fire-place, we set up a quantity of poles, about ten feet long, with their ends together, all resting in the middle upon a centre pole or rafter, supported by two large forks, in the shape of a tent, and covering the whole first with a thick layer of bushes, and afterward, Indian fashion, with hard-beaten ground, we soon had our winter residence in order. Before the entrance we hung up an old oil-cloth of mine, and the fire-place being finished off with an old flour-barrel, with both ends knocked out, and a piece of plank fastened as a mantle-piece over the fire, we lay that night, while the rain poured down, as dry as if we had the best tile roof over us. It is true the hut we had raised was poor enough, and damp, and dirty: in Germany I would have thought twice about even letting my Newfoundland dog sleep in it; but here it was a palace, after what we had suffered during the last four weeks; and a bottle of champagne in the grandest party of the old world never tasted as good to me, or was imbibed with so much relish, as the whisky-toddy Huhne and I drank that evening in celebration of our entrance into that low and damp hovel.

Our sick sailor boy had improved a little by rest and good living, but not enough to be out of danger, and I wanted to speak to a doctor about him. There was one of our countrymen at the time in Sacramento city—a Dr. Tümler, just arrived from Germany—and our little apothecary went to see him on behalf of the sick man. Dr. Tümler though wanted a house built, and after examining the patient, he told him he had the scurvy, and must have a bottle of his medicine, price four dollars; without that, he would go to the grave, and there was no help for him; but, as he was poor, he would give him the medicine gratis, if he would stay with him, and help him to build his house.

And this mean fellow, who asked a man who really died hardly eleven days afterward, to work for him, and receive in payment a bottle of his quack medicine, called himself a German doctor. I would not have begrudged him the "Doctor," but I really felt ashamed of his being a German.

At this same time, the landlord of the boarding-house—also a German—declared he would not keep the sick man in his tent, because he drove away his healthy customers, who were much more profitable to him, for of course the invalid was not allowed to drink spirituous liquors, except a glass of wine sometimes; but that was not all: no other boarding-house in town would receive him, though I went from house to house, boarding being, in fact, the same price with all of them—three dollars and a half a day. The proprietors of one of the gambling-houses at last offered to give him a place in their loft; but there was a continual noise of a couple of trumpets, horns, and drums, kept up in it from ten o'clock in the morning till sometimes twelve and one o'clock at night, and no healthy man could have stood it, much less a sick one. At last, some Germans, who had come over with him in the same vessel, offered him a place in their tent, where he had at least a shelter, while he could get from the boarding-house close by what food he needed.

These three Germans were musicians, and they had made an agreement with a proprietor of one of the gambling-houses to play there in the morning two or three, and in the evening four hours; one of them played the flute exceedingly well, the other two accompanied him on the guitar. How they executed their pieces seemed, in fact, all the same, as the Americans said themselves they only wanted a noise; and as these hells in some

streets stood house by house, or rather tent by tent, the reader may judge what a deafening mass of sounds continually floated through the air.

By Monday, the 10th of December, Huhne and I had paid all our own and the sick man's debts; and knowing him to be in good hands for at least the next one or two weeks, I determined on going down to San Francisco, and accepting the friendly invitation of some fellow-passengers, the Messrs. von Witzleben, who had established a brewery on the Mission Dolores, about three miles distant from San Francisco. At the same time, I could find a place for our sailor, who would get well, I had not the least doubt, as soon as he could obtain good medicine and the necessary accommodations. But he needed none of them long, for I had hardly left Sacramento city when he died. Poor fellow! how were the dreams now realized with which he had come to this golden land? A small cold grave was dug for him, and far away from his home and friends he sleeps in the ground it had been his ambition to reach.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION DOLORES.

THE steamer I went down with to San Francisco was the "Senator," one of the largest—or, in fact, the largest—boat, at that time, running either on the Sacramento or Tonquin River. The passage was a trip of about sixteen hours, cost twenty-five dollars, without bed or food. Those boats gained an immense quantity of money at that time, and they were always crowded with passengers and freight.

We reached San Francisco late in the evening in very bad weather, so we had to drop our anchor and wait till daylight to thread our way through the shipping. That night a storm raged, several vessels were wrecked outside the harbor, and in town three or four houses fell down. People even talked of some shocks they had felt like an earthquake, but I slept all night soundly under one of the cabin tables, rolled up in my blanket, and only woke when the rattling of the heavy chain on deck told me that day had dawned. We dropped anchor again near the wharf, and had to pay another dollar per head to be carried over to the landing.

But what a change had come over San Francisco. I had left tents, and low huts, and shantees, only two months before, and there were now regular streets of high wooden, and even here and there, brick buildings; but if the habitations had improved, the streets had become porportionally worse. In October, not a drop of rain had fallen, and the streets were hard and dry. Now they seemed to be only a liquid and moving mass of soft, chocolate-colored mud. In going from one house to another you had to wade through it, and crossing a street seemed a matter of life and death. Many places became really impassable, and in Clay and Montgomery Streets, mules were several times drowned in the middle of the road. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and the inhabitants of San Francisco had commenced

forming a perfectly new kind of trottoir, so that they could pass where these had been laid, in a comparatively dry state from one house to another. These consisted of small pieces of wood—old staves decidedly having the preference—which were fastened upon cross pieces that rested upon piles. In such places a man could walk dry, and with the pleasant feeling of having a sure footing as long as they lasted; but they did not do much good as yet for where they ended, you had to jump down in the mud again, and deliver yourself, without discretion, to the mercy of the softest place you could pick out from above. No wonder high water-boots cost, at that time, as much as two hundred dollars a pair; and one hundred and twenty dollars was for several months the regular price.

San Francisco seemed also to be crowded with laborers, who had sought the shelter of the town, preferring a smaller but surer gain to the uncertain toil of gold-digging in the wet mountains. But San Francisco also offered them a larger field, the town itself employing a great many laborers in improving, as far as they could, the state of the streets; the shipping also required a good many hands.

But as I did not intend to go to work again, as I had done in Sacramento, when I was obliged to provide for the sick man, I exchanged, before all other things, my dress—and I could have called it more properly rags—for dry clothing, and then went out to the Mission Dolores, which lay about three miles distant from the city and toward the south, upon the small strip of land which forms a kind of long peninsula between the bay of San Francisco and the Pacific Ocean. The road led at that time through a perfect desert of sandy hills, partly overgrown with low, stunted oaks and laurels; and the Mission itself, as the old church and about twenty or twenty-five low stone huts were called, seemed to be chiefly inhabited by Spaniards and Indians. Only here and there Americans had commenced settling among them, without having built as yet a single house of their own. They only paid a rent for what they inhabited to the Spaniards or Californians, and therefore the whole place had nearly entirely retained its original character.

The Mission Dolores, or the original building, which contained the church and the habitation of the priests was an old crazy adobe building, and had, when gold was first discovered in Cali-

fornia, been almost uninhabited, except by some Indians, who lived, or rather camped, in the old dark and damp rooms, using them, at the same time, for parlor and stable. But if one of those old priests who sleep their long, long sleep in the little grave-yard of that once so lonely place, beneath a crumbling mound and a half-rotten head-board in the form of a cross, should get up now and see what a change only a few years—ay, even months —have brought over the sanctuary of former days, would he not clasp his bony hands in mute astonishment and dread at the sacrilege those worse than heathens had committed in his holy building.

The reader may picture to himself a large mass of adobe walls, forming a square of closely-connected houses about two hundred and fifty yards each way, with a large open court-yard in the centre. The church decidedly formed the main, or, at least, most prominent part of the whole building. It was a high, lofty room, with a couple of rough pillars of unburnt bricks as a kind of ornament on both sides of the entrance, the altar covered with all manner of bouquets, and wreaths, and figures of saints and martyrs. The priest himself had been, up to the golden time nearly, the sole occupant of the whole building; but speculative Yankees, as well as other foreigners, were now taking possession of a large part of the formerly unoccupied rooms; and spreading further and further, as they needed more room, or thought they could obtain it, the priest was crowded back into three or four small rooms, while the rest of the building had found as motley a group of occupants as any old church could desire.

Opposite to the priest's rooms, three Germans, whom I mentioned before, rented a part of the wing for their brewery, using the garret or loft to keep their barley and malt in, while even a part of this garret, only divided from the malt-loft by a piece of stretched calico, was occupied as an hospital, under the care of some Argentine doctor. The sick up here were nearly all Mexicans or Spaniards from Chili, the Argentine Republic, and other old Spanish colonies, who filled the loft with their groans and the grave-yard with their bodies. Close to the brewery there was an hotel, or rather boarding-house, where dances were held twice every week, or at least every Sunday evening, this hotel being connected with an older grog-shop and gambling-house round the corner, with the sign of the Bull's Head. Besides this, there

were in the front part of the building, five or six private habitations.

As the people squatted every where on Mission land, the priest had gone to law about it, claiming all the district around there as church ground, but even that would do him no good. He lost his law-suit, and disappeared entirely one morning from his lodging, never to be seen again at the Mission Dolores.

The Mission is situated very prettily at the head of a little bay which juts in here from the large one toward the coast range, having a most excellent and good entrance, and some good landing-places for boats, though the channel is rather shallow at low water, and could not be passed at lowest tide by loaded boats. There is a splendid view toward the contra-coast, with a part of the cultivated land on this shore, a small sheet of water of the large bay itself visible, and the high contra-coast, one part of the ridge being crowned with a thicket of splendid cedar or redwood trees, and Mount Diavolo with its snowy peak peering over it. The hills round the Mission itself—at least, those between the sea-coast and the southern pass—are entirely naked, only covered with fine grass after the rainy season had set in; but toward San Francisco, the sandy, undulating ridges are generally covered, as I said before, with stunted oaks of a dark green color, through which the white sandy bottom shines out afar. The sea itself was about four miles distant, and we could plainly hear the breakers as they threw themselves in sport and anger against the rocky, rugged coast.

After finishing, in one room of the old crazy building, my correspondence for Germany, I had plenty of time to look about; and my special wish was to see and become acquainted with the habits of Californians, or Spaniards, themselves, as the Americans called them. The fandango seemed to me, in this respect, the most national amusement, and I visited it several times; but I must acknowledge my expectations were disappointed. There may exist different kinds, though I never saw any other but that one, which seemed to me rather a monotonous and dull affair—young ladies walking and gliding about with downcast eyes and mincing steps, and putting down their pretty little feet as carefully as if they were stepping among eggs and did not want to break them. The musicians and spectators alone—just those parties who, in our country, keep cool while others dance—seemed

to grow excited; the guitar-players, who nearly always sing the melody at the same time, and seem to be also improvisatores, adapting the words to the persons who happen to be on the floor, screaming themselves into a perfect excitement, while the spectators applaud, and laugh, and stamp, and scream in pure delight, till some particularly admired lady steps into the ring and is received with loud and admiring bravos, the players then always commencing a much livelier tune.

But the spectators do not content themselves with mere acclamations. They have a far more practical way of showing their admiration to the lady, for they throw money into the ring to her. Half-dollars and dollars, even ounces, I have seen thrown to some very favorite young lady, who is then obliged to pick up the coins herself, for it would be the greatest insult to the donor if she allowed any one else to do it for her.

They have other strange customs with this fandango; for instance, the egg-breaking between Shrove-Tuesday and Easter. I was standing one night with the rest, looking at a couple of young girls—neighbors of ours—who were really moving about with much ease and grace, while an old Spaniard, the brother of our nearest neighbor, whom we used to call on that account, "the brother-in-law," had already screamed himself hoarse in pure delight, when suddenly a young Californian, the owner of a large rancho not far from San José, who was standing close by my side, reached out his arm when one of the girls came in the dance near us, and crushed something upon her head, I could not see what it was, but I could hear it break. The señorita, however, did not seem to mind it at all; but on feeling the touch, and without stopping the dance for a moment, she merely bent her head slightly forward, and something, whatever it was, glided down her smoothly-combed hair; and while she passed her handkerchief lightly over her head, she moved, with a smile, to the other side of the ring. The thing itself had fallen down before me, and I was rather astonished on beholding nothing more or less than a raw egg—most certainly a singular way of showing a lady your admiration. These eggs frequently are emptied, then filled with eau de Cologne, and cemented again at both ends, and our señorita took her revenge in a similar manner. The dance was not concluded, and two other señoritas were just stepping up to continue the same fandango, when I felt my arm slightly and carefully

touched. On slowly turning my head, I saw the young lady, who motioned to me to make a little room for her, not to be noticed. I left my neighbor as softly as I could, and while she reached up and disappeared, nearly at the same moment, behind some others, who stepped in directly into their old places, the young ranchero cried out loudly, and rather in pain than pleasure, for the sharp eau de Colonge had run down into his eyes, and he was laughed at into the bargain.

Another jest, also a kind of politeness, or rather courtship to ladies, is the rather indelicate cap-stealing. If a lady is dancing, somebody tries to steal unobserved behind a spectator, and grasp his cap, which is placed before the owner, who runs after it, can recover it upon the head of the dancing and probably favorite lady. From that moment the owner is not allowed to touch it again till the dance is finished, and then he is obliged to ransom it for at least a dollar.

That same evening some Spaniard took the cap from the head of a young Dutch sailor—a smart little fellow, who knew very well he would have to pay a dollar for the joke, and calculating in his mind that he would get a new China cap for the same amount in town, he tried to slip away, and leave the lady with the old cap in her lap. But other eyes watched him, and as that would have been the greatest insult to the lady, the poor fellow had hardly displayed his evil intentions, when he saw himself surrounded by a crowd of threatening faces, and he had no choice but to buy his old cap back again from the smiling beauty. California is a land for money at any rate.

Easter came in the mean time, and the Spaniards made great preparations every where, on Easter Sunday even having a fandango in church, and afterward Judas Iscariot (an old stuffed figure, to dress which they had stolen all the clothing they could get from heretics, and the gentleman also had a handkerchief of mine round his neck)—was tied to a newly-caught wild mare, and chased and driven through the settlement, amid the screaming halloos and shouts of wild Indians, and even wilder Christians.

The principal person in this festivity was a Californian Indian, Valentin, the best horseman and lasso-thrower even among the Spaniards, and as fine a specimen of an Indian as I ever saw. He was tall and rather slender, but, notwithstanding, stoutly built, with the long black and smooth hair of his tribe, and dark glow-

ing eyes. I never saw him on foot but when he was drunk, and pity for him that happened so often; but as he was the best hand in the neighborhood in tracking up a runaway horse or stray cattle, and bringing them in dead or alive, if he had once undertaken it, every body nearly required his services, and they all knew brandy the best recompense for them—the cheapest to the giver, and the most pleasant to the receiver.

This Valentin had to fasten the clumsily-stuffed figure upon the back of the wild mare, and it was really a beautiful spectacle to see the cunning Indian overcome the kicking and rearing animal. He had not touched a drop of liquor that whole day, and acquitted himself exceedingly well; but when I passed the hotel that evening, the fine and nobly-formed Indian, whom I had admired in his wild beauty during the day, was lying dead drunk upon his back under an old cart, his feet stemmed against the axletree, and his head resting upon an old yoke which had been thrown under there. At his left side an empty brandy-bottle showed what he had done, and in his right hand he held another, still half full.

"Dice que me quieres," he sung, or rather stammered, with heavy tongue, and tried to throw a glance on the bottle—the foam was upon his lips.

"Dice que me quieres, Carambe—

"Con el corazon—

"Dice que—huzza cavallita!" he suddenly burst out, dreaming himself still on his wild chase after the poor beast of a mare, which they had driven with the mad figure of Judas Iscariot dangling to its back, into the mountains. "Huzza! huzza! guardase, huzza!" and the wild exclamations, breaking off into an inarticulated, unearthly scream, were followed by a perfect flood of angry words in the Indian tongue. He wanted to lift, after this, the bottle once more to his mouth, but he was not able to drink any more, and while the sharp brandy ran over his neck and face, he shut his glassy eyes, and soon lay motionless and senseless in deep sleep.

Spirituous liquors have killed more men than powder and lead ever did.

But Valentin was not the only character worth mentioning in the mission, though he was the only Indian really respected by the whites—as long as he kept sober, of course.

Among the whites, every part of the world seemed to have sent to California some odd specimen of its curiosities in mankind, and I found a number of them principally among my own countrymen. The most of these, however, had come with the first volunteers from the States, even before gold had been discovered in California—Uncle Sam having sent them out rather on speculation. These volunteers, were rather singularly, the greater part of them Germans, who had nothing to lose in the world but their lives, of which they knew exactly the value. The United States must have regarded them as lost at that time, for it is impossible they could think a handful of such "food for powder" would be able to conquer a whole, and even very extensive state; and if the Spaniards killed them, government had then a just excuse to revenge its citizens. Those few mad-caps, however, cut off from all succor, and finding themselves rather in a scrape, aided at the same time by the fearless heart of the adventurous and daring Fremont, with a troop of trappers and hunters, really took possession of the forts, and kept them till the States first, and afterward the citizens of the whole world, sent over their masses of people to hold the country against every thing California itself, or Mexico could afterward effect.

Of these volunteers, when the gold had been once discovered, crowds deserted, leaving the officers to follow them, and the forts to themselves. Most of them also discovered the richest mines; thus, for instance, Sullivan's Creek, one of the richest places in the whole mines, was discovered by some of Sullivan's dragoons; the Mormon Gulch, Carson's Creek, the Rich Gulch, and many more by others. But these men seemed to have thought—and, in fact, they affirmed it themselves—that these rich places would never be exhausted. And as soon as they gained money there, and sometimes five, six, or more ounces in a day, they threw it away again in champagne, and other luxuries, which they had formerly never thought of, expecting the next day to furnish new gold. Thus they lived in a perfect trance—a kind of intoxication of golden dreams—till more and more gold-diggers flocked in, and filled the gulches and ravines, and as they occupied those places where there was the least sign of gold, the precious metal became scarcer every day; and these old diggers, not willing to acknowledge such a fact, now crossed over from one river to another, commencing here and there to search for such spots as

they had found before, and giving it up as soon as the place would not pay, till they themselves could not pay any thing more, and found themselves at last obliged to work with the rest for whatever they could get, when they had to be satisfied with two and three dollars a day, though they had formerly spurned a place that had not yielded them as many ounces.

Plenty of these men were now in San Francisco, and also at the Mission Dolores, working for what they could get, merely to gain their living during the rainy season.

But some interesting settlers of former times also lived in the neighborhood, among them especially an old German, who had come to California twenty or twenty-five years before, and served in the late American war, and though he did not like to acknowledge it himself, it was generally known, as a spy to the Americans, and, I really believe, to the Californians at the same time. He was hand-and-glove with the old priest at least, as long as he lived in the Mission, always gliding about with a dark coat and darker face, broad-brimmed hat, and squinting eyes, never talking much about the past, and only thawing, as it were, after half a bottle of brandy, the enjoyment of which he could not withstand. Many a word then escaped his lips which he would never have suffered to pass if in a state of consciousness—words that told of dark deeds and actions; and, after such a spree, as if afraid to trust himself any longer among his fellow men, he always disappeared for several days, and on returning he was the same sly old fox again, gliding about and watching with careful eye what passed around him.

Runaway seamen, principally from whalers, abounded; also deserters from the Mexican war, and I am sure there never was and never will be such a country and such a time again, where all stages of society and such a variety of characters will be mixed up in a similar way, as at that time in California. Let there be ever so much gold discovered in other parts of the world, all these characters could only be collected once in one single spot, and though a good many of them will emigrate, they will never find themselves together again.

Among the festivities of those days there also was a marriage between an American and a Californian lady, but this union was talked about a good deal, the old Californians being angry enough about it. They do not like their conquerors, and, seeing every

day new masses of them flocking in, the feeling that it would be perfect madness only to think about trying to regain their lost country seems to make them only hate them the more. Even during my residence at the Mission, several murders were committed on the short road between this place and San Francisco, or Yerba Buena (Peppermint), as the old Californians call the place. The murdered men were all Americans, and two of the bodies were found with innumerable wounds all over them, the murderer seeming to have satiated his bloody thirst for revenge by running his knife again and again in the already lifeless corpse.

The American and the young Californian lady were married in the true native, but rather singular style. The priest, coupling the pair in good earnest by tying them together hard and fast by a silken rope when they kneel before the altar, and covering them with a large cloth, leaves them under it till the whole ceremony is over.

The American had of course to become a Roman Catholic; but no matter—he got his wife; but another American fared far worse in that respect in Valparaiso, where he also courted a Chilean lady, and was told by his beloved and her priest that she would marry him if he became a Roman Catholic. He agreed to that, and going through all the necessary ceremonies, even holding out a probation time, I do not know how long, thought himself after this a most excellent Catholic, and wanted his wife—but he had not finished yet. The priest told him that though he had renounced his old errors, there was too much of the old leaven left in him yet for him to take a Christian wife till that was expelled; so to make sure of it he would have to kneel and pray five days more in some old cloister in the neighborhood, and be considered afterward a pure and true Christian. And at it he went; only five days more, and the ceremonies had already lasted more than fifteen, so he did every thing that was required and asked of him, repented every sin he had committed before, promised to become a new man, and left the cloister, where he had fasted and prayed for five days, as hungry and as good a Christian as ever existed, to find the young lady for whom he had undergone all these privations married to another in the mean time. She had only practiced a pious fraud upon him to save his soul, that was all, and he

could not even complain to any body about it, for fear of being laughed at.

We had down to the last days of February, and even the first of March, showers of rain regularly every day, sometimes even perfect falls of rain that lasted a whole week and longer, but the weather seemed to clear up a little more now, the sun gaining more power every day. The hills were clothed in a lively green, even the last snow had melted from the contra-coast, and spring, beautiful spring, exhaled its genial breath from southern climes. But as life and growth quickened, and fermented in the veins of the plants and in the arteries of Nature herself—as the buds swelled, and sweet little spring flowers peered out from the still cold ground to look around how the world fared this year—so in man; in those thousands who were driven during the rainy season into the shelter of the warmer towns, a new spirit seemed to rise and grow. Three days' sunshine, and men who accepted only a few days before the lowest wages, merely to live, refused splendid offers—sold or threw away what they had saved up to this minute from the wreck of their former property, and prepared for a start into the mines, acting, frequently as if their lives all at once depended on an hour's longer stay in town. Tents, which they themselves only the last autumn had sold, in the mountains, for ten and twelve dollars, merely to get rid of them, they bought again for fifty and sixty dollars, to pack them up once more. Tin pans, blankets, and provisions rose in price, and mules which nobody would have during the winter, now became the most favorite and sought for articles.

And to which mines do these thousands flock, who are ready for a start while the ground is not yet dry from the last rains, and another spell of wet weather—as really happened—could set in every hour? The richest, of course, ought to attract the most gold-finders to their gulches—but which of them are the richest? Nobody can tell, for if you believe the accounts you read in the papers, there is not a spot in the whole mountains where, on striking your pick down, you can fail hitting on a lump. One day a report comes down from the Yuba of the gold-diggers earning there on an average one or two ounces daily. The next story is from the Stanislaus, of some one having lit on a lump of I do not know how many pounds troy weight; next they tell of new mines discovered in the coast range, and soon after mysterious

accounts are current of a gold-lake having been discovered by some hunters in the Northern Diggings.

To make things worse, the first accounts of Trinidad Bay arrived at this time.

"Several degrees further north a new bay, called the Trinidad, has been discovered, and several men, who landed there from a schooner, washed out thousands of dollars in a few hours." This notice in one of the San Francisco papers played the mischief with many a poor fellow, who really could not lose such an opportunity of becoming a rich man, merely by going a few miles out to sea again. If you found, from that time, three men together in the street you could make any bet you liked that one of them was bound for Trinidad, and the singular fact appeared that people went through the Golden Gate again to search for gold.

Trinidad bay really existed, and several schooners went there to take goods and provisions to the gold country—to wish afterward they had staid where they were. I pity poor gold diggers who follow the advice of the papers; they are most certain to go to the wrong place, and all those who have been once in the mines, and become acquainted with life and habits there, soon learn what to think of such advertisements. Where gold diggers any where in the mountains are "making a good out," as the saying is, you may depend upon it they do not talk, much less write about it. They stick to the place, working away as quietly as they can, and never pretending to earn much more than their living; but, on the contrary, where the mines give out, or nothing new and good has been lately discovered, and the storekeepers have a quantity of provisions and other goods they do not know how to sell, there are always men at leisure to write long and glowing accounts of "newly discovered riches," and if they only draw a couple of hundred diggers to the place—these must live at least while they stay up there—provisions will be sold, and after a while, in company with these men they had enticed up here, they can leave these "exceedingly rich places," and hunt for another spot.

But whatever disadvantages such a cheating system has for individuals who suffer under it, it is very necessary for the whole welfare of the country. If those places were really known and faithfully advertised where the most gold is to be found, all the

thousands who now follow rather a wild-goose chase over the different mountains and water-courses, would all flock to these few places, and bloodshed and murder would be the unavoidable consequence.

The population increased at the same time in a nearly incredible way. From the States alone during the last three months, one hundred and fifty vessels had started: ten, twelve, and fifteen, sometimes twenty or twenty-five, arrived every day. A monster train was expected over the Rocky Mountains; and from the north and south the neighbors also flocked in to the golden harvest. In the interior itself there seemed to be just at this time a great many difficulties—Americans and foreigners had not unfrequently some slight, but even bloody quarrels with one another. Legally, foreigners could not be driven out of the mines; but what could the law do by itself, where there was nobody to uphold it? A crowd of rowdies might do any thing they pleased, and it pleased them to do almost any thing. Such difficulties gained at the same time, a more serious complexion by a bill, brought before the legislature by one of those thoughtless, miserable beings, who care not for the world if they can only flatter their own self-love for a quarter of an hour. This bill consisted of nothing less than really prohibiting foreigners from working in the mines; and though it could never be put in force—for the proclamation of it would have been the signal for a regular war through every part of the mines—the mere rumor of it passed with lightning speed through all the valleys, and caused quarrels and bloodshed

On my frequent visits to town—for I took the beer regularly over with the younger Witzleben in the boat—it was really astonishing to notice the improvements each single week could show, partly in the erection of houses, partly in the improvement of the streets. The side-walks of staves grew, as it seemed, over night, and in some streets already ran along whole rows of houses; and whenever we came in with our boat we had to look for another landing-place, for nearly each time they had built a house just in our way, or commenced erecting a wharf, by driving posts in the ground, as if to spite us. The streets themselves, though, were as bad as ever, or worse; for who could tell their actual state, when many a place existed where they had not even been sounded as yet?

As many an old settler had prophesied, the few fine days we had in March were soon followed again by perfect floods of rain; the Sacramento even rose to a greater height than any white man had yet witnessed, swamping at the same time the whole town, sweeping houses and tents, goods and stores, and in fact every thing away before it, clearing the woods of all the cut cord-wood, carrying on its grim sport with haystacks and fences, and dividing the much-disputed soil into an even allowance of water lots. The loss of property was said to be immense, and many lives were lost in the raging flood.

But such changes are of too frequent occurrence in California to be talked of much after they have passed; so what water did for Sacramento city, fire had done for San Francisco (just on Christmas Eve) some time before. In a few hours a large space of ground was covered with smoking ashes, and two days later the stranger might look in vain for the empty and blackened space which in the old country would be undisturbed sometimes for weeks after a large fire, if only to let the ground get cold again. In three or four days some of the smaller buildings were run up again and inhabited; the Parker House, one of the largest buildings in town, which had cost about thirty thousand dollars to erect, and which brought in twelve thousand dollars rent every month—of course, mostly by innumerable gambling-tables in the large saloons—was again raised, five days afterward, and a bargain had been made with the architect to have it ready again for habitation in sixteen days.

But if the town needed enormous sums for its improvement, it also had an enormous income, and the custom-house in particular drew extraordinary quantities of money. The officers there were, in fact, not able any longer to count the silver, so they measured it first, and afterward—as even that could not be done quickly enough—they weighed the silver in large scales, using shovels to fill them. And in spite of this there was a great deal of smuggling going on from nearly all the ships in the harbor. When once taken from the vessel, nobody asked any farther about it, even if you landed fifty boat-loads on any wharf you pleased. Officers are put on board to see the freight discharged, and nothing is easier than to unload whatever you want during night; or, if skippers do not like to run any risk at all, to pay these custom-house officers, who have a very small salary, a certain sum,

and do nearly any thing they pleased then. But they must not be too careless, notwithstanding, as only lately three ships were confiscated, whose masters had calculated rather too confidently upon the negligence of the custom-house officers.

These confiscated goods are always sold at public auction; but the custom-house alone does not bring them, but also the street commissioners, who from time to time hold regular auctions of similar stores they take away in the streets. It is their business to see the streets cleared from quantities of goods, which merchants not unfrequently left at that time before their houses, because they could not get them in. The commissioners gave the owners of goods, in such a case, a certain time to take their goods away; and if the latter did not do it, the former did. They also often found goods nobody claimed, the costs of transport or storage amounting to more than the goods were worth. All this was sold, and the proceeds used for street improvements in town.

Houses and lumber arrived in immense quantities; ready-made buildings were imported, principally from China, and with Chinamen in the bargain. Wherever you saw in the streets a man on the top of a little frame-house, nailing up the shingles, or doing something else to it, you could bet ten to one it was a Chinese. Large sums were lost, though, in the timber and lumber trade, and whole cargoes sold by auction only to cover the freight, did not even fetch half that sometimes, the transport being so very high from the ship to the town. A rise in the price of lumber was expected with the next large fire, of which people spoke, as if it was a thing which must regularly return, like summer and winter. Provisions rose and fell, just as vessels came in, or were expected; buying and selling was as good as playing at hazard, or putting one's money upon a monte-table. The worth of money, therefore, was also extraordinary. Years were pressed into months, and interest was calculated in the same manner; six per cent. per month was the common interest for money, but ten, twelve, even more, was frequently given.

With regard to literary productions there had been very little done in San Francisco as yet; literature was a matter of money like any thing else. But there already existed three papers in the city, the "Alta California," the "Pacific News," and a "Commercial Bulletin."

Speaking of literature, I may just as well mention a book here

which appeared in England, and was translated nearly into every other language, as it was the first of the kind: "Four Months among the Gold-finders in California," I believe was the title, written by Mr. Tyrwitt Brooks: I had translated it myself into German, and showed a copy of it afterward in San Francisco to Captain Sutter; but though Mr. Brooks related how kindly he had been received by Captain Sutter, and gave at the same time a rather glowing description of this gentleman's lovely daughter, Captain Sutter knew nothing about him, and another thing, his family was at that time in Switzerland, and only came to California in 1850. Mr. Brooks also introduces a dreadful tale of a sailor-boy whom the Indians scalped, and though it is very well related, I am sorry to say the Indians in California do not scalp at all. If Mr. Brooks ever should invent another story —and it was rather a frivolous thing to do it at that time with California, for I have not the least doubt the book enticed thousands to go over—he ought to be a little more careful how he mentions names or facts, for it is disagreeable to be caught out in such things.

But enough of town life at present, I must return here in any case, before I leave California again; and the reader may throw his blanket upon his back, if he has a mind to see the mines, and take a trip with me to the mountains.

CHAPTER V.

THE MINES, AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM.

On the 8th of April, a beautiful spring morning, I started with a former fellow-passenger by the "Talisman," a man of the name of Henry Boehm, this time for the Southern Mines, and not on board a schooner, but with a small steamer, our destination being Stockton, on the San Joaquin.

The change was nearly incredible, which a few months had wrought in this bay: three summers before hardly a small sail disturbed the solitude of the quiet sheet of water, now hundreds of anchors found its bottom, and innumerable sailing craft and steamers dart through the restlessly plowed-up tide; on its shores towns spring up nearly in one night, and steam-engines work noisily on the same spot where, hardly a year ago, the Indian followed with careful steps the tracks of the grizzly bear and elk. But California has also every thing that is requisite to work such a wonderful change; time has been annihilated, workmen are there as many as the country requires, and money is furnished by the very men who help to establish the state. Still this country is in an unnatural condition: there is an uninterrupted yearning for money—money only; and those who only live for this will probably feel comfortable, but those who have the least interest in any thing of a higher tendency will never make this country their home, or, if they do, become like the rest, machines to coin money out of every thing that comes under their hand, from preaching down to stealing, and give up any other thoughts.

The boat was a slow one, and it took us exactly twenty-four hours to reach the little tent-town where my companion, who had some goods with him, engaged an ox-cart at nine cents the pound, to Murphey's New Diggings, a distance of from eighty to eighty-five miles. Freight was cheap now, for in winter-time they had paid for the same distance sixty, eighty, ninety cents, and even a dollar per pound. There were carts and mule-droves

enough now, to profit by the good state of the roads. The Mexicans especially, display a great dexterity in packing mules with every thing that is intrusted to them, and not only they know how to arrange to the best advantage flour-bags and small barrels upon the mules, but even fasten on the pack-saddle large square boxes, and single meat-barrels of about three hundred pounds a piece, without hurting the backs of their mules, and are very seldom even compelled to tie it more firmly.

Stockton was a small place, not half as large as Sacramento, though with a position equally as good as the latter town, and certainly destined to be, in after years, the third city of the Californian republic.

An old gentleman from the States, a Mr. Hillman, as he called himself, had his freight and baggage on the same wagon with us; and in his company were two young Americans he had engaged as we afterward understood, to help him work a quick silver-machine, and an Irish servant, Jeremiah Livingston, commonly called for shortness, Jerry, who seemed to be engaged for any service in general, and the quicksilver-machine in particular. We all footed it, except Mr. Hillman, who had bought a mule for himself in Stockton, and rode it, with an open umbrella to keep the sun off, only changing now and then with Jerry, to stretch his legs as he called it.

Boehm and I had chosen on the first night a bushy tree, to camp under; but Mr. Hillman, who carried a tent with him, in his kind-heartedness, would not allow us to sleep out in the open air, while he had a shelter above him, and room enough for several more; so we had to go in, though, for my own part, I would ten times sooner have preferred the fresh mountain-air. But Mr. Hillman would not hear of it; and I soon found he did not intend to give us only the benefit of his canvas, but also that of his prayers. Mr. Hillman was a character, as I soon found out.

When we had laid ourselves down, and while the candle was yet burning, which Jerry had stuck with some pointed instrument into the centre post of the tent, Mr. Hillman, who was a Methodist, suddenly sat up in his bed, and taking his night-cap off, commenced, with close-shut eyes and much gesticulation, while the dim flare of the candle threw a ghastly light upon his sharply-cut features, a long, loud prayer. Mr. Livingston, at the same time, a Roman Catholic, but far too good a miller not to set his

sweeps with the wind wherever it blew from, also rose up on his knees and elbows, and resting his head on his two closed fists, lay there, only changing the greater part of the weight sometimes from his right side to his left, and back again, and patiently awaiting the end of the prayer; but simultaneously with the Amen (of which a kind of instinct or long practice seemed to give him warning) he rolled over on one of his sides, commonly the off-side, and without even stretching himself, went asleep just exactly in the position he had knelt in. One of the young men had to get up and blow out the light.

Our road at first lay through a rather monotonous plain, overgrown with scattered oaks. These oaks bear a very long and sweet acorn, much resembling a nut in taste, and form, in fact, the main winter nourishment of numerous tribes of Indians.

On the 12th of April we reached a little river, the Calaveres, where we had to unpack all our load, and take the wagon to pieces, to cross over in a small boat. We were approaching the chain of mountains, which stretched out ahead of us in a blue ridge. About four o'clock in the afternoon, having every thing ready again for a new start, and now entering a more hilly and wooded country, the landscape acquired a varied and friendly character. A wide undulating stretch of prairie-like country, with little thickets scattered over it, the back-ground formed by high and darkly-wooded mountain ridges, and Nature seemed to have decked herself to-day with her most beautiful charms and riches; it was as if we had entered the kingdom of flowers, the ground, as far as eye could reach, being one vast carpet of the most beautiful colors heart could wish to see, sweet odors being wafted at the same time by the light breeze over the gently-heaving ocean of many-hued waves. Never in my life had I seen any thing like it; and none of us witnessed this wonderful spectacle untouched, and more than once the thoughts gained words. "Oh! what would we not give could we send a bouquet of these beautiful flowers home!"

Even old Mr. Hillman, who had appeared in a new character at the ferry, seemed moved, but in his own way, for he stopped several times (Jerry now being upon the mule to bring up the rear), looked at the sweet sight with folded hands, and admiringly said:

"What a glorious country! What flowers! Good Heavens!

if I had that garden within three miles of New York, I'd make my twenty dollars every day out of it!"

But I must first mention the new character he had appeared in. While his men were busily employed with the freight, and a good many other wagoners and passengers for the mines were standing before the grog-shop an American kept here, he suddenly appeared in the crowd with Jerry, carrying a whole armful of razor-strops and began praising them with such extraordinary volubility, that the by-standers really forgot strops and every thing else in listening to the funny old razor-strop man, as he called himself, while I understood at the same time, he was known under that name in all the eastern states of North America.

He then asked somebody for a pocket-knife, and knocking it in the most heedless way, and much to the discomfiture of the unhappy owner, with its edge against the iron of the nearest wagon-wheels, and some stones at his feet, and after sticking it in the ground, and hammering away with it, he whetted it awhile upon his patent strop, telling the multitude that pressed round him at the same time a whole lot of funny stories and anecdotes. Then suddenly catching somebody, without farther warning, by the hand, he rolled or stripped his sleeve up, till a part of the arm became visible, and spitting upon it, while the by-standers gave a loud cheer, and holding hard—for the man tried to pull his hand away from him, for he did not know what was coming next—shaved the hairs off his arm with the stropped pocket-knife.

Such a character was the razor-strop man; and Jerry stood by, holding the strops in one hand and the opened umbrella in the other, to keep the sun off, and not moving a muscle of his face at all at the old fellow's funny tales, and the roaring laughter of the by-standers. He had heard the same stories, I have no doubt, many a time.

On Saturday, the 18th, we passed nearly the whole day through an uninterrupted flower-garden; the country became more hilly, and shady groves, with clear and murmuring streams, were intersected by long open stretches covered with the most brilliant flowers imaginable, and even forming perfect drawings on the plain by the different kinds that grew together. Thus, principally under single-trees, a blue-bell had occupied the shady

places, the deep-running little water-courses were marked on both sides by a broad lilac stripe of sweet-scented star-blossoms, and red and yellow varied in the picture almost regularly with the swelling or sinking of the soil.

This evening the old razor-strop man asked the Lord, in his common loud evening prayer, to have the goodness not to be angry with him if he—the razor-strop man—on the next day, on a Sabbath, not merely traveled on the road, but also had his mind occupied with worldly thoughts—gold and other trash—while he knew very well it was his solemn duty to pray only, and think of his sins.

Next day (Sunday), we reached the first diggings, and tried the pans after dinner, at a place formerly worked. There was gold there, and enough of it to make old Mr. Hillman think earnestly of stopping here with his machine—who knows if it would not have been the best for him?—but his young men did not seem to like the place, and persuaded him to go on. And so he did afterward, but that night, in the tent, we had to hear a long and powerful sermon. "As he had predicted yesterday," he said in it, "so it had happened. Instead of thinking of his God and his own miserable sins, he had thrown his worldly thoughts entirely, during the whole blessed Sabbath upon the mean stuff—the gold, and how he could get together in the shortest possible time the largest possible quantity; but he only rejoiced (as he continued, lifting up his face, though without opening his eyes) that he knew his own weakness so well as to have foreseen this very accident. There was some hope in that for him, that he would throw off his sins some day, and become a new man."

On Monday night—and I had left the wagons to take a hunt through the woods—we reached Angelo Camp, a distance of about nine miles from the place we wanted to go to, finding it also a large mining place. Here Mr. Hillman had made up his mind to stop—several other quicksilver-machines were at work here also—and he intended to try his fortune. But his prayer this night struck home—there was no asking the Lord for any blessedness in general. No; he went straight to the point, and reminded his Creator how he (Mr. Hillman) had promised him, before he started from New York, a new house of worship in his own little place when he safely returned to the States; and he

now asked Him to let him also fine gold enough in the diggings to pay for it.

Next morning, we reached Murphey's New—or, as they were sometimes called, the Rich Diggings—an appellation, however, the storekeepers gave them to attract new-comers to their place. But Mr. Murphey's Diggings were a real little mining town, and I had not seen one so complete in every respect. The place itself—or the town, I may well call it, for they had elected an alcade, sheriff, and constable, and had given the little place the name of Stoutenburgh—consisted of one regularly-built and main street—tents, of course—with only one frame shed (and how respectable it looked among its cotton comrades!) between them; but every tent a grog-shop, and in some of them gambling-tables as well. Behind this street, and farther on in the flat, other tents were wildly scattered about, just as they had found the shade of a tree or a cluster of little bushes to shelter them against the wind, and in these the miners lived.

The landscape was beautiful; and the little place, surrounded by high, wooded hills, with the American stars and stripes waving over it, was as romantically situated, in the wide valley as heart could wish. The richest spot in this mining district was said to be the "flat," an open piece of ground, which the little creek, a tributary of the Stanislaus, seemed to have swept over in former times of flood. Mexicans had discovered the place, and it was said that they had dug very deep holes here, and taken out a large quantity of gold. The news spread, and from all sides traders, with goods and provisions, flocked in; but the diggings did not answer as well as they had thought. The flat, especially, was too wet during the greatest part of the year to allow its being worked, except late in the fall; and the miners had to scatter about in the hills and commence at the gulches, which, however, generally yielded tolerably well. The flat was to be worked later, and they had framed a law about it, by which no man was allowed, upon his own account, to hold more of it than one claim of sixteen feet long and eight feet broad, with two and a half feet around it to throw his earth up in digging.

But I will not tire the reader with all those old mining stories about gravel, and clay, and holes, and claims; about lumps of so and so many ounces and grains, and all the rest of the names and things that are as monotonous and tiresome, in the long run, as

any thing imaginable. I will assume that the reader knows all these matters—he ought, at least, for he gets enough of it now from Australia—and the work is, in its outlines, exactly the same here as there.

The story had been, of course, about these diggings—if you believed the papers or any body else who had a store there—that the diggers could make an ounce daily with comparative ease; but if they did so, they had, in fact, to make it, for they could never dig it out of the ground. People worked every where, well satisfied if they could find on an average from three to five dollars' worth a day. Some made more, of course, but hundreds were, at the same time, working merely for their living, and some even accepted work with pleasure at two dollars a day, if they could only get it. So much for all the mining accounts. I will not deny at the same time, that many have made their fortune up in the mountains by digging, and many are making it still, but it is a game of lottery, with this disadvantage, that if you put your money into a lottery, you can bide your time at your ease and leisure till your blank comes out, while you have to work it out here yourselves with pickax and spade.

But in spite of this, all these countries are quite another thing for the working classes. A common laborer, if he can by any possibility pay his passage, should go there by all means. He will earn his living without any doubt, and a better living than he had at home, and may strike a good place once in a while; but all those who are not used to very hard labor, and who, at the same time, can not do without all the comforts they thought in former times indispensable, let them stay at home and stick to their occupations, or they will rue the day when they threw down their pen, or whatever they wielded, to take hold of such a disagreeable instrument as a pickax is, especially in wet weather—the water running down your sleeves, and making you feel uncomfortable up to your elbows.

I lived a miner's life—without reckoning our first unhappy trip in the rainy season—for seven months, going through all gradations, and working in every way; and the reader may think I became acquainted with it; but I should not speak the truth if I were to say I ever liked it. There were pleasant moments in it; the free wild life in the mountains, especially in fair weather; has a great attraction, and looks even fairer on the paper than it

is in reality; and, stout and healthy as I was, I soon became used to the hard work. But the good side of the whole proved in the long run only to be moments, and the long, long days and months that intervened could not compensate for all I had left—for all I had undergone. And yet I was better off than all the rest of the miners; I had not come here to get gold, but to see and learn the life in California, to mingle with the different characters, and store them up till the time came—a time when I could take them out again, and set them up once more as living things; and this gold I found wherever I looked, for such a purpose no place could have been better chosen than California; so I never regretted the time I passed there. But I had spent the money with which I had intended to leave California, after I had seen enough of it, in my unexpected jaunt through the Pampas and across the Cordilleras; and I had now to work out with the rest, at least enough to take me away again, through the South Sea Islands to Sydney, where I had money waiting.

But to return to our life in the mountains. Boehm had set up a small store, and as he had been up here before, he proposed to me to work together. I had not the least objection, for being a raw hand at it yet, I had to learn nearly every thing. My partner commenced working with me, but soon gave up again, and spent in his store the greatest part of the time, while I had to divide with him what I washed out. When I told him at last this would never do, he persuaded me again—and he had some other reasons for it, as I found afterward—to become a partner in his store, and share every thing with him.

It served me exactly right. I had warned others so frequently, by my long experience in the United States, not to enter into such partnerships, if they could possibly avoid it, and now I jumped head over heels into one myself, and I should suffer for it.

Boehm was ill for a good while, and as he had nearly sold out those few things he had brought up with him, one of us had to go down to San Francisco again to fetch more—the greatest part on credit, of course. He could not go in the state he was in, and I therefore started on the 29th of April, and reached Stockton without farther accident, except escaping the danger of being lassoed once, by avoiding the tree under which two Spaniards were standing, one hidden behind it, and the other calling to me to come nearer. It was bright moonlight, however, and I carried

my rifle with me, so there was no danger: the cowardly rascals did not dare attack me openly.

That day I made the longest march in twenty-four hours I had ever done, walking from daybreak to daybreak, and only resting in the evening a few hours till the moon got up, fifty-three miles.

Having crossed the Calaveres that evening, I met a couple of wagons with a party going up to the mines—a thing of so common occurrence, that I never thought of looking at the men, and only watched a young Frenchman, who had walked up to a cow (which had been fastened with her horns, to a tree), and was treating her, as he stood right before her, while the astonished animal with bended head pulled back as far as ever she could to "Allons enfants de la patrie" upon the trumpet. Having my face turned toward this rather singular group, I was going to pass the wagons, when I heard a voice say:

"I must have seen that face before—hem!"

I turned quickly, and had to laugh right out, for in the tired, wayworn, dust-covered, and sun-burnt figure before me, I recognized nobody else than my old landlord in Buenos Ayres—that merry, wool-trading and trying Englishman, Mr. Davies, who had treated me at that time to such dreadful stories about California, warning, even begging me at the same time not to run head-foremost into perdition, by going to such an awful country. And now he was here himself; and after a very dangerous trip round the Cape, as he told me in a few words, toiling in the sweat of his brow, to undergo all those dreadful things he had warned me against. Was it not by the interposition of fate that I caught him in the act? In fact he did not seem to like it much; but I profited by the short time allowed us—for his wagon had gone on in the mean time, and I had a long day's march before me—to give him, in as few words as possible, a just punishment for his own neglected prophecies, by the most horrible description of the mines I could imagine; and I was a sort of authority at present, as I was just returning from them. His face became longer and longer, and when I saw him in a kind of petrified despair, I shook hands with him, bade him a hearty farewell, and walked on.

At daybreak next morning I shot a very large brown wolf—a much larger species than I ever had found in the States; I was just resting a little on an old log, when he came through the

plain, and stopping right in the road—only a little distance off—looked at me. I could do nothing with it though, for I wanted to reach Stockton, for fear of missing the steamer for San Francisco; but there was no necessity for my hurrying, and I could have taken the walk more at my leisure. No steamer started that day, and all I could do was to walk about the town, to see what little I could there.

There was a great deal of business transacted in Stockton at this time; boats arrived every day, bringing goods and provisions for the mines; and round the little town, it really looked like a Mexican camp, for every where the night-fires blazed, and every spot of good grass was occupied by mule-droves, just come in from, or ready to start for the mines again.

I amused myself by visiting the different gambling-houses this day. Many of them were quite new, some hardly furnished with every thing necessary, to be paid for afterward by the hard-earned money of some foolish diggers; but nearly all of them had pictures in them to attract the notice of the passers-by; and those who had been able to buy it, had most certainly, at least, one larger painting in oil, representing a female figure with as little clothing as possible. You could find the same at San Francisco in every gambling hell, and the farther you went in the interior, the more indecent these pictures became, becoming in the mines the most obscene points; while even the largest hotel and gambling-house in Stockton, the "El Dorado," with the finest saloon in town, and just opposite the landing, in the most frequented part of the place, had the most obscene kind of oil-painting right over the bar. There was, it is true, no danger of ladies frequenting, or even entering such a low place, but every decent man would also turn away in disgust from such a shameless sight. Those gambling-houses are now to California what slave-holding is to the United States.

One of them I visited, seemed to have been opened only a few days before; there was a perfectly new floor in it, and the naked walls were covered with a light blue-flowered calico. In the middle of the comfortless room, a table, covered with a piece of green cloth, displayed a very small pile of silver-dollars, and two men sitting opposite one another were shuffling cards for want of a better occupation. All those arts to entice green-horns to enter were wanting yet, if I did not count a little negro boy

among them, who was squatting in a corner, pulling away at an old screechy accordion, to make at least some kind of noise. But it was impossible for the room to be without some ornaments on the wall, and the owner, in very good taste, had bought just half a dozen colored prints, all of them representing one and the same young lady, with very square shoulders and a very green frock, an extremely high head-dress and wide baloon-like sleeves, who had turned her body to the right, and her face in such a determined way over her left shoulder, that it really looked as if she wore her face upon her back. These six copies of exactly the same print over the whole room, made an extraordinary impression upon the beholder.

That night I slept in the Stockton Restaurant, that is, not in a bed—for they had neither beds, nor room for them—but somewhere in the dining-saloon, which was at the same time bar and parlor. I had laid my blanket, gun, and knife upon one of the small tables, while we were at supper in another corner of the room; talking and laughing afterward till late in the evening with a party of new-comers, who wanted to give the mines a trial. And when I went to look out for a resting-place, and was going to see to my gun, and give that a safe corner during the night, one of the owners of the house an Alsacian, stepped up to me, and said very politely:

"Oh, would you be so kind and take those things down; this gentleman sleeps on that table."

I looked rather astonished round at the gentleman, and found he did not sleep on the table, but really already stood before me. He was a tall, raw-boned, broad-shouldered man in a blue blanket-coat, in spite of the warm weather, another blanket under one arm, and his pulled-off boots under the other, standing there with closed eyes, and seemingly quite irresolute whether he should wait till the bed was made, or rather tumble over there where he stood to have his nap out. The landlord though, on seeing me look so long at the rum customer, and thinking perhaps I wanted the table for my own bed, remarked, as if excusing the blue blanket-coat: "The gentleman has already slept seven nights on that same table." I took, of course, every thing down directly. He had most certainly a right of pre-emption; but he must have looked at me through his eyelids, for he never opened his eyes a single moment; and I had hardly taken the last off,

when he lay stretched out at full length upon the boards, snoring away as hard as he could. I myself slept *par terre*, with him.

Next night I was in San Francisco, and stopped at a fellow-passenger's house, as I only intended to stay two or three days in town.

The second morning I was awakened by a wild and singular noise. Starting up in bed, I stared round me, astonished at seeing the room lighted up so brilliantly. I was half-dreaming then, but soon came to my senses again; and jumping out of bed, dressed myself as quickly as possible.

Fire! Fire in San Francisco! In two minutes I was down in the street, and on the Plaza, and could see here only too well with what dreadful power the fiery element grew and raged! It had commenced in one of the gambling-houses, and spreading to the right and left, the flame ran along the tents and dry wooden roofs as if they had been pitched and tarred expressly for the purpose. With really incredible speed the flame caught whole rows of buildings, leaping even across the streets, and spreading fear and terror around. I had commenced to help saving the goods in some houses, and carrying them across the streets to some safer place; but it was hardly possible to save much, for when we commenced clearing a place, the flame surrounded and destroyed it in the next five minutes. Finally, and in Dupont-street as the last point, we stopped the progress of the fire by tearing down some light wooden buildings; and at eleven o'clock all danger for the rest of the town was past.

During the night the fire broke out again in several places, but only among the half-burnt stumps of some house-posts, and without threatening any other part. But on that same afternoon, and not four hours after the fire, the workmen even having to throw buckets of water upon the hissing ground, to quench the burning ashes, in the midst of smoke and destruction, beams and lumber were carried into the very centre of the burnt down space, carpenters commenced hammering and sawing, and next morning a new gambling-hell, of light frame-work, stretched over with canvas, was again erected, with a laid floor, and bar, and hazard tables, and the violins and trumpets playing lustily away over the ruin of thousands.

I should really have felt thankful if a thunderbolt had again demolished the hut over those miserable gamblers' heads, who

set up their hellish games again, as if in derision at every feeling of humanity.

Three days afterward I returned to the mines, all my business being transacted, and only being delayed a couple of days by the effects of the fire. On reaching Stockton, I engaged a team, and traveled on, not stopping there more than one night. Freight had by this time fallen to seven cents per pound.

The roads were now excellent, but extremely dusty; and on approaching the Calaveres again, I saw several empty ox-carts coming down toward us, enveloped in a cloud of dust, with the objects in them hardly discernible. When I was right opposite to them, I could see they were some travelers returning from the mines upon the first wagon—a very common way to leave the diggings if the parties have no money to buy a mule, or are too lazy or old to walk.

"Halloo, Sir!" said a voice, and stopping rather astonished at the sound in the road, I recognized in the two persons who were really coated with a thick crust of dust, my former fellow-travelers, Mr. Hillman, the razor-strop man, and Jeremiah Livingston, his faithful Sancho. Mr. Hillman looked pale, at least downcast, for his complexion was entirely hidden. Jerry, however, on the contrary, the very picture of happiness—the hard mining work lay behind him, and he was going back, as he said, among Christians.

Poor Hillman! your rosy plans had not been realized then; on the contrary, you had sold every thing, mule, and quicksilver-machine, tent and provisions; all that was left of your possessions, as far as I could see at least, being Jerry Livingston and the brown umbrella. The Lord then had not given the gold for his new house of worship. But I have reason to doubt whether Mr. Hillman will think himself now bound by his promise—given in former times, most certainly only under the condition of safe return and health.

The wagon stopped while I talked to them, but the old razor-strop man had lost all his happiness; his dreams had faded away, and he had not yet had time to form new ones. He was sitting comparatively in a blank at present. People are not apt to be merry at such times.

That day I left the wagons to take a good hunt through the woods, but I could not come within rifle-shot of any thing till next

morning, when I shot a deer, but had to leave it, as, although mortally wounded, it ran, or rather tumbled down one of the steep and lofty mountain-slopes. It would have taken half a day to follow it and bring a part of the meat up. But I met another hunter and setting him on the track, had the satisfaction of hearing afterward that he had found the dead buck.

To say a few words about hunting in California. Many a man would be very much disappointed if he believed all the stories they tell him about it in San Francisco, and then start, with such ideas, to the mines. There are places still left where there is a good deal of game, but if you go there you will find out the reason why, too; for it is a wilderness of swamps and tulas—the Californian rushes—in which nothing could exist except the wild beasts of the forest. In those swamps, which lie between Sacramento and the bay hills, or even between Stockton and Pueblo San Jose, and among a rapidly increasing population, you find even yet, the old grizzly bear, the elk, and the Virginian deer, but there are also other places, where there is no gold, man has had as yet no further inducement to go there but to hunt; and though they pay an excellent price for game in San Francisco, gold-digging has been thought till now still more profitable, and only few had time and money enough—and if they had both of these—had no idea of wading about in the swampy tulas with the chance of killing a grizzly bear or being killed.

The grizzly bear is the largest of his kind—a grim fellow, with extraordinary strength, and frequenting the wildest parts of the woods; he is often found weighing one thousand four hundred and more pounds, and a blow with his powerful paws would be death to any thing living; but I am sure not half those dreadful stories you hear about them are true. Nearly every body who has shouldered his rifle once, and gone a little way into the woods —especially if he were still rather green—has a bear story to tell when he comes out again; and since old Grizzly never can testify to the contrary, they relate their feats with them so often, that they end by believing them themselves. What I heard from old hunters about them—for it was never my luck to meet one in the woods—they run like any other wild beast, when they hear the step of man, or get his scent; and when wounded he sometimes grows angry—and who would not? The flesh of the young ones particularly is said to be very good, but I never tasted it.

Elk and Virginian deer, and two kinds of antelopes, frequent the wide and swampy plains; but in the mountains I also found an old acquaintance, the common hare, which does not exist in the eastern states. Another inhabitant of Europe, which I never saw in the States, and which in fact does not exist on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, is the European magpie, exactly the same in shape and color as with us, except that it has a yellow bill.

The only beasts of prey are the small American panther, some few wild cats, the cayotas or prairie wolves, and the large brown wolf, none of them however dangerous to man; for if you hear once in a while of a man having been attacked by cayotas, you may safely put it down as a hunter's story.

Snipes, ducks, and geese are in immense numbers along the borders of the bay, and all through the lower lands.

Just at this time the new Californian law was published, demanding from every foreign miner a license of twenty dollars a month, for the permission to dig in the mines. A revolution seemed to break out when this law was put in force, and the legislature which passed it ought to have had more sense than to throw a firebrand into the country. The law of course could not be upheld, for there were thousands who did not even make more than their living, and some not that, getting provisions on credit, and not being able to pay for them afterward; but still at first a parcel of rowdies made use of it, and where they found single foreigners in places they thought worth working, drove them out of them, sometimes even before the collectors had arrived in those parts, to give them at least a chance of taking out a license or not.

The French got up a perfect revolution just at this time, and a war nearly broke out in the mines, while murders were already committed daily; and all this only on account of a parcel of men who could not see farther than their own noses, passing an impossible law, and strutting about and saying, "We have done a great thing, we have brought millions into the treasury."

Some foreigners, who had just at that time good claims, or such at least as they thought rich, had to pay the enormous license for the first month, but the law had to be repealed directly, and was altered afterward into twenty dollars a year, and the first paid monthly license was taken into account for the whole year.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

In the neighborhood of Murphey's New Diggings, a large tribe of the Wynoot Indians camped; and though Americans not unfrequently tell dreadful stories about the treacherous character of these natives, I never found a more quiet and peaceable people in any country than they were.

When I reached the camp, the squaws—and a little warm water and soap would have decidedly improved their complexion—were busied in getting the sumptuous meal ready for their lords and husbands, and I had a beautiful chance of seeing the simple, but also most peculiar way in which they prepare their dinners. The main part of this seemed to consist of a soft mush of pounded acorns. They had dug—or, I rather believe, stamped—a small flat hole in the ground, in the shape of a round and deep dish, or a Java hat, or also something like a Californian washing-pan, beaten this as hard as possible, and filled it with the acorn-mush, already beaten up in one of their waterproof baskets. Upon this they had placed some light twigs, as I soon found, to protect the bowl itself, as they placed hot stones into it, which they put upon the twigs to make them sink slowly to the bottom. As they also poured some water in, to make the mush thinner, these twigs prevented the fluid from damaging the bottom of the vessel.

This kind of poe was soon prepared, and I now went toward a small family, to see it also devoured. Of course, I looked around for a spoon; for I had thought up to this time, that such a thin, soup-like mush, could not be eaten in any other way but with some instrument at least resembling a spoon: but a fat, jovial native soon taught me better. He was, of course, the husband of the lady who brought him the basket filled with the soup, which she had ladled out with a flat calabash; and taking the basket between his knees, and trying first, rather carefully with

one finger, if the mush had cooled enough to be eaten, he shoved the four fingers of his right hand into it, and then put them, apparently with the utmost satisfaction, into his wide and hospitably-opened organ of mastication, out of which they came directly afterward clean and shining, and ready to repeat the operation, till he had nearly finished half the basket. The thumb looked on all the time, accompanying the other four fingers down and up again, and only acting as a kind of preventative to hinder the hand from disappearing entirely.

When he had finished his meal—that is, when he could eat no more—he leaned back groaning upon his seat; I thought then that a sip of brandy would aid his digestion, but he took the bottle rather distrustfully, and swilling twice at it—the second time far more carefully than the first—he handed it back to me, while trying to make me understand by signs that he would tumble about if he drank that stuff, and become sick. To show me his gratitude, however, he pushed the basket with acorn-mush toward me, to benefit by a similar application of my fingers to the poe; but I declined the hospitable offer with partly the same fears as he entertained about the brandy. The squaw and the children soon after took the basket between them; and it was a treat to see the way the large and little fingers went into it and out again.

While I was standing there a couple of pretty young girls came from the woods, with flat baskets full of flower-seed emitting a peculiar fragrance, which they also prepared for eating. They put some live coals among the seed, and swinging it and throwing it together, to shake the coals and the seed well, and bring them in continual and close contact without burning the latter, they roasted it completely, and the mixture smelled so beautiful and refreshing that I tasted a good handful of it, and found it most excellent.

They also brought great pine-apples—that is, real pine-apples—with a nut-like kernel, and many other delicacies, such as roasted grasshoppers and baked wasps, &c., which I was too poor a connoisseur to do justice to.

The Indians on the whole American continent, with the exception of those farthest north, perhaps, whose acquaintance I never had the pleasure of forming, have an indubitable family likeness. The color of the natives from Canada down to Cape Horn, does

not vary, in fact, so much in its shades of brown, through all the climes from the cold to the temperate and torrid, and back again through temperate and cold, as it does in the far smaller Australian continent; and they all have the long smooth black hair, the prominent cheek-bones, and the dark eyes. They differ, of course, in their stature, and life, and habits; nourishment and climate, were a very essential cause for it.

But if the natives of California resemble the Eastern tribes in stature and complexion, they do not most assuredly in warlike character, for they are really the most harmless tribes on the American continent; let white people, who have driven them to desperation, say what they please against it. Their weapons, if nothing else, plainly show this: they have no offensive arms at all, except bows and arrows, and these are small and powerless. The bow is not quite three feet long, of rather fragile wood, but covered with the broad back-sinew of the deer or ox. The arrows are about two feet long, with sharp points cut out of a kind of volcanic glass or rock. They wear a quiver made of the skin of some wild animal, fox, cayota, or racoon, sometimes even of the dogs, in which they never carry more than ten or twelve arrows. They go nearly naked, those at least who have not come into much contact with the whites; but in this case they are nearly always fond of some part of European dress. But dress is no necessity for them, even in the coldest weather; and I have seen, on nasty wet and cold days, Indians standing together, one or two wrapped up tightly in a thick and warm woolen blanket, while others had nothing in the world around them, offering their naked hides to the inclemency of the weather, and apparently not a bit colder than the others.

"Don't you feel cold, Indian?" an old backwoodsman, who was wrapped up in a warm, comfortable blanket-coat, once asked a North American Indian, who was trudging along the hard, frozen road, with nothing upon his back, but a thin and tattered calico hunting-shirt, as he passed him on horseback.

"Do you feel cold in face?" the Indian asked in his short and broken way.

"No, not in my face," the white man answered.

"Well—me face all over!" the Indian said with a grin.

But as much as I like to see an Indian in his native dress or ornaments, be it as scanty as possible, equally funny and disfig-

ured do they look, when they put on European clotnes. They frequently have no idea for what purpose, and in what order they ought to be worn. First, a dress-coat, and then a waistcoat, then part of a shirt, or a waistcoat by itself, or a pair of trowsers, or three and four pair of them, at the same time, they do not care; and they admire a uniform most, red, if possible, with gold or silver. I frequently saw Indians in the greatest heat with three pair of trowsers, the upper ones pulled up as high as they could get them, the second pair rolled up to their knees, and the undermost left to their natural length, to let all men see what a splendid wardrobe they called their own, and could afford. Cravats for garters, shirt-collars point downward, waistcoats buttoned behind, and other mistakes continually occur; and like children they hang upon them what they can get, and sometimes even what they can buy with hard-earned money, till they get tired of it, and throw it aside.

The women also like to dress like European females, but as they never wash their dresses, they looked rather the worse for it after the first two or three days. They most frequently, though, when they want something beside their usual wide and long apron of dressed deer-skins—which is colored and fringed exactly as the North American Indians prepare them—throw a piece of calico around them, in the same way as the Spanish ladies use their mantilla.

Their government is, like that of their Eastern brethern, hereditary chieftainship; and while all the single tribes have their own "capitano," as they now call them, at least if conversing with white men about them, several tribes together—as for instance, those on the southern waters of the Stanislaus, Calaveres, and Magualome—recognize a principal chieftain as their supreme head, who in all cases has to decide such matters and difficulties as arise between whites and Indians.

At that time their first chief lived on the Calaveres, and was called Jesus.

As to their religion, I never could find out what they believed. Those Indians close to the missions were, or had been at least, Christians; but farther up in the mountains nobody had cared about them, and in fact I hardly think they troubled themselves about it. I never saw idols among them, or spoke to any body who had; and what I could learn about their superstitions, they

only believe in some evil spirits, who can do them harm, and whom they adore to retain their friendship.

There would be a field for missionaries; there are numbers of souls to be saved, and in arm's reach, too, of hundreds of preachers of all sects, Presbyterians and Methodists, Baptists and Roman Catholics; there they could do all those things missionaries like to write about so frequently, undergo hardships, and even dangers, only for Christ's sake; but that is the very reason they do not go, because it would be "only for Christ's sake." There are no territories to be won, there are no natives to be enticed into building comfortable houses for the Christian teachers, they would have to lead a wild life with them, no farther profit in view, as is the case with the South Sea Islands, but only the prospect of being driven with their pupils from one place to another, living on grubs, acorns, and other indigestible things; while, on the other hand, a comfortable life and a good income look far more inviting. What wonder then you do not hear a word about missionary zeal in California, but see subscriptions daily raised in San Francisco, to erect churches and meeting-houses in the city —among the Christians.

But they are right; for what would be the use of saving those few souls, whose bodies will soon be driven under-ground? why take the last of the poor hunters away from the merry hunting-grounds of their forefathers? The Indians of California no longer exist in reality, though a few scattered tribes may wander about yet in the distant hills, looking toward the setting sun, down upon a country which was once their own, and where the ashes of their forefathers were given to the balmy breeze, or buried under the shady oaks of the plains.

To prove to the reader that I am not exaggerating, I will only tell him one case I was witness of myself, to see how the Indians are treated in the mines, and in what way those stories arise, which are told about Indian aggressions!

On the 2d of July, 1850, a black fellow—that is, not a negro, but a Bombay-man, of rather dark complexion for that race—came running into a little mining place, Douglas Flat, on the same creek Murphey's New Diggings lay on; two Indians were following him, but when they saw he had taken shelter with the whites, they left off their pursuit, and walked back. But the India-man now told a dreadful story, how the natives had taken

hold of him, and robbed him of nineteen hundred dollars in gold dust. Some Texans, who where accidentally in the trader's tent the Bombay-man had sought shelter in, and possibly guided more by the hope of getting the nineteen hundred dollars, than of helping the "nigger," as they called him, gave chase directly; and the natives hardly saw white men with their rifles in their hands start after them, before they knew only too well what they had to expect from their mild pursuers, and fled to the hills, and their own camp. But they had some old Texan woodmen after them, with legs as tough and strong as their own, to follow even through the rough and uneven ground of the hills; and on reaching the camping-place of their tribe, and thinking perhaps, far more whites on their track than there really were, they only called to their comrades to take up their arms and flee with them farther into the thicket. Even the women had hardly time to snatch up their babies and save themselves from a hostile attack for which they could assign no cause.

Several other whites had followed the first, and while the Texans ran after the two natives, who, as they madly and foolishly thought, must have the gold, the others without even inquiring if the poor wretches, who were now chased like beasts of the forest, had done any harm, set fire to their little camping-place, and maliciously burned the provisions and blankets, as well as the only shelter the poor natives had raised for themselves in the woods; and had it not been for some other men, an American and a German, who had also followed to see what was the matter, and who scattered the fire before it had destroyed more than about half of the little village, every thing that tribe before possessed, would have been devoured by the greedy flames.

The Texans, at last, when they saw they could not overtake the fleeter natives, fired several times at them, and they sent back a shower of arrows, but of course without doing the least harm, as they had to keep off as far as they could for fear of the bullets, and a distance of seventy or eighty yards made their light arrows powerless. At last, one of the Texans, heading the tribe as they followed up a narrow gulch to the top of the hill, got in shooting distance, and taking deliberate aim at one, shot him in the back, from the low hill where he was standing. The poor fellow fell, but the others carried him off; and as the wood became thicker here, the Texans returned to the camp.

Next day a delegation from the Indians came into Stoutenburgh, to inquire what they had done that the whites should make war upon them, and to tell the alcade there—for they knew he was the capitano of the whites—one of their number had been shot, and their village burnt by some of their white brethren.

A jury was sworn to go up to the ridge on which the Indians had now taken shelter; and when we reached the spot, where the women looked at us in fear and despair, and the men in hate and anger, though they did not use their weapons against us, we found the poor fellow who had been shot the day before, standing upright under a tree. He had just raised himself when he heard of our coming, for I could see the bloody spot where he had lain a little while before. His wife was supporting him, and death was written on his countenance. The bullet had entered his back close to the back-bone, and seemed to have lodged inside, and had followed a slanting direction from a higher place, somewhere on the hip-bone. We had a doctor with us (as the man called himself), but he could do nothing for the poor fellow; and after hearing what account the Indians could give of the whole matter, and seeing on our return the burned camp with our own eyes, a trial was to be held next day upon the Bombay-man.

When we left the hill, and the wife of the poor Indian, who had probably thought white men sufficiently skilled in the art of medicine to heal the wounds they had inflicted, now saw them give him up, she commenced wailing over the murdered man; and while the wounded native again lay down under the tree, her shrill cries filled the air. I ran down the hill as fast as I could, to be out of hearing of those dreadful sounds. I was ashamed of being a white man at that moment.

Next day a jury sat; but the Bombay-man understood no English, at least, he pretended not to do so now. Still every thing was proved against him, and some traders from the next camp stood up as witnesses against him, stating on their oath that the nigger had not had even money enough with him the night before to pay for his drink, and they had kicked him out of the tent. As it now appeared, the fellow had reached the night before the Indian camp, where he was hospitably received; but insulting the women, he was first repulsed, and then, not being satisfied with a first lesson, driven out of the camp by the men.

Afterward, I believe, he had again returned, and the natives had followed to chastise, but not to rob the rascal.

The trial of the Bombay-man was interesting, for nobody spoke his language, while he himself pretended not to understand a word of English; though one of the Yankees, a raw down-easter, tried once to play the interpreter, by bawling to him in English —which he thought the foreigner must understand, because he himself understood nothing else. But it was no go, and with circumstantial proof enough, they condemned him to twenty-five lashes, of which the sheriff gave him thirteen the next morning —accidentally the 4th of July—and one of the Indians the rest. But the natives were not satisfied with this, and swore they would kill him for raising a false cry against them; and the sheriff had to keep him that night after the punishment in his own tent. When they led him out to receive his lashes though, the poor devil was perfectly convinced they were going to hang him, and he begged for his life bitterly.

This was one of the common Indian wars. "The natives had shot with arrows at the whites, and were driven back into their mountains," so the accounts ran; though, in reality, the whites behaved worse than cannibals toward the poor, inoffensive creatures, whom they had robbed nearly of every means of existence, and now sought to trample under foot.

But enough of this misery. The time is not far distant when the Indians of this immense territory will have ceased to exist; and it will then be interesting, at least, to know something of the tribes, if we did not care for them when living.

The character of these Indians in their mode and way of living, is exactly the same as with their eastern brethren, and, in fact, with nearly all wild tribes. The husband follows the chase, and the wife has to collect insects and seeds, or fruits, prepare the frugal meals, rear the children, carry the bundles and firewood, and, in fact, do nearly every thing, while their lord walks about at his leisure with his light bow and arrow. But though this seems unjust, it is necessary; for in a state of society where the lives of the family depend upon the success of the hunter, he must have his arms free and unencumbered for action at every minute, and dare not toil under a heavy load, for it would make his aim unsteady.

But the gold discovery has altered their mode of life materi-

ally; they have learned to want more necessaries, while the means of subsistence diminishes in the mean time; and, driven at last to a thing they had never thought of before, the Californian Indian now really does work. At first, in fact, in right good earnest, and even for the whites; and though some tribes principally the northern ones, can yet be hired for a short time, the southern nations have given it up again, and only work now rarely in families, nearly always to buy brandy for the gentlemen—in families, I say, for it is with these natives, as with all other lazy people, whenever they do work they can not bear to see an idle person around them, and women and children have to be as busy as bees in such cases. Still they do not like to dig deep holes, and as they only in very rare cases can find gold near the surface, they nearly always try to get into places where white men have commenced digging, and are not very particular whether they have finished or not. They very cunningly wait for this purpose till the whites have gone to dinner, watching them in the morning, and jumping into the holes as soon as they have left. The men take the miners' tools and work out the ground with the pickax, while the women and children carry it off in their pans to the water and wash it out. If the miners return, upon a sign given by their sentinel, they all disappear; and the diggers sometimes find, where they had hoped to come to a good spot, a far greater space worked out for them in an hour or two than they had desired. But the poor fellows can only earn very little in this way; and whatever it be, they are cheated out of it again by the next trader they have to deal with.

They lay in provisions for winter-time, principally the sweet acorns of the plains, but also the bitter ones of the mountains, which they bury, as I was told, a certain time in the ground to remove the bitter and unpleasant taste. Besides these, their woods are rich enough in many other wild fruits; for instance, hazel-nuts, currants, grapes, cherries, strawberries, whortleberries, and many others, which they know how to dry and keep. The cherries deserve particular mention, for they grow in a peculiar way, like grapes, but on a tree similar to ours. They belong to the sour species, and taste exceedingly well.

Their habitations are as simple as possible, and consist, in summer-time especially, only of bush-huts, to ward off the hot rays of the sun; in the winter season, with some tribes, of bark-huts;

with others, as on Feather River, of huts made in a more substantial way, of posts and earthen walls, and roofs.

They have also a method of rubbing fire with two sticks of wood, but they do not use one piece of hard and another of soft wood, for the purpose, as is commonly supposed, but two soft pieces, lying one down, and putting the other into it, and using it like a twirling stick, till the rubbed off fine powder ignites very much in the same way as tinder.

And what will be the end of these tribes? As an answer, I will give the reader only the last part of a declaration of one of the United States agents for Indian affairs, who had been authorized to lay down several tracts upon which the expelled Indians could reside unmolested, and who had been afterward accused by the greedy gold-seekers, of having overstepped his authority, and given the red men the "best claims."

"A younger population is allowed to enter our land and collect the riches of our soil. It does not contribute any thing to support the state, but returns whence it came, encouraging others to do the same. Notwithstanding, these very men deny the Californian Indian, and former legitimate owner of the soil"—and I should think, in righteousness, not only the former but the present owner—"the right of working here, or, at least, of staying upon the spot which was once his own. A population, perfectly strange to them, a great part of it even strangers to us, has taken possession of their former homes, destroyed their hunting-grounds and fisheries, burnt down their acorn groves, and cut them off from all those means of subsistence a kind Providence had created for their maintenance, and taken away from them the possibility of existing. But not satisfied with that, these men deny them even the right we have granted to the paupers and convicts of the whole world—viz., the right of working and existing.

"I am convinced nobody could take the whole soil and ground I have reserved for the use of the Indians, and pay the taxes thereon.

"O. M. Wozencraft.

"U. S. Indian Agent, Middle District, Cal."

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE MINES.

THEY lead a most singular life in the mines: and on reaching one of these places, let it have the best name in the world for its riches, you see nearly as many quitting it as arriving. The hopeful come, the dissatisfied depart, to try their fortune elsewhere; and where one gang may have given up a place in despair and disgust, others jump in and dig away lustily, not merely expecting, but feeling confident that they will soon discover a lump of many ounces.

At this time rumors were continually afloat through all the mines of rich placers being found at various spots: they talked of a gold lake on the Yuba, then layers of gold had been discovered in a flat on some creek till that time unknown, and the diggers were kept in an almost indescribable state of excitement, which even disappointment after disappointment could not check. At times, however, really rich placers were discovered, and thousands would then flock together from all parts, and all the busy signs of life might be seen suddenly in a hitherto quite wild and desolate district.

Some Mexicans had discovered in a similar way the true value of a flat, worked up to that time continuously, but not a sufficient depth to arrive at the richest layer of clay; this event soon became known in Murphey's Camp, and Carson's Flat became the general cry.

It was a most singular sight to watch the different groups that hurried from all the neighboring mines to this place. The swarthy Mexicans with their party-colored ponchos or serapes, the multitude of pedestrians with their tools and blankets slung on their backs, the carts with provisions, the horsemen galloping in, the droves of mules, partly ridden, partly laden with freight; if the stream had continued for only one month the same as dur-

ing the first two days, Carson's Flat would have contained in its narrow valley the gold-seeking population of all California.

The first thing gold-seekers have to do in such a case as this is to mark a "claim"—a spot which they think likely to contain gold; and in twice twenty-four hours the whole valley was checkered with squares, indicating places which were suspected to contain gold, and pickaxes, shovels, and crowbars stuck in them as if they had grown there. I never saw such a field of iron-ware in my life.

As mixed as the population now was in general, there were a great many Americans there too; and since some of the holes had turned out exceedingly well, especially those worked by foreigners, it may be easily imagined how disagreeable such a sight must have been to a parcel of men who could not profit by it, and who most probably had even arrived too late to obtain a good claim in the lower places—for the hill-slopes had been marked already like chess-boards—and the very first evening we passed there, a meeting was called together to alter the state of things—in favor of Americans, of course.

I have seen many a wild American meeting—I have been at presidential elections in the States—and that of General Harrison beat cock-fighting, as the Americans themselves acknowledged—I had been a witness of the squatter-meetings in Sacramento city, but never saw any thing to equal this.

One short and sturdy fellow in particular—with fiery red hair, I am sorry I have forgotten his name—was the principal orator. The gentlemen present at the meeting agreed directly to drive all the foreigners out of their claims—one even, the red-haired one, proposing to give them twenty minutes time to leave, though I do not know what he expected to do with them afterward; they at last granted twenty-four hours notice to quit, but nobody could tell what to do with the recovered placers afterward, for each of them wanted to benefit himself, and did not know exactly how to secure a good situation. Finally, they came to the determination that all the recovered claims should be sold by public auction; but then again what should be done with the money? Benevolent or charitable purposes were not necessary, where every body took such good care of himself, and still it was proposed to elect a committee of five men to divide it; but it proved nonsense. Some suggested a lottery of the claims,

every American to have a free ticket; but they wanted an auction, and an old fellow, with a pair of green spectacles and an extraordinary sharp-pointed nose, seemed to understand the wants of the moment best, for he proposed to build a court-house and jail here in the mountains with the money! There was really a short debate about this mad project, for the gentleman in the green spectacles, most likely a jail-keeper from some of the States, defended his crazy project to the last. Finally, they decided on having neither lottery nor auction, but that each should take possession of a claim wherever he thought proper.

Next morning the minutes of the meeting were posted every where through the camp in English and bad Spanish, but only some Mexicans packed up and left the place to try their fortune elsewhere, the others staid where they were; and those young gentlemen who were so excited on the previous evening walked about grumbling in the flat, and cursing the committee they had elected to warn the foreigners off, and who could only be found in the morning digging away in their own claims.

We ourselves worked there several days, but water being so scarce in this particular spot, all had to procure it for cooking and drinking purposes from muddy pools, and the dry digging was hard work; so we soon got tired of it. The mines, however, proved very rich afterward, and several gangs acquired fortunes out of single claims.

We returned to Murphey's Diggings, and set to work there again, but though they bore the name of being rich, their reputation was only kept up by the traders, who had quantities of stores and provisions there, and, of course, wanted persons to buy them.

Our life here, being that of the common miner—sleeping in a tent, and cooking our own meals with tolerable regularity from such things as were brought from below—time passed slowly, while hard work was going on steadily. Gold digging!—yes, the name sounds well enough, if it were not connected with so much *ground* digging. There are pleasanter tools to handle than pickax and spade, and people with a little lively imagination only too often picture to themselves such a business, as they please to call it, in far too glowing colors. Even for those who are used to hard work, it is no pastime to stand up to their knees, perhaps, in icy-cold spring water, while the hot rays of the sun play upon their

heads, and work away at the same time as if for life, since the water must be kept out, and each minute's rest has to be paid for with so much harder baling. Ground work in itself, even digging ditches and cellars, is a laborious task, and there you have room to move; how much harder must it be here, where you are blocked up in some narrow hole, perhaps with large quartz or flint stone blocks which you can not manage, baling away for a time, and digging the ground off as hard as you can from the little spot you have freed for a moment from water.

But however tedious and toilsome the life may be, it has, on the other hand, a great many interesting features in the wild, and peculiar scenery, company, circumstances, and characters; and a person who principally finds pleasure in noticing and watching these, who can sip the honey from the flower, and leave the poison behind, or gather sweets enough at least to drown the bitter taste, will be able to enjoy such a life in the mountains, at least for a time, even if he is not so lucky in digging as he may desire. Still, it must not last too long, or it will get tiresome in spite of all. But I will introduce the reader to some of my acquaintances.

The most funny sample in the crowd was a little bit of a German tailor, called Johnny or Napoleon, according to circumstances. The minikin flattered himself that he possessed an extraordinary likeness to Napoleon; and—who would now blame him for it?—he even wore his hat cocked in a similar manner, and would stand for half an hour with folded arms. He was at the same time the most disorderly and loose little tailor the mines could boast of, as long, at least, as he had money to play the gentleman; but hardly was the last dollar gone, when he took up pickax and spade with equal ardor, and worked away again as if for life. He was born in Alsace, and always preferred being considered a Frenchman. He also spoke French whenever he could get a chance, and felt most pleased when you called him Jean.

During the Mexican war, perfect swarms of deserters had come over; and all the volunteers who had been sent to California by the States, even before the discovery of the gold mines, could have been found here, I really believe to the last man.

One morning, on going to work, I met a gentleman in a black dress-coat—a thing really never even thought of in the mines—a

fine silk hat, kid gloves, and carefully blackened boots, but carrying, like the rest of us, a heavy pickax, shovel, and wash-pan. I hate to stop in the street and look after a man on account of his dress—let every body wear what he pleases—but I actually did stop to look after that black dress-coat; it was really an event to see such an object in the mountains.

"A sight of such a swallow-tailed coat is good for sore eyes up here in the mines," said an old Irishman, who was standing beside me, watching the tails as they disappeared behind the tents; "bless its black carcass, but I wonder how the gentleman will look in a week!"

These had been my thoughts also, and I now inquired who the stranger was. Nobody knew much about him, but he was thought, or in fact called an attorney, who had come up here to the mines with the firm intention of picking out the little and large lumps from the dry crevices of the rock with a common case-knife into his washing-pan, without pulling off his gloves. For three days he had traveled about in the nearest gulches with his knife and pan, without even earning his living, or even seeing a single speck of gold, and he was now walking down the creek, obliged to try his fortune with pickax and shovel, in common miner's fashion.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of the man, but one morning at daybreak I met him the second time, and what a condition he was in. His clothes, though cleanly in the extreme, were torn in shreds; his boots were brushed, though the cracked and saturated leather no longer bore a polish; and his face looked pale and haggard.

Not merely hard and unusual work, but disappointment and shattered hopes had broken his spirit. He had come up to the tents to procure some necessary provisions, and had chosen such an early hour, I think, to shun man's eye. As I learned afterward, he had not been able to make his living in the mountains; and having no money, and being too grand to ask any man for help, had walked back to Stockton, and thence round the bay to Puebla San José and San Francisco.

Besides this specimen with fine kid gloves, we had another, but without a swallow-tailed coat, who also walked about in the mines with a very sombre and downcast look; his face seemed familiar to me, though I tried in vain to remember where I could

have seen him before. I could only learn that he was a Chilean who kept tying thick woolen shawls around his neck at night, and talked much to himself; but a week or two afterward the murder came out. He was the first tenor singer from Valparaiso, whom I had heard there in the theatre, and who now recalled his former triumphs and pleasant days under the double infliction of a dreadful cold and deep repentance. I was told he had said this was the worst engagement he had ever had in his life.

A couple of preachers, a Methodist and a Presbyterian, also walked about in a rather forlorn state; they had made an essay in preaching, but though people went to hear them sometimes, they would not be convinced of the necessity of paying for a preacher; and as we find in the present age only very few men who really teach the gospel for Christ's sake alone, the two pious brethren had long given up preaching to the heathen as a bad job. And with the natives they would have nothing at all to do—should they live upon acorns and young wasps, and sleep in the wet woods all for nothing? They did not find sufficient encouragement.

Up in Stoutenburgh lived an old negro, who took in washing, but never gave it out again. Washing was very dear, as the reader may think, and we had usually to pay half a dollar apiece for shirts, and even could not get them done for that frequently; but this old fellow washed them for twenty-five cents apiece—of course only washed, and not ironed—and lived exceedingly well by it. But the old negro was also a character. Having given him my first washing (five or six shirts, as I washed the socks myself), I went at the appointed time to get them back, and Sambo, when I asked him where they were, merely pointed toward a large pile of clean shirts, some five or six dozen perhaps, and told me to pick mine out of them. Who on earth could have found his own out of such a number? nearly all the shirts worn in the mines being white or blue striped of one pattern, sent out from the States in thousands of dozens, and none of them marked, of course; so, after turning the pile over and over again for at least half an hour, I gave it up, and took six of the shirts I liked best, telling Sambo what I had done. He very quietly answered, "Ebery gen'leman did the same," and I walked off with them, wondering what the man would say who came last, and got all the torn ones.

Just at this time, and in the immediate neighborhood, a great many murders were committed, and the bodies plundered. The mines did not prove so rich as many in their golden day-dreams had expected. Thousands of rascals from all countries and climes had come over here with the strong determination to make money in any way, and those who came to the mines and could not succeed as easily as they had expected, were not inclined to leave again as poor as they had arrived, but were fully determined on getting their share, though it should be steeped in blood. Men were frequently found out their tents or huts with their brains knocked in by a crow-bar, some were shot, but the first were decidedly in the majority.

The Americans generally tried to lay these crimes on old Australian convicts, and most of them were probably committed by them, since the worst known vagabonds in the neighborhood of our mines were a couple of Irishmen, who had come over from Australia; but Mexicans were proved guilty, or suspected at least, of many, and principally the crow-bar murders. Signs of Mexicans having done the deed were, however, found rather too frequently near the slain victims not to give just cause for suspicion that men of some other nation tried to escape in this way. Still I have no doubt many Mexicans committed such deeds, especially if they could at the same time, revenge themselves upon an American. Thousands of Mexicans swarmed into the mountains; wherever they discovered a rich placer, and Americans came upon them, the latter were almost sure to drive them out of their claims, and from their work, in order to take advantage of their labor. No wonder the Mexicans were driven at last to desperate deeds, and, as it only too frequently happens in such cases, the innocent had to suffer for the guilty.

In the neighborhood of Soñora, a French and Mexican camp, which had grown up into a little town (even boasting a printing-office, the first in the mines, where the "Soñora Herald" appeared), the most murders were committed; and things assumed for a little while such a threatening aspect, as to drive the people to several meetings, and a determination at last to help themselves. But what could be done against a band of midnight murderers, whose worst members, just as likely as not, were sitting in the very council, consulting about a sure remedy for the evil? and the foreigners, of course had to suffer again. They were ordered out

of the camp, principally the Mexicans; even their arms were taken from them, and for several weeks the country was in such a state of excitement, that nearly every body expected a civil war.

But the storm passed over, murders became rarer—several of them were brought home to Americans—the first fervor of the licence law also weakened, and matters began to acquire once more a peaceful aspect—that is, considering circumstances, for hardly a night passed without some bloody quarrel, even in that little spot, Stoutenburgh. One night I was roused out of my bed to be shot, by a drunken Irishman, with a horse-pistol, loaded with buck-shot. We counted, next morning, seven small holes in the side of the tent where I had been standing when he fired at me. I also had my rifle in my hand, but the sleeping traders who lay around us in their thin tents, and whom I feared to hit, prevented me from sending a ball through him; and when I ran toward him, he disappeared in the broken ground outside the tents, but he never showed his face afterward at Murphey's.

Stoutenburgh was quite a little town. We had there, at least, fifty store-tents, three American, and several French boarding-houses (one ounce per week the charge for boarding), two drug stores or doctor's shops, about twenty monte, roulette, rouge-et-noir tables, &c., &c.; a bowling-alley, where a man could roll three balls for a quarter of a dollar; and even a post-office—private, of course;—and all these accommodations in tents, with the American colors fluttering in the fresh mountain breeze upon the sheriff's canvas abode.

But the store-tents do not make a town in the Californian mountains—the mines must do it; and where these are not able to support a numerous population, the inhabitants, always ready for a move at a minute's warning, throw their blankets and working tools upon their backs, or on their packing mules, and travel in search of another El Dorado.

Such was the case with Murphey's rich diggings, which began to prove the reverse, and the storekeepers saw, in mute despair, each morning, new troops of worn-out miners leaving the place to seek elsewhere other and better yielding gulches.

Something must be done if they would not be left here alone with their provisions. A new placer had to be discovered, at least new reports to be spread, and since reports by themselves would no longer draw—for the storekeepers of every other mine

tried the same experiment—something extraordinary had to be got up.

One morning, the gangs, just ready to move or striking their tents, were startled by the news that one of the Texan Company, a man of the name of Fletcher, had discovered or invented a goldometer, with which he was able to follow the golden vein on the surface of the ground—this same goldometer having also been the cause why the gang with which he worked had been so prosperous.

Such was the tale, and it took amazingly. Partly struck tents were raised again, and every body wanted to see Fletcher, the gold man, and have a place shown to him to commence again with pick and spade.

Fletcher was an American—I have forgotten from what State—who had lately come from Texas by the land route. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, but with a stoop in his back, and a sallow, nearly livid, countenance. He was dressed backwoods fashion, and had been a very quiet, inoffensive man up to this time, with a certain way of doing things that gave him, even in his gang, a kind of superiority over the rest. In this same quiet way, he now asserted that he had discovered, rather than invented—as he had accidentally hit upon the secret—an instrument which he called a goldometer, and with which he pretended he was able to find—even offering a bet of one hundred dollars on the result—a purse of gold wherever hidden under the limits of an acre of ground.

This man being asked by the miners to show them a specimen of his art, went to the back part of the town, not twenty yards from some of the houses, to a spot where I myself had dug a little garden the previous summer; and after going through a kind of necromancy with his goldometer, suddenly struck upon a spot, and followed the gold vein, in a zig-zag line, down the sloping spur of the hill, through the little garden I have mentioned.

That morning, any stranger who arrived accidentally at Murphey's New Diggings, would have thought the people there as mad as March hares—they upset each other in their perfectly crazy hurry to run for their tools and mark a spot. Some, forming parties, left a man sitting on a particular place to keep it for them till they could get a pickax to mark it out; and they commenced at it as if they were certain of finding the sought-for

lump right under their very feet. Fletcher also marked off a spot for himself right among the diggers, and those nearest to him would not have sold their chances for many ounces. He did not work himself as yet. He wanted to see first how deep the gold lay, but the laborers had to pay him a kind of per centage.

They went to work in good earnest, and several hundred men were now employed upon a spot as long as daylight lasted, and with as much zeal as if their lives depended upon their success, where none of them had thought of digging before, though it had lain undisturbed before their very eyes. And they dug day after day, but no gold gladdened their sight, and several parties had toiled through the flint-like ground to a depth of sixteen feet, before any one of them began to grow tired. Some then began to shake their heads, for not the least sign of gold rewarded them for their hard labor; but they had dug so far, they could not stop now and let others, anxious enough to jump into their claims as soon as they gave them up, earn the reward they had toiled for.

And thus they dug till their holes were twenty-five feet deep, but no gold. They would dig no farther, and the bubble seemed fated to burst before the time, for the traders had not sold half their provisions yet; but Fletcher proved to possess a good head for such a stratagem, for he had other strings to his bow. When the dissatisfied came to his tent—and it is nearly incredible, that men in every other respect so reasonable, could be fooled in such a way—he mesmerised one of them, and this man, endowed with a kind of supernatural spirit, of course told the eager multitude that, before reaching the lucky spot, they must dig about ten feet deeper—that is, nearly thirty-five feet, and there they would find, it was true, about ten feet of water, which they must keep out with their pumps, but, at the same time, in the marked holes, twenty-five pounds, troy weight, of gold.

They did not require to hear any thing more. At it they went again with fresh vigor, and some dug down to a depth of thirty-five, even forty feet, till they had to give up the claims, without having found the least sign of gold, through their inability to work any longer against the powerful stream of water, which made further digging impossible.

Fletcher himself, of course, did not wait for the final result, but disappeared a day or two before with his goldometer, and

Murphey's New Diggings received their death-blow. The store-tents stood empty, the bowling-alley was used for a hay-stack, and even the gamblers—the carrion-birds of the mines—left the neighborhood to seek better places. But the store-keepers had got all they could expect from the people; the greater part of their provisions were sold, and the rest they would have no difficulty in removing.

Several other tricks were afterward tried, but they possessed no attracting power—the mesmerism had been rather too strong; and when I last saw Murphey's New Diggings, the place looked deserted and desolate.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE MUSQUITO GULCH AND MAGUALOME.

When the various miners at Murphey's rich diggings spread in nearly every direction to find better working places, our little company thought of doing the same, and our next resting-place was to be the Magualome, or Macalome, one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin, in the gulches of which many a rich placer had been already discovered. Our march did not offer many interesting incidents; leading a pack-horse—which carried our working-tools and blankets, for provisions were every where so cheap in summer-time, that it was not worth while to carry them with us—we marched along down one creek and up another, passing miners' tents and small diggings scattered through the woods, some in work, some entirely deserted; and here and there, in perfectly dry gulches, where no other miner would think of looking, or at least of trying for gold, small parties of Mexicans were at work, looking distrustfully at the strangers, who stopped in their neighborhood—for they were so frequently robbed of their claims—and only giving short answers to the questions a passer-by might ask them.

"Mucho oro aqui?" Americans would frequently inquire of them, and the never-changing answer of the Mexicans would be in their quiet, singing voices:

"Si, poquito, Señor;" and there was an end to the conversation, for the Americans could ask no more, it was all the Spanish they knew, and the Mexicans never thought of prolonging such a conversation.

We saw them here putting the dry hard earth into their round wooden-bowls—the only diggers, in fact, who carried and used wooden wash-pans—rubbing the earth into dust with their hands, and then blowing it away from the heavier gold; but it requires the lungs of a Mexican to do that longer than a quarter of an hour.

The Mexicans, I had formerly heard, were lazy and indolent, but I must acknowledge I never saw more industrious, and at the same time temperate people in the mines than they were. They are steady at work, digging away at some lonely spot, or driving pack-mules up and down the valleys. They are always peaceable and good-humored, and if they are at times treacherous, they probably have cause for it.

If they are digging in flats or hill-sides, they hardly ever excavate large holes, but work down in a small one to the gold-containing earth, using for this purpose hardly any thing but their short and light crow-bars and pans, and digging away afterward underground in the clay which contains the precious metal, like moles. This kind of work is called "cayoting" in the California mines, from the little prairie wolves, or cayotas, which also dig their holes or caves under ground.

A most singular case occurred once between some Mexicans and Germans in one of the southern mines, where tolerably rich diggings had been found. The gold-seekers established a law among themselves as to how many square feet an individual should be allowed to claim in a certain rich flat. Some Mexicans were working one portion, and at a considerable distance from them two Germans had opened a claim, and thrown up their ground to work their hole down in the common and least dangerous way, for many a Mexican has dug his own grave, with cayoting underground. The Germans had dug out in the mean time about seven or eight feet of ground, and had just reached a layer of clayey gravel, which they thought might contain gold, when one of them, taking his crow-bar, and running it into the clay, struck through it, and heard below him—underground—a deep groan. Dropping every thing, the two Germans, frightened nearly to death, fled for their lives, but returned afterward, and, aided by some neighbors, who all made a rush for the hole to see the miracle, they soon found out the real cause. The Mexicans had dug underground from their own claim, right over into the very centre of the Germans' working-place, from which they had taken out nearly all the gold. When the miner struck down his crow-bar, to try if he could feel the rock below, he pierced through the thin layer of earth, and struck the Mexican, who was digging below him, on the shoulder. They had, however, to pay damages to the Germans for

having gone beyond the limits of their own claim into that of their neighbors.

While passing so many gulches, once clear and pure mountain streams, now defiled by cradles and washing-pans, I could not help stopping sometimes for hours, and watching the troubled waters as they oozed out from the rocky clefts. How have the proud sons of earth abused these pure and innocent children of the mountains! In former times they sprang in crystal purity from the arms of the parent cliffs into the beautiful valleys below, dancing and sparkling in the sunny light—and now? The turbid stream stole sadly and mournfully through a desert, the once flower-clad banks had been broken up, and the verdure buried beneath the earth that had formerly nourished it; dark and deep caves yawned now in their stead, and the water stagnated in dank pools. Gold can form a paradise of a wilderness, but it has shown here that it is capable equally of effecting the reverse.

But, back to our march! There is no poetry in gold-digging, and the wanderer's every thought in these mountains turns to gold and the worth of it—what has a miner to do with other fancies and day-dreams? I became accustomed at last to the eternal talk about gold and ounces; I could listen for hours to the most extravagant tales of newly-discovered riches and El-Dorados, thinking at the same time of something far away from me and the speaker; but I could never get used to the mean, selfish conduct, miners are only too apt to show where their own interest is—and how often only seemingly—at stake; they would cheat their own brother not unfrequently, if they thought he could be the cause of making them lose an ounce or two.

Thus we had left Murphey's Diggings in company with some other Germans, with the original intention of remaining together; but considering the thing over again, and knowing, as they thought, a very good place, where they could wash about an ounce daily, they sought some pretext to make us leave without them, sending two men upon mules before, I fancy, to secure their placer. We three saddled of course directly, and parted company, but I was sorry to see them act so meanly, especially as I had entertained a better opinion of them before. They did not profit, however, by this manœuvre, for several months afterward, when we had done very well at the placer we hunted out

for ourselves, I met some of this party again as poor as ever, and looking out for a spot to make a living.

Two days afterward we reached one of the most frequented mining places of the southern tributaries, the middle-bar of the Magualome or Macalome River. The scenery round this lively little mountain stream is beautiful, and the clear and impetuous current bounds, as in mad frolic, over large gravel and granite blocks, dashing down from its own wild hills with a force sufficient to carry away every thing that hems its way. But here, only a short distance below, and after passing hardly a mile through a comparatively level country, it had lost its savage character, and glided along with a murmuring and ripling sound; hardy miners had pent it up in their dams, and diverting it from its former course, had barricaded themselves behind masses of logs and rocks, and began to plunder the very bed of its riches Poor mortals! one night's rain in September, when works had been finished, on which hundreds had spent their last cent and their whole time during the summer, raised the river about twelve inches, and swept every thing before it. The whole company was broken up for that year, at least.

In none of the mines I visited did I find a spot so romantically situated as this little town or mining place, whichever you please to call a small nest of about fifty or sixty tents, crowded together in one solid mass of cotton and arbors. The habitations consisted, of course, as in all the other mines, of tents, which formed perfect streets, and ran down nearly to the waters' edge; but the streets were not open to the rays of the sun, but entirely covered through the whole little place, and for hundreds of yards, with green bushes. Even the backs and the sides of the tents were guarded by these hedge-like walls, and the whole town formed one wide and shady arbor, while the air had free admittance from every side into the streets.

There was also a great deal of business going on in the little town; the merchants and bar-keepers had their hands full of work from morning till night, and in the evening the gambling-tables—always a good sign for the surrounding mines—were crowded. If Murphey's Diggings had boasted of a bowling-alley, the middle-bar sported a real billiard-table and a "forty-pianer," as the backwoodsmen called it, and a perfect crowd of hoosiers and other green ones often stood round that instrument—the first

they had ever seen of the kind—for hours. They reminded me of the Indian in Arkansas, who saw a piano-forte in that State once, and afterward gave a description of it, as a four-legged animal with teeth like a bear, which could open and shut its mouth and make the most glorious noise he had ever heard.

In fact, if the miners were rich around the place, every opportunity was furnished for the miner to spend his hard-earned money in a light and pleasant way.

There were works going on all around this place when we passed it, even the sand of the river-banks was washed, though this yielded only a poor per centage: but the richest placers had till now been found in the neighboring gulches, and fortunes had been frequently taken out of them by individuals. It is at the same time a singular, but often noted fact through all the mines, that fortune smiles the most upon the greatest vagabonds; those who are drinking and gambling half their time had only to jump down into any place and be sure of finding a reward for their half hour's work, as if they had toiled for months, while other industrious and persevering men worked their finger-nails off, without making frequently more than their living. In this manner the richest placer on the Macalome, the Steep Gulch, was discovered by a drunken Irishman, who really tumbled into it one night, slept where he lay, and on coming to his senses next morning, without even getting up, commenced to poke about in the clayey banks around him, working out, after a few seconds, a piece of an ounce or two. In a very short time he made there—keeping the place secret, of course—a couple of thousand dollars; but then going to San Francisco, he gambled and drank away his money, in accordance with his old character, in a very short time, and went back to the mines again to try and get more; but his secret riches having been discovered in the mean time and worked out, he had to commence anew.

The works in the river-beds themselves were said to be the most profitable, but they were also the most uncertain, requiring time and capital to commence them, and frequently making no other return for all these sacrifices but shattered hopes. In this very year the early rising of all the rivers, from the Stanislaus up to the Yuba, and even farther, destroyed the prospects of many a mining company, and ruined thousands.

But we passed this little place that same morning, and reached

Macaleme Hill, another mining town, and famous for its former dry diggings, where they were just building a bowling-alley (at the same time trying to spread a report that gold had been found while digging the run for the alley on the very top of the hill), and soon afterward entered the valley of Rich Gulch, which watercourse we followed up to its springs, and crossed over from there to Musquito Gulch, the farthest mines toward the east on these branches.

On Rich Gulch we found several fellow-passengers from the "Talisman," and were told here that we should meet on Musquito Gulch a whole nest of acquaintances. And so we did; for there, on the top of one of the hills, we found a perfect German camp, and put up our tent-poles close by the side of it.

What a mixed population these mines offer; here we now lived in the very centre of the wilderness, a little world of ourselves, in closest neighborhood and amity, eating, working, and sleeping together, and not caring more for the world around us, than if it did not exist; and of what different elements was the society composed! I will only take our four little tents, which formed one cluster among the thousands in the wild mining districts, and who were the inhabitants?

The first gave shelter to a young merchant, a whitesmith, and a farmer's boy, a genus for which we have in our language the very significant word Bauerjunge; the second to an iron-founder and carpenter; the third to a coachman and a carter, and the fourth to a piano-forte maker, a stone-mason, and a wandering author. A few weeks afterward there were added to our company another merchant, and a young Danish count, allied in fact to the royal house itself.

The scenery was the most sublime I had yet met in the mines: our little camp on the very top of a high hill, and surrounded by a magnificent growth of pine and cedar-trees, was as beautiful a little spot, as comfortable a mountain-home, as heart could wish for, or enjoy.

As we formed a perfectly social body, though working in different parties, and in different places, some up some down the creek, the evening united us usually round one large fire, which those had to keep up, whose turn it was to bake the bread. Sometimes playing cards, sometimes story telling and singing, we passed many a frolicsome night under those old trees, while the

moon rose over the dark mountains, lost in wonder as to what those noisy little human beings out here in the wilderness were about, making such a disturbance beneath the sombre shade of the wild forests.

We also had singular characters enough in these hills, though the miners' tents were only scattered singly through the valleys; among others a Pole, a nasty disgusting fellow, who had come over from Texas to make a fortune, and continually grumbled at finding nothing; the conclusion of nearly all his remarks on this subject being: "It is impossible for a poor man to get any thing any how. The Almighty's will be done, I can't help it!" and then came an oath.

The farmer's boy, who had come over with us in the "Reform," and who, when he stepped upon the shores of California, had not a red cent in his pocket, and was obliged to work on the road first a while, only to pay his passage into the mines—a boy, who had lived at home most certainly upon dry bread and potatoes, tasting meat, perhaps, once or twice a week, had been very fortunate as long as he dug in the gulches, and now, in fact, did not know how to throw away his money quick enough. If he got into a spree, which had never been his case in former days, nothing would satisfy him now but champagne, and in one night it frequently cost him more than he had formerly earned in four or five years.

One young merchant of the name of Meier—of course there were five Meiers in the neighborhood—was one of those thousand heedless characters you find principally scattered through the mines. He had been, from the time he reached the diggings, with the exception of the first week, most fortunate wherever he struck down a spade; and though squandering away his money at the same time, in gambling and drinking, he could not spend as much as he made. So laying up a thousand dollars in gold-dust, he determined on leaving California and starting for Valparaiso or Australia, from which latter place he had originally come. In Stockton he commenced playing, and won a couple of hundred dollars; then went down to San Francisco, bought new clothes, and paid his passage on board a vessel bound for Valparaiso, but went back into town again, and gambled away every cent he had in the world. He returned to the ship, told the captain his case, and got half his passage-money back. This he

also carried to the monte-table, and had to borrow afterward two ounces from an old acquaintance to return to the mines. He came back accompanied by the Count B., I have mentioned before, and intending to work with him. They commenced on Rich Gulch, but soon quarreled; for B., "having the week" first for cooking, as it is called in miners' phrase, bought a pound of rice, and being no judge in such matters, and thinking that just about the right quantity for a meal for two persons, put it in a two-quart pot, and was perfectly amazed to see it come out, after boiling, nearly entire.

In September, and while our luck was just turning—for we had lately opened a tolerably good and rich place, I was unfortunate enough, in felling a tree one night for fire-wood, to strike the ax deep into my right foot. I had cut no sinew or vein, and was able to walk some distance toward my tent; but had to lay up for a full fortnight, even walking down on crutches afterward for a week to the rocking cradle.

I learned at that time what it is to have a real friend in the mountains; for my partner, a German, of the name of Haye, a common stone-mason, but a most sincere and kind-hearted fellow, never relaxed in his care and attention till he had me on my legs again, and even forced me to divide his gains through these two weeks in miners' fashion. It was miners' fashion, it is true, but how few would have followed it!

Three weeks after this accident I was as well as ever, the wound having healed beautifully without the least salve or plaster.

We now worked together nearly the whole of October; Haye leaving me during the last weeks to accept a situation in a store-tent as a store-keeper and cook; and I was at least able, and principally in these last four or five weeks, to wash out gold enough to pay my passage through the South Seas to Sydney, where I had money waiting for me again. The first of November, therefore, I left the mines; and it was a happy day, when I rolled up my blanket for the last time in the diggings. Still, however stoutly we may cling to old habits, a feeling crept over me, when I bade farewell to those beautiful mountains, as if I had left an old friend forever; and yet how much had I longed for that very moment. But this soon wore off, and saying good-by to all my newly-acquired friends in the gulch, I got a seat on

one of the pack-mules which come up to the stores loaded with goods and return unloaded, though they not unfrequently take down passengers to Stockton.

The reader, however, should not imagine a ride on a mule such a very pleasant trip; I have made many far more agreeable, for there does not exist a more obstinate beast in the wide world than a mule. In the first place you ride upon a pack-saddle, without stirrups or even bridle, the saddle being far too wide, at the same time, to allow you a firm seat; and the only way you have of letting the mule know you want to go ahead, is with a switch you keep in your hand, and which the ambitious animal answers every time by kicking up his hind legs, as if it were going to shake its hoofs off, while you are forced to hold on to the hind part of the saddle in the mean while. Another charming feature is, that the mules keep continually right in the very centre of the whole drove—the Lord save you, if the roads are dusty!—and as for stopping of your own will, whenever you may feel inclined, and letting the rest of the drove go on in the mean time—just ask the mule. Your animal will suddenly come to a dead halt when you least expect it, and while you are working away upon its stern to make it move again, it starts off so quickly and suddenly, as to make you forget every thing else but the saddle, which you grasp with both hands to keep your seat, dropping your whip, of course never to see it again.

The beast I rode really succeeded in spilling me twice on the road, much to the amusement of the Mexican drivers, who sit safely enough in their real saddles, and they had to stop the whole drove to let me mount again. I would have walked with pleasure, only I was afraid of straining my hardly-cured foot by over exertion.

Leaving the mountains we entered the plain, which had been covered when I crossed it the last time with a perfect bed of flowers; but how different did the scenery now appear. The ground looked dry and parched, and not a blade of grass was to be seen; no living thing was visible upon the barren desert, save here and there a solitary jackass, traveling from one dry bit of straw to another, and working, as it were, its passage along the hill-slopes. On approaching Stockton we also heard rather unpleasant news, for the cholera was said to be both in this little mining place and in Sacramento and San Francisco, where

it was committing dreadful ravages. It is a most unpleasant feeling to come out of the salubrious air of the mountains into an infected plain, fearing to inhale death with every breath you draw, and avoiding the houses now, you sought shelter under, in former times, for the grim avenger may be lurking under its low roof and pouncing upon the new and fresh victim as soon as he comes within its grasp.

But people like to exaggerate; where only the signs of an infectious disease had shown themselves most likely, they asserted it to be cholera, and I was not going to trouble my head much about a danger as yet remote: there was time enough for that afterward.

I could not help noticing the great many small houses which had been built, and improvements which had been made along the road to Stockton, since I had passed there last; nearly every mile a tent or log-cabin was standing, or at least commenced—each, of course, with a bar, and a gin, brandy, and whisky store. Even some large boarding-houses had been erected, for instance, on the Calaveres; and at another halting-place, the Double Springs, where I had seen before only a large tent, I found a little town grown up between the roots of the large oaks, like mushrooms in a single night; and the place had been created the seat of a district-court.

Monday, the 4th of November, we reached Stockton; and I should not have known the place again, but for its pleasant situation among the bulrushes or "toolaws," as they call them here, so greatly had it spread in every direction, and such large buildings had risen up from out the low and simple tents of the former inhabitants. Even a theatre had been erected, a tall building, of four stories, only a few hundred yards from the place where we had stuck with our carts and oxen in the swamp, when I passed Stockton for the first time. A circus was also open, the gambling hells had been enlarged, and every thing showed Stockton was a rapidly-rising and flourishing town.

This was the town of Judge Reynolds, or, at least, had been, for they had driven him off a few weeks before; but the place was full of anecdotes about him, and such another justice of the peace has probably never existed in the whole world. He did every thing he pleased, and he was pleased to do every thing by which he could extort money; there was also no appeal from

him to the supreme court, except in matters of life and death, and for a long while he enjoyed an uninterrupted sway, taking in ounces as fast as he could condemn people to pay fines, and condemning every body who came within his reach. To give the reader an idea of him and his time, I will only relate one anecdote out of thousands.

At the Stockton Restaurant, a boarding-house kept by a German and an Alsatian, the kitchen-stuff had been thrown out once or twice upon the square behind their house; some constable had seen it, and the firm was sued for causing a public nuisance, by the States' attorney. So far every thing was right. Mr. Weber, the one partner of the firm, who attended court, was condemned to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars to the judge and twenty-five dollars to the States' attorney, these two usually dividing what they could scrape together. Mr. Weber knew very well it was no use saying a word against it, and was perfectly satisfied at having appeared before Judge Reynolds and escaping with only three ounces to pay. But after he had paid every thing, he received another bill from the States' attorney next day, for another twenty-five dollars, due to this gentleman *from his partner*, as the whole firm had been condemned to pay the fine, and there were two partners in it.

Ridiculous as this would have been in any other country, Weber knew the state of the law in Stockton only too well not to fear the worst, and went to see his own attorney about it. He laughed when he told him of the new demand, but notwithstanding warned him he had better pay it than go to law about it, when he would have to lay out five or six times the sum in costs, and never would get off a fine which Judge Reynolds or his States' attorney had once claimed as their own. The only thing he could do, though it would do him no good, was to ask Judge Reynolds, after the next day's court was over, about the case, and whether he was bound to pay such a demand. Mr. Weber did so, and stepping up to the learned judge and explaining the case to him in a few words, asked his opinion. The judge gave it decidedly in favor of the States' attorney.

"But suppose," Mr. Weber said, getting rather warm, "one member of a large joint-stock company, say of a thousand men, had been convicted of such a public nuisance, and condemned by your Honor to pay such a fine, would, in this case, every single

one of the thousand be obliged to pay these twenty-five dollars to the State's attorney also?"

"Without the least doubt, Sir!" the learned judge replied, pursing his brows; and Weber, of course, left the house, and paid his twenty-five dollars in the greatest haste.

In California law and justice were altogether two very different things at that time; for all the officers of justice, attorneys, and judges, or whatever their titles may have been, had only come over here, like the rest, to make money; the quickest way they could do so, being of course the best.

As to the cholera, of which we had heard so much on the road, we could not see a sign of it in Stockton; some cases had, in fact, appeared, but only among the Mexicans, and nobody spoke, or thought of any danger. At San Francisco, too, it was said that it had considerably abated, though it had been there for a couple of weeks.

I started next morning from Stockton, in one of the small bay steamers to San Francisco; in this case also matters had improved. The steamers were better and larger, and in spite of that, cheaper: where I had paid in the spring of this same year thirty dollars for the passage from Stockton to San Francisco, with no sleeping-place, I now paid fifteen dollars, and had a very good berth to turn into.

Wednesday, the 6th of November, we landed on a new wharf at San Francisco, the last time I should enter this "Fairy Queen of the West;" for, as in the fairy tales of old, the city had sprung up out of the barren hills, growing up in a single night, and altering its features every week so entirely, that even its outlines and buildings assumed a different character.

CHAPTER IX.

SAN FRANCISCO IN THE AUTUMN OF 1850.

THE boat had hardly stopped, when several parties offered their services to carry baggage into the town. I had brought down with me a good many curiosities, and wanted somebody to help me, but was doubtful what price might be asked, for I thought of olden times. I first inquired of a young negro what he would take to help me in carrying a part of my things up into town, and his answer surprised me not a little, "Quarter-dollar, Sir." What a change! But I found more cause for astonishment a few minutes afterward, for on entering the town I had left not quite half a year before I really did not know where I was, did not recognize a single street, and was perfectly at a loss what to think of such an entire change. Where I left a crowded mass of low wooden huts and tents, I found a city, and in great part built of brick houses, with pretty stores; and the streets—formerly covered with mud and water—floored throughout with thick and dry planks. There was not a spot of ground to be seen, the whole road was one mass of wood; and the danger of fire was said to be lessened by this, instead of being aggravated, as the engines, which not unfrequently stuck in the mud formerly, before they could reach the place of the fire, were now able to run nearly with railroad speed to the spot where they were wanted.

With a greater feeling of security, the merchants also bestowed greater care upon their stores, giving them a more pleasant appearance, and ornamenting them; and the town itself had lost in a great measure that wild and rambling appearance which the tents had mainly given it.

Still San Francisco as yet displays too great a mixture of nations to allow any kind of uniform exterior, but while the American character is revealed more strong with every month, the Spanish element is disappearing fast; and there is no doubt that it will be in a year or two—for ages are not required for such a change

in this part of the world—a decidedly American city, like New York, or rather New Orleans.

A great many Frenchmen live in the town, and are the principal proprietors of the boarding-houses, hotels, and cafés. Spanish stores are very rarely found, though the "compra oro aqui," or "gold dust bought," in the windows, reminds you of former times.

There are also great quantities of Chinese, but you see very little of them; they roll up their tails, and conceal them frequently under European caps, and hide themselves in their own houses; and only the Chinese flags here and there denoting eating-houses kept by some of this industrious and never idle race, tell you the exact spot where you may find a nest of them. A great many have emigrated, principally during the last year; and since I left California and San Francisco, a legislative measure has been passed in a rather peculiar way, and contrary to the constitution, as well as for a rather peculiar reason, imposing a poll-tax, only affecting Chinamen. The reason, most singularly, lay in the temperate and simple habits of the Chinese; they came to California, as the California legislature considered, earned a great deal of money by their industry, and spent nothing, and the only way of getting any thing out of them, was by laying them under a poll-tax. In their favor it was urged that if they drank no liquors, they all most certainly bought a pair of boots as soon as they trod Californian ground and saw their countrymen strutting about in such articles of dress; but this argument was not thought sufficient, and the poll-tax came into force.

There were several newspapers at this time, and numbers of ready-made editors were awaiting with ardent impatience the arrival of some new presses in order to start fresh papers. The American gazettes at that time were the "Alta California" and the "Pacific News," with a new undertaking, the "Commercial Bulletin." Besides these, the French also brought out a paper, but for want of a printing press it was lithographed. I myself had some intention of starting a German paper, but the expenses were so enormous—there being only one German printer in the town, and he just ready to start for the mines—and the interest my countrymen showed for such an undertaking so small, that I had to give it up as a bad job.

What seemed to prosper best in the growing town, proved to

be the gambling-houses and tables. The El Dorado, which I had left a low canvas tent, I found on my return a splendid three-storied brick building. The lower side of the plaza, with the Parker-house and several others, was in fact entirely taken up by these gambling hells, each furnished more splendidly than the others, the most magnificent, however, being the El Dorado, with its enormous gambling saloon, containing an immense quantity of different tables for nearly as many different games, though monte, a Spanish invention, and played with Spanish cards, possessed the preference: but besides this, there were faro, vingtun roulette, dice, lansquenet, and a variety of other modes to lose money. Below this saloon—or, rather, saloons, for they were divided by several partitions—the cellar rooms were furnished with four elegant bowling-alleys, parallel to one another, and also only used by hazard players; and in the second story were billiard-rooms, with a shooting gallery behind them. The second story of one of these buildings also contained a theatre, called the Jenny Lind, where you got enough for your money, for while the orchestra played one overture, you could plainly hear another from the saloons below.

In all these fine saloons you found two different counters or bars, one for the sale of spirituous liquors alone, with a man behind; the other for tea, coffee, chocolate, and similar beverages, with preserves and pastry, and at this table a young lady waits in a black silk dress, looking smilingly upon you when you ask for something, and stared at by the "b'hoys," when they come down from the mines.

These boys, however, need some description, for a perfect swarm of them forms an entirely new and wild genus, of which the English reader has no idea.

There are thousands of Americans, taken in a perfectly green state out of the woods, who have seen nothing in their lives but their ranges and log-cabins, or perhaps the nearest country-seat, and who started across the plains and Rocky Mountains, with their teams, from Missouri or Arkansas, through a yet wilder country than even their home was. Reaching California in the fall of the year, where they stopped in some rough mountain gulch, working away some ten or twelve months in the mines, they suddenly enter San Francisco, and are all struck of a heap, to use their own phrase. Add to this, some of the raw Yankees

you can even see in New York, with a large cake of gingerbread under their arms, and another smaller piece between their teeth, who walk leisurely through the streets, spelling the different sign-boards, form perfect crowds of spectators in San Francisco, damming the passages in the streets by day, and those between the gambling-tables at night. They post themselves, without thinking of spending a cent upon such fine stylish fixings, before the chocolate stands, and rush out of one house into another, sometimes with wild screams and yells, as soon as they reach open air again, which reminds you of the war-whoop of the Creeks or Seminoles, and makes the passing Mexican stop and listen in astonishment to the strange unearthly sounds.

But the gambling-tables are not situated in this part of the town alone, smaller ones are scattered through nearly every street; and you may see at them, if you take an interest in such things, the most singular and peculiar groups imaginable. I once entered a small building in the lower part of Montgomery-street, near Clark's Point, where a beautiful little Frenchwoman was sitting behind a hazard table, and a very decent pile of silver and gold, gambling furiously, and raking in silver dollars and gold ounces in a most bewitching way with her broken English and Spanish. A tall, raw-boned Yankee had been really caught by this little siren in black silk, and was throwing the most languishing and desperate looks at her while losing his money, without her taking the least notice of him, except by pulling his stake toward her, which he invariably lost, as long as I was standing there and watching the game. At last, having sacrificed, as it seemed, his last ounce, he pulled out his watch and put it down; it followed the rest. Another watch—"Lost Sir," the little Frenchwoman would say, and six inches difference in the position of the stake on the table brought it into her possession. Another watch—only one spot wanting and he would have won this time, but no, it was not to be. Another watch—the man must have had all his pockets full of them, for wherever he put his hand, out one came; the young Frenchwoman smiled, threw, and this watch was also hers. He pulled a ring off his finger.

"Combien?" the lady said.

"Très ounces," the Yankee answered in despair.

"Oh, no, no, no," the gamestress laughed; "una watch, pas plus."

This time the Yankee won, and she pushed one of the watches, hap-hazard, toward him, but on the next throw he lost it again, and the ring as well; but I had no time to wait and see if those inexhaustible pockets produced any more jewelry. That man must have been most certainly a traveling watchmaker.

San Francisco already began to have many public amusements; it counted two theatres, one circus, an exhibition of living statuary, now and then the black serenaders, some boxing entertainments on fine sunny mornings, and a number of cafés-chantants, which were invented and kept by Frenchmen, and deserve at least a short description, for what I saw at the real theatres was so indifferent that it would not be worth while wasting a word about them; I only regret the two dollars I spent one night in visiting the Jenny Lind theatre, and seeing the "Merchant of Venice" most miserably performed.

These cafés-chantants are nearly always common bar-rooms, rather large of course, to hold more people, and in the back part, furnished with a kind of little theatre, with a real curtain and two coulisses, or side scenes, the whole perhaps four or five feet higher than the floor of the saloons. Upon this stage stands a piano-forte, with several chairs; and each evening some unhappy individual, particularly engaged for the purpose, takes his place before it, and drums the instrument for about five or six hours at a stretch, for he is bound by contract to outdo even the uproar of a well-filled tap-room, whose customers do not care a bit about the player or his instrument.

In the café-chantant I visited several times, and in which I also once drank a glass of abominable punch, on each occasion a gentleman in a black dress-coat, and white kid gloves, appeared on the stage, and sang, with a very strong and full voice, a French song, accompanied by the man on the piano; I think so, at least, for he struck the keys powerfully, and worked his shoulder-blades at the same time most freely, though I could hear nothing. After him, a very lean young lady appeared, and she sang, I fancy, a comic song, for she had a roll of music in her hand, and opened her mouth very wide, at the same time shutting her eyes, and then with a multitude of smiles, looked up at the ceiling. Besides these two, I also saw in this café-chantant a young man of about nineteen or twenty years of age, also in a black dress-coat, very white kid gloves, an extremely tight cravat, danger-

ously long and sharp-pointed shirt collar, white waistcoat, and very fair hair. I suspected him at first of being a kind of comic singer, for he grinned all the time; but I found out afterward he served more for ornament than use, singing with his weak voice the chorus to the Marseillaise Hymn, conversing with the lean lady in the pauses, and upsetting the chairs when he had to leave the stage. In the café itself, and behind the bar, some French girls were seated, as a kind of bait, the picture of the oldest one hanging above the brandy-bottles, with a tremendous rose in her hand; and right under it, the original tried to keep her eyes open till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and smile with heavy eyelids, through the dreadful tobacco-smoke, at some long lank Down-easter, to entice the unhappy victim to order the tenth glass of sour punch. The Yankees call these cafés "shantangs," and say the word is Chinese.

On walking through the town next morning, I was astonished at the improvements going on every where. Hundreds of houses were being built at the same time, and even steamers were manufactured by putting old engines into little sailing crafts, and were taking in freight up to the gunwale. I once saw them cut up a whale-boat, put a piece in the middle to lengthen it, and make a steamer out of it in no time.

They had lately commenced bursting boilers, and the poor devils who were on board of the boats, and finally escaped with their lives, will have plenty of cause to remember them. I say finally, for a perfect chain of fatal accidents of a really romantic character, happened to these marked victims.

Only the day before, a small steamer had left for Stockton with passengers, but running some where in the bay against another steamboat, she sunk, a total loss, though nearly all the crew and passengers were saved. The surviving boat took the people—who all sought refuge on its deck, of course—back with her to San Francisco, and most of them took passage upon the first boat which started up the river, to their place of destination. This was the unhappy "Sagamore," whose boiler burst on getting only a very short distance from the wharf, and killed and destroyed the greater part of her crew and passengers. Very few escaped unwounded; and some of those saved, being badly hurt, and many senseless, were carried up to the City Hospital. But the unlucky men were not yet safe, though upon dry ground, for,

after escaping from the wreck of their boat the previous day, and the explosion on that day, that very night a fire broke out in the hospital itself, which was burnt to the ground. None were hurt by this accident, it is true; but some, carried into the streets, died notwithstanding, through the excitement of the moment, and the rest had to run the chances of the cholera, which raged most severely at the time. Those few chosen ones, who went through that whole chain of accidents, and escaped with their lives, will remember California, I think.

The number of steamers had increased in a most extraordinary manner, though only progressively with every thing else, during the last half-year. In the previous autumn, only two or three small steamers run upon the bay; now twenty-eight—and among these some pretty large ones—ply between San Francisco, Puebla San José, Stockton, and Sacramento, without counting those which are reserved only for the San Joaquin, Sacramento, Feather and Juba Rivers, while the most splendid steamers are kept as *packets* between the "Queen of the West" and Panama. Altogether, there is not a more enterprising nation on the face of the earth than the Americans are; and a striking proof of this, unparalleled in history, is furnished by San Francisco. Many laughed when Americans were paying large sums, even in 1849, for places which lay more than a quarter of a mile out in the bay, not even becoming dry in low tide, while large vessels were discharging their freight out there into boats; and now, even hundreds of yards beyond these places, large buildings stand, and streets are commenced upon bridges and posts. The Americans, of course, do not build so solidly as we are accustomed to do. If a house is only run up, no matter whether the walls are thick or thin, or if there is a danger of its falling in again; it has been a speculation, and with the next one they intend to be a *leetle* more careful, though they are not. The plank-roads were also laid very lightly, but they were laid; and if they had to mend and repair here and there again, the cost was in no comparison with the profit.

This is the fault of all the American works, if it can be called a fault, for they make up in number for any neglect in exactitude or care; and where Germans and even other nations would study for years, and calculate and consider if the thing is possible, and if possible also luerative, the American commences at it at once

with a dozen steam-engines and tries the whole first in practice. Very frequently it really succeeds; and if not, it has been in that case most certainly a practical experiment, if nothing else, and the next trial must succeed, and will repay the costs of the first failure.

And now, what kind of a country is California? will it realize all those high expectations we have of it? will it pay?

"Quien sabe?" the Californian himself says with his ever-ready answer; but I will tell you my opinion about it, dear reader, and you may then judge for yourself.

The mines of California will never be exhausted during our lives or those of our children; even all those places which are thought worked up at present, will be washed over again when a more quiet process has succeeded to the present washing with common cradles and pans, and railways have been laid to the most prominent mining places to secure them, together with regular communication, a low price for provisions and other necessaries. The time, however, when individuals could make a fortune in the mines in one or two weeks, is past; they may do it now by speculations, but can do the same every where else; and they will never have another chance—with exceptions, of course—of finding very rich spots, and sticking to them by themselves till they have exhausted them. There are too many now pressing around them. But that is rather an advantage than a disadvantage, for a more regular way of working the different places will come into use; people will commence from the outset with a steadier will: and if they stick to work, perseveringly and industriously—though hard work it be—they will earn good wages.

California will always—that is, for a length of time to come—be a land in which to make money—or lose it; and any one living there must resign nearly all those social ties, which he has been accustomed to in the old country. "Oh, that is nothing," many say; "if I am out of reach of them, I can easily give them up." This would be true, if you ever could get out of reach of them, but your memory recurs to all you have left, and you can never silence that. And take away, in fact, all those pure enjoyments from man, which he found in former times in his family circle, among his friends, in his home, and throw him into

a sphere where money—money is the only sound, what is left him at last but to become a mere working machine with only the one thought of gain, and perfectly satisfied at having been endowed by his Creator with a heart for the sole purpose of keeping the blood in due circulation during business hours.

Social life, at the same time, never can be formed artificially—it must grow up from itself, and principally by and through the presence of the gentler sex. Our earthly happiness depends upon the society of woman; and if it were only to see her work and reign at her own hearth and home, the mere consciousness of the presence of a female heart is a blessing. And what compensation has the Californian usually for this? Other countries send him their frail ones, who ruin those who escape the gambling hells.

There are some persons living here, who have sent home for their families, or themselves gone back to the States to bring them out; but in comparison to the rest, these are exceptions—and why? because among thousands who are living here now, and pretending to be very much pleased with the country itself, not fifty intend—let them say publicly what they please—to make California their real home; they all only came here to make money, and return with it as fast as they can to the States, or other countries. In later times a new generation, born here and having no other reminiscences, will remain and perhaps populate the country in a steady and consequently natural way.

Agriculture and gardening will then become the main support of the population; and though gold may be still found in abundance, the mad excitement will be over, and California become a more settled and comfortable State than it is now; but I hardly think any gold country ever can acquire that charm which is interwoven with the quiet, contented, and frugal life of every other state or land, and I for my part should never like to choose it for a continued and actual residence.

But it is a most extraordinary country for the merchant, a hazardous game, like monte and roulette, but equally exciting. Time, with years compressed into weeks and days, when compared with other parts of the world, has dwindled down to a nothing, and the period has returned when man can reach an age of nine hundred and a thousand years—for they live through them in California.

Such is California as I found it, at least, and how it continued in its mad course the reader may see by a letter, which a friend of mine wrote from there about a twelvemonth after my last visit:

"The fire that commenced at eleven o'clock P.M., on the 3d day of May, 1851, changed nearly the whole place, from a splendid town into a heap of ashes. At eight o'clock in the morning the flames were still raging on Clarke's Point, Long, Sacramento, Clay, Washington, Jackson and Pacific-street wharfs, and nearly all the wharfs along the whole frontage were destroyed. Besides these, three store-ships loaded with goods, two theatres, the custom-house, and nearly all the brick buildings from Montgomery's to Clark's Point—I never saw any thing more dreadful. And four weeks later, hardly a sign could be discovered of the whole fire, and the houses rose up so wonderfully quick out of the ashes, that we were prepared for the regular June fire again (that of May had occurred on exactly the same day as last year). This June fire, however, was not so destructive as the former one, though visiting at the same time a part of the town which had never been affected by any of the former fires.

"The day after the May fire there was another alarm and the new timber was found to be on fire, which had been carted upon the plaza, during the night, to rebuild the Californian Restaurant.

"As to our other improvements the new steam-engine brought from New York, and which has been at work now about eight or nine months, is the most remarkable. It carries off all the sand-hills toward the Mission Dolores, taking the sand through and over the liveliest and most frequented streets and wharfs of the town, into the sea, without interrupting the intercourse for one moment.

"In this manner the whole of Sansome, Battery, and a part of Front-street were filled up—places where a year ago large ships discharged their cargoes—and streets were afterward built out upon piles, and in a short time we may expect to have gained upon the bay from Rincon's to Clark's Point.

"In Sansome-street, where the sea rolled but a few months ago, a very large theatre now stands, which was built of brick by contract, in thirty days, completed inside and ouside, and fit

ted up. On the thirty-second day the first performance was given in it, the interior being tastefully arranged. Such is California.

"One hundred and four steamers, including the steamships for Panama, run upon the bay. For the last six months we have been able to go to Sacramento or Stockton for one dollar, and in the last four weeks for fifty cents.

"But the most extraordinary thing of all is our Vigilance Committee, of which I am a member, by-the-by, and about which I should like to say at least a few words.

"Shortly after the May fire, the impudence of perfect bands of rascals and thieves, from every part of the known and unknown world, grew in such a way, and the carelessness and vileness of our magistrates became so threatening, that the better part of the public and the citizens began to find such a state of things impossible to be borne any longer patiently, and the question arose—'Shall incendiaries and murderers, or shall good and honest people, have the power in their hands for the future?'

"Under the direction of the first merchants and bankers in town, such as Brannan, Argenti, James King, Macandray, and others, a Vigilance Committee was formed, to support the government in maintaining the laws, and condemning and punishing felons, if the lawful authorities should prove too powerless or negligent to do it themselves.

"In a short time this Vigilance Committee counted more than eight hundred members, of the most respectable inhabitants of San Francisco, holding two meetings weekly in a house rented for the purpose, to which only actual members were admitted. Every irreproachable man could become a member—with the exception of attorneys. By signing the constitution, the members bound themselves for fifty years—no secession being allowed during that period—to stand one for all and all for one, with life and property.

"Companies were then formed of twenty men each, with a captain; and guard-mounting, patroling, and house-searching, during day and night, occupied at first nearly our entire time. We arrested and tried all we thought guilty of crime, without asking any authority; and all those known rascals, of whom a great part had come over from former convict settlements, received written notices to leave the town in the course of ten

days. Many did so, the others were taken up and imprisoned till we had collected enough to charter a ship and send them off

"During our patrols and house-searching we discovered whole dens of thieves, and deposits of stolen goods—one, for instance, upon the island of Los Angelos, in the bay. In a very short time we had a large number of prisoners, whom we kept in our assembly-house, having provided small cells, holding four or five. Two companies were on duty, one by day and one by night. Each member had to keep his own watch, and appear armed at the place of meeting. Those who came without pistols or with unloaded ones, had to pay five dollars fine; and those who had no arms and were not able to buy them, received them from the sergeant-at-arms.

"An executive committee conducted the trials of the prisoners, and the general committee, after hearing the result, pronounced the verdict.

"The first person was a certain Jenkins—you know the particulars, I expect, but it is necessary to acquaint you how far we had the sympathy of the whole population with us. This showed itself in the most different ways; all the draymen in town, for instance, came, as they heard by the fire bell being struck twice that we had passed judgment of death, in all haste to the committee-house, where they formed perfect bulwarks with their carts and wagons—the authorities never could have thought of taking the prisoner away by force in such a case. At the same time, we had sent deputations to all the other towns of Alta California, to organize branch committees there, principally useful in watching all those felons who had fled from San Francisco to seek shelter farther up the interior.

"In consequence of our unwearied exertions, perfect peace and security exist now in San Francisco, and, in fact, through the whole country. The worst justices even have voluntarily resigned office through fear of the Committee, and their places are now occupied by better ones. We all knew, at the same time, that our actions were utterly illegal, even criminal; still it became a necessity, sanctioned by seven-eighths of the population of California."

Thus far the letter, and knowing the state of the country myself, I am perfectly convinced this Vigilance Committee was of the most urgent necessity for the whole community. This incessant

fear of fire must have been felt with the full conviction, at the same time, that a perfect band of felons was watching for such an accident, and probably caused it themselves, for pillage and plunder, in order to comprehend how a whole population could rise and say: "Thus far and no farther." Only such circumstances, too, can excuse such remedies, but then no excuse is necessary, for it honors the citizen to risk his own life and property that he may free town and state from such a curse, or, at least, check the continuance of such crimes.

Uncle Sam has looked at these proceedings, I am sure, rather doubtfully, and his officers and functionaries have sent him dreadful accounts of the deeds committed: but this being rather a ticklish case, government found itself in the awkward predicament of being opposed to a whole united nation—the nation being, at such a time, always in the right.

But enough of California. Perfectly satisfied with being able at last to leave the country again, and continue my journey, and having spent far too long a time upon this station already, my first step, as soon as I reached town, was to look for my luggage which I had left at the Mission, but soon found that somebody else had taken on himself the trouble of attending to all those small matters. All that I had called my own, with the exception of the empty trunk, in which I found an old coat, a pair of suspenders, and one pair of socks, accidentally left under the paper, was gone. I had to buy perfectly new clothing from head to foot, having come down from the mines in my original mining dress—and the reader ought to have seen me in such a state. But I did not care much about that just now, only I was sorry at losing a note-book of my journey through the Pampas, which had been taken away with a good many books I could not replace. So I bought an entirely new outfit, refilled my trunk, and soon found a ship—an American barque—the "Magnolia," in which I took passage for Honolulu, as it was advertised for Manilla, *viâ* Sandwich Islands. So taking my trunk on board, and finishing my letters, I was just going to leave the Californian shores, when I heard at the agent's office that the "Magnolia" was not going to touch at the Hawaiian group, though advertised for those islands during several weeks, and the captain would send my trunk ashore again.

This was a pleasant surprise—and would he really do so? I

took the safest way, for by living among the Yankees, a man gets very practical. So going down to the landing-place, at once, I hired a boat, and went out to the vessel to fetch the trunk myself. When I reached the place where she lay—and I had noticed it carefully enough, not far from a small American sloop-of-war—the "Magnolia" was really gone, and pulling outside the moored vessel, I could just see her going down with the current, under her mizen and foretopsail and jib toward the entrance. Offering my boatman five dollars if he would take me on board in time to get the trunk out, he bent to his oars, and after an hour's hard pull, the breeze being very weak, we overtook the vessel just opposite Alcatrazes. The captain of the "Magnolia" assured me he intended to come to anchor again, and go on shore once more, where he would have delivered my trunk most certainly, but I preferred taking it with me now. In justice to the agent though, I must mention that he returned me the five dollars I paid the boatman.

I now took passage on board another barque, under *English* colors, the "Jane Remorino," which was chartered by a house in San Francisco to go to Manilla, *viâ* Honolulu, and bring back a cargo of sugar; and we were just ready to start, when a strong gale sprung up, and made us stick to our anchors. But even here we lay in rather a dangerous position between the shipping, having other vessels, mostly riding at single anchor, all around us; so our captain determined on going farther down with the tide to be out of harm's way, and fastening our lines to the nearest ship, we dropped down slowly, feeling our way.

Our captain being a Spaniard himself, had a good many leather ropes in his rigging. His tow ropes, in fact, were of the same stuff; and on passing a small English barque—whose captain, an old, weather-beaten tar, with the cook and Newfoundland dog, seemed the only living souls on board—we hailed the vessel.

The English captain, who had seen us coming, was standing on his forecastle to catch the line thrown over himself, and fasten it, glad enough, most likely, to get us out of his neighborhood in such weather; but he hardly felt the line in his hand, when he held it up quite surprised—and I never shall forget the face with which he looked first at the rope and then at us, exclaiming in mute astonishment: "Leather, by G—!"

We got out at last, dropped both anchors, and lay here till the

storm had blown over. In the midst of the gale, on the 21st, the steamer with the United States' mail came in and passed us. Next morning, our captain went on shore again for letters and newspapers, and the latter we got to the 12th of October from New York, but no letters, there being no possibility of getting letters out of the post-office until thirty-six hours after the arrival of the mail, and therefore, though I knew letters from home might be lying for me in that miserable little building, I could not get them—how had I longed for them during nearly six months!—and must now leave them behind. And as it afterward turned out, there had been really two for me, which I only missed by a few hours, and which were sent after me first to Honolulu and then to Australia, missing me at Sydney again, traveling back twice between Adelaide and the former place, till I got them finally in New South Wales, nine months old.

But there was no help for it. With daybreak, next morning, the weather cleared up; and, with light breezes and calms, we dropped down nearly to the fort, lowering one anchor again, and waiting for the ebbing tide. In the evening, a light breeze sprung up. A pilot came on board, and tacking out in company with three other vessels, we made the outer passage just at sunset, the pilot leaving us rather quickly to get back to San Francisco that night, and telling the captain he could clear the northern shore well upon the next tack.

So farewell, California! The rough singing of the sailors sounded in my ears like the chimes of home! Thy rocky coasts are already fading away in the surrounding gloom, and only the white breakers—half in greeting, half in menace—gleam through the night as they repeat the burthen of their old war songs!

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU.

Outside the "Golden Gate"—at last! Only the man who has himself once left a gold country, can have an idea of what I felt, on seeing once again the wide and open sea with a new adventurous life before me, while all the toil and hardships of California, blessed California!—had been safely endured.

Safely? We had not yet done with it. Our pilot seemed to care less about taking us out of the harbor, than about getting his receipt for it from the captain, and when he left us, we were not nearly free of the dangers of the coast. He had told us we could clear the coast well on our next tack, but, though our little bark sailed well on the wind, we soon found how strongly the flowing tide set in against us, and drifted us toward the dangerous coast—so we had to tack again.

A nasty ground swell running near, the coast being also against us, we had every prospect of a disagreeable night. The weather was cold and uncomfortable too, so I went at last down into the cabin, read for about half an hour, and determined on going to bed. I had hardly done so, and was not half asleep, when I felt the ship suddenly receive a shock and tremble from stem to stern. She had most certainly struck something; and jumping in no small hurry out of my bunk, I heard our other passenger, an old Swiss gentleman, who had remained on deck, cry with an anxious voice, which I shall never forget: "And are we really lost?"

This was pleasant. Huddling on my clothes as fast as I could, in a few minutes I reached the deck, and arrived there just in time for a second shock: the ship grated on the sand again, and

the white waves of the neighboring surf dashed around us, but we were still afloat; the captain himself hove the lead, and found five fathoms, and the order was given to tack again.

The next minute was a scene of confusion; the vessel would not obey her helm, we could not tack, while every moment we might dash on some hidden bar toward which we were perhaps driving as fast as the current could carry us. But we soon found out the cause, the tiller having been broken by the second shock, the poor "Jane" could no longer be steered, and "Down with your anchor!" sounded hoarsely and ominously over the deck. A few seconds afterward, the heavy anchor rattled down in five fathoms water with forty fathoms of chain; and heading against the ground swell which here looked very much like breakers, the vessel lay, under a flutter of loosened sails, amidst the deafening noise of falling spars, and the loud commands of the officers, quietly 'fore anchor.

By this time there was hardly a breeze stirring, but the sky looked dark and threatening, and the captain himself did not seem very easy. He saw the damage repaired, and gave orders before he went below, that he should be called at the least sign of a fresher breeze.

Soon after midnight I awoke on hearing the rattling of the heavy chain again through the hawse-hole. The wind was howling, and whistling at the same time through the blocks and ropes, and the poor ship was working heavily against a strong and boisterous sea.

Not feeling quite comfortable in my dark cabin, I went on deck, and found things as unpromising as possible. The sky was covered with dark clouds, the wind howled dismally, and two men were watching the lead-line to see if the vessel was drifting again. She had done so a little while before, and they had given her about thirty fathoms more chain. Fortunately, the ship was a fine, new, and strongly-built vessel, with chains and anchors above her size, but the wind and waves rose higher and higher, and the poor "Jane" worked more heavily every minute.

The captain was on deck again, and the chain struck a couple of times so loudly that we thought it must snap asunder. Every thing was made ready to let go the second anchor; and the wind, gaining strength with every half-hour, seemed determined on driving us upon the sand. We had but four fathoms left, and

only our being in ballast saved us from striking against the hard and dangerous bottom.

If the wind had held on with the same force till morning, I don't know if even the second anchor could have saved us, but at about two o'clock, the worst of it seemed over. Still there was enough left to keep the waves in agitated and heavy motion; and when day broke, we found how near we had been drifted that night against the dark and threatening rocky shore. Near the entrance we were exposed at the same time to the whole powerful influence of the strong tide, but this was now in our favor, for against the turning of the tide, we commenced taking in chain; and after nearly three hours hard and steady labor, with a very weak-handed crew, but with the tide now helping us to clear the coast, we got the anchor home, and with all sails set, as close on the wind as we could go, we sailed round the barren and rocky shore of the Californian coast.

We had to tack all day to clear the dangerous shore, and it was not till nightfall that the wind improved a few points, and allowed us to make the open sea. That night we passed the Farallones, a couple of ugly rocks, nearly opposite the entrance of San Francisco Bay, and the next evening lost sight of the land.

From that time we had, with the exception of some short calms, a tolerably good breeze, and entered on the 30th of November, in 134° W. long. of Greenwich, and 30° N. lat., the northwestern trade-winds, which carried us toward the islands. But these do not blow the whole distance; the farther we went toward the southwest and the tropics, the more northeasterly the wind became, and from the 4th of December we struck the easterly trade-winds.

The weather was most beautiful, the thermometer standing in the cool cabin, at ten o'clock in the morning, at 79°; but the life on board was monotonous enough. The only amusement I had was noticing the different characters around me, and no place in the world can show, in that respect, better specimens than California, where originals have collected from every part of the globe; and masters of vessels, if they at that time wanted to leave the place again, were obliged to take nearly any body who offered, sailor or not, only to get a crew together.

The vessel was built at Malta, and sailed under English col-

ors; the captain was a Spaniard, born at Gibraltar, his first mate an Italian, a drunken and noisy fellow, and his second mate a brother of his, a young fellow who had only made one voyage before, and who, as he spoke a little English, had to keep the journal in that language.

The steward was a boy from the Mauritius, who spoke English, French, and Spanish; and the crew, with the exception of a Portuguese, were all English and Irish.

The captain's brother and the first mate carried on an uninterrupted quarrel; and the latter, when he found that they commenced keeping him on a short allowance of grog, went down slyly himself to a cask and tapped it for more.

In a drunken fit he began quarreling with the steward, too; and the second mate, who called him always "boatswain," and he didn't seem himself to know whether he was boatswain or mate, entered the following paragraph in his journal. A singular fact is connected with these few lines; and whenever I read them I feel my head swimming, as if the room turned round with me.

"The B'man Geogio makes question with the steward, when this was busy in taking out plates of the deck sterm-table, whay he called the steward for to carry watter from bukets to a barrel, and the saylors said for many times that he want do for to carry the crew out; the steward said that saw him in the sterich robing brandy from a cask, and proof that it was so when he sleep in the windlass as a drokker."

B'man Geogio had been found one fine afternoon on his watch, just after this little spree, very comfortably stowed away in the lee of the long-boat: the last part of the entry should insinuate that.

Monday, the 9th of December, land in sight, but far off yet. About the middle of the day we came nearer—naked and darkly threatening volcano mountains—are those the South Sea Islands?

We had sighted some of the eastern islands of the Sandwich group; the next morning at day-break we neared Oahu, but even this island—the principal one, since it contains the residence of his Majesty Kemehameha III.—displayed nothing but barren and naked mountains. Not even with a telescope could I discover that luxurious vegetation with which I had, in my imagination, clothed these islands; and only on coming nearer and nearer the

lower range of the hills rose in sight, and showed shrubs and low trees, and nearer to the shore, on some parts, a small strip of cocoa-nut trees, the proofs of a tropical sun.

The light-house of Honolulu now appeared, out of a thin mist, which covered the lower part of the coast like a vail, and we could see a number of ships in the harbor itself, and outside, close to the entrance of it, appearing to us, from afar, as if they lay right in the very midst of the coral-reef breakers, which surround the whole island with a wide circle, as they do all the islands of the South Sea.

The sharp outlines of the rugged hills showed themselves clearly against the dark-blue sky, which was interrupted by no cloud; and on approaching the entrance of the harbor, the little town of Honolulu, with its dark masses of low bamboo-huts, and its white European-looking houses, scattered all among the former, and even some high and proud stone churches, and some few—but in fact, very few—cocoa-palms, hove clearly in sight.

CHAPTER II.

HONOLULU.

THE nearer we drew to the land, the more pleasant did I find the little town itself, and the vicinity of it. The lower slopes of the hills were clothed in a fresh and lively verdure, in which I could already discern thick shrubs and bushes, while at the same time the long line of breakers became visible, the surf breaking and dashing over the coral reefs, which were perfectly hidden by it, and only showing a long white line of dancing foam and froth.

The entrance of the harbor itself is most singular, and is shown very plainly, not only by some iron buoys which government has put here, but also by the wrecks of two whalemen, which ran aground, one on the right and one on the left side of the entrance, and offer now, as long as they last, a most excellent land-mark for vessels entering the harbor.

The entrance itself is formed entirely by a natural channel in the coral; and these channels present, in fact, a perfect natural curiosity in all these islands, though their cause may be easily guessed. The coral is entirely a salt-water plant or formation, growing out of the sea, or built up through thousands of years by small but industrious insects, to the surface of the ocean; but the coral can not agree with sweet water, whatever be the cause of its existence; and wherever, all over these islands, a fresh-water stream comes down from the hills, and mingles with the briny flood, the coral has given way to let the disagreeable mixture pass; so where these streams have been strong enough, they have worked perfect channels, through the wall-like masses of coral.

Once inside this channel, and protected against the raging sea by the very reefs that at first threaten to destroy the approaching ships, the anchorage is perfectly safe in only about fifteen fathoms of water; while outside the harbor the coral bank shelves down at so great an angle as to make nearly every ship drag her anchor if it come on to blow off land. The depth of the water, too, is

very great, even close to the reefs, and anchorage can hardly be found under thirty fathoms.

Not long before our arrival, a vessel had come in from California, and the captain, who seemed to be perfectly certain of finding good anchorage at hardly a cable's length from the reefs, dropped his anchor, first with thirty, afterward with forty, fifty, and sixty fathoms, and let go at last the whole length of chain, without even finding bottom. An American man-of-war, that lay at that time in the harbor, had to send him her boats, merely to get his chain up again.

But I soon forgot even the foaming reefs and the cocoa-palms on shore in the new life we found ourselves surrounded by. All over the smooth water of the inner bay, and up to the very entrance, there were a quantity of canoes, with their singular crews and peculiar outriggers, gliding backward and forward, fishing or idling, and often nearly touching the surf with its roaring and glittering waves. The "Jane Remorino," not intending to stop longer at the island than about twenty-four hours, would not enter the harbor. Our anchor, with fifty fathoms out, dropped opposite the entrance down to the bottom; and half an hour afterward, the harbor-master, a stout, comfortable-looking American, came on board to ask "how we were?" though not merely by way of compliment, but in right good earnest. As he looked over the ship—inquiring with a look and nod, "Well, how are you all?" and I as a kind of spokesman answered him, "Thank you tolerably; and you?" Seriously shaking his head, he said, "Well, I *am* well, but that is nothing: I must know how you really are, on account of the cholerá"—with a strong accent on the last syllable. But even in that respect we could satisfy him, for there was nobody unwell on board, only Geogio, who had had a small fit of the *delirium tremens* a few days before, and looked rather sober to-day. We had also a perfect bill of health from San Francisco. Though the cholera was at the time in the city of the golden empire, the government of California knew very well that it would not infect the islands; and they had here too much sense to put ships that came from a sick country in a long quarantine, when the salubrious climate in itself was a perfect antidote against all such diseases.

In lieu of a white flag—the sign of all being well on board—we hoisted an old towel, rather the worse for wear, on the fore

top, and went soon after with the harbor-master, who is also the pilot of the place, to town.

Between the foaming reefs we entered the mile-wide channel, passed a quantity of dirty-looking whalers, that had come in from their summer's cruise, and were repairing and taking in provisions, and touched about a half an hour afterward the coral-block walls of the *levee* of Honolulu, where a parcel of chattering natives, partially clad in the most lively colors, threw themselves, as if they had been the most perfectly civilized beings, on my baggage, to carry the different packs and boxes, most likely to just as many different hotels and restaurants on shore. But I did not trust this red gentry enough to take them right at once as guides and porters, but first drove them out of the boat again on shore, and left my things in charge of the sailors, till I inquired after a good hotel. I was recommended to a French one, "Hôtel de France," and with the help of some "kanakas," as the islanders are called, and, in fact, call themselves, and with a hand-cart, I soon took my little property, consisting of a trunk, my hammock, and a parcel of Californian curiosities, to my next destination.

While going up to the street I was very nearly and most innocently creating a perfect hubbub. I carried a large pickle-bottle in my hand, which contained a quantity of snakes, lizards, grubs, spiders, &c., collected in California, and preserved in alcohol, because I did not like to have it shaken on the cart, and perhaps be broken; but the sight of the animals attracting a passing Indian, inquisitive and curious as all of them are, he stepped up to the bottle, and a cry of admiration collected in a few minutes a whole crowd around me, which grew, as we went on, in an incredible way. To save myself and the bottle, I had to put it at last on the cart, and cover it up with my blanket, glad to find that the police-officers, of whom there is a great number in Honolulu, had taken up the matter, and commenced clearing the street.

The Hôtel de France is a tolerably good house, and charged very good prices at the time, owing to the neighborhood of the El Dorado, of course—twelve dollars a week for board and lodging on an Island in the South Sea looks at least very much like it; but there was a comfort in the whole arrangement, a clean bed, a lofty room, and a good table, so I did not grumble.

But if I had been astonished on a first view at seeing the bar-

ren mountains of islands which I had thought covered with luxuriant vegetation, I was more so when wandering through the streets of the perfect little town, at signs of civilization I had really not looked for in these latitudes. Coming to the Sandwich Islands, and expecting to find here a nearly wild South Sea island, to roam about through thick groves of cocoa-palms, and other fruit-trees with the half-tamed inhabitants, beautiful and interesting in their natural and happy life—and what did I find on the very spot where I had fancied a luxurious tropical vegetation? bowling-alleys, billiard-tables, livery stables, and tap-rooms, and as sober and dull faces as I could have wished for in any larger town in Europe or America.

But no, the influence of the Catholic missionaries had not yet destroyed all the peculiar qualities of the race; the natives still possessed the light brown skin, the black, silky curled hair, the glowing dark eye, the quick, lively motions and gesticulations my eye sought, and met even on the landing, and the most singular groups. A great number of the natives had collected round the houses, some of them squatting down—a posture they seem to admire very much—while others were standing and gesticulating, talking about the arriving or departing ships, and laughing and chatting with the girls, who, in calico frocks of very lively colors, walked up and down along the "wharft," or stopped to have a little talk with the young men, and laughed, and danced, and shook their long, dark tresses round their temples.

The ladies most certainly deserve our first attention; they are, without exception, dressed in long, loose gowns of gaudy colors, preferring, as it seems, yellow and red, some of them wearing a small girdle, or a gay shawl tied round their waist, which, as it revealed their forms more fully, could only be an improvement; for these wild island girls, with their dark complexion and glowing eyes, their slender and voluptuous forms, and quick and graceful motions—graceful, because they are natural—are really most lovely beings.

Many of these girls wear over their calico dresses silken kerchiefs or shawls, but most all of them flowers or another ornament, made of red and yellow wool, round their temples and upon their long beautiful tresses, intended as an imitation of the more costly feather adornment of the same colors and shape

Nearly all of them go bare-footed, and, in fact, with very little clothing, except this gown, and a piece of cloth tied round their waist underneath it.

The men are dressed still more simply, if possible; they all wear the malo or maro, a small piece of cloth round their loins, some a shirt with it, others a pair of pantaloons, very few both. A great many of them are also tattooed, but the missionaries wage a furious war against tattooing, as an old heathen custom, and the poor fellows who took pride in it in former years, have to run about now without their loved ornament. All of them wear the small band round their loins, and some of them go entirely naked, except this malo; but these are very seldom seen in the town, though it is not long ago since even the missionaries, preaching Christian humility, had their own wives pulled about through the streets by such human beings in small wheel-chairs. The European residents there, talked, however, a good deal about it, and these horse kanakas now wear, at least, shirts —but they pull yet.

The great majority of the Sandwich islanders, and all on Oahu, are Christians—that is, at least, in outward forms. They do not any longer believe in the fire-goddess Pele, who had her residence, as they formerly thought, in the boiling crater of the Hawaijan Mountain, but in a more reasonable and Christian-like devil, who resides in the bottomless pit. But in many other respects they look like heathens still, and to my fancy, are not the worse for it.

Missionary zeal has most certainly never shown itself in any place of the wide world more warmly and ardently than on these very islands. Most of the original missionaries, and I believe nearly all of them, came over from America; finding here a glorious climate, a kind and friendly people, who received them into their families, gave them homes and food, and knowing, at the same time, the excellent situation of the island, they began their work of reformation in good earnest, and settled among these tribes. Of course, they had houses themselves, and gardens, and every other thing necessary for a comfortable life; and now the missionaries' estates are among the best on the island.

The Catholic missionaries produced very disagreeable consequences for the poor islanders. In the first place, they became confused in their religious belief. They had done away with

their own religion, with their own gods and customs, because white men had come and told them that the religion of their fathers was contrary to the will of God, and that they would teach them the only true belief; and now another sect came, calling themselves Christians just as well, who had quite different ceremonies, and which the first priests told them were nothing better than idolatry. Besides this, the French frigate "L'Artémise" afterward came into the port of Honolulu, to demand redress for grievances suffered by French subjects, and request liberty of religion throughout the islands, as well as twenty thousand dollars, as a guarantee for the king's future conduct toward France, "which sum the government (of France) would restore to him when they considered that the accompanying treaty had been faithfully complied with."

Poor Kamehameha had really to come forward with his twenty thousand dollars—a sum he had to borrow from his foreign subjects; and the Roman Catholic religion has been free from that time.

The American missionaries have done a great deal for the knowledge of the language: they have brought a printing-press over, and printed not only vocabularies and school books, but also translated the whole Bible into the Kanaka language, a book about twelve or fourteen inches thick. What the islanders really think of it all, I can not tell, and it would puzzle others to do so, I think; but they buy the book and read, or spell it, and are most certainly Christians.

Honolulu itself is a pleasing little town; it stands upon a plain at the opening of the valley of Nuanu, running across the island between high mountains, whose sterile peaks give but little indication of the fertility of the lovely valleys at their base, and which look exactly as if they had been in former times rent asunder by some mighty volcanic action. The town is laid out in wide and regular streets not unfrequently inclosed with adobe walls, here and there intersected by houses of European fashion, built by the foreigners, or lined with the low gloomy huts of the natives themselves.

Here and there you find, in fact, most excellent stone buildings, such as the government-house, with its gilt crown over the entrance, and many other private buildings and public churches. But most of the houses in the business part of the town are built

of framework; and the straw-thatched huts of the natives form a kind of suburb to them.

The two most strongly built edifices—even the fort not excepted—are the custom-house and one of the churches, both built with blocks of coral.

A short distance from the fort, there is also a roomy and airy market-house, with stone pillars, and covered with tiles; but only very few of the Indians make use of it, seeming to prefer their old thatched and low rows of huts in the upper part of the town, which they will not leave, I am sure, till government pulls them down.

I always like to visit the market-place of a strange town, for you find the people collected there in their most natural form, displaying their own habits and peculiarities, and among their own produce, because they are not alone sellers and buyers, but also in their characters, as a producing class, stand in contrast to the consuming one; and however they may appear in every other situation of life, on the market-place where they form a compact mass of one class of individuals, as in their own homes, we find them in their aboriginal condition.

Besides the originals themselves—the dark-skinned natives of these islands—the market-place of Honolulu did not offer any thing extraordinary. There was, in fact, apparently a perfect scarcity of produce, a most natural consequence of the unnatural export to California; and even the fish-market was very poorly supplied with the different kinds of fish, caught most commonly around these shores and on the coral banks inside the reefs.

Here, however, I saw the first flying fish in the market, and they are the most excellent thing I have ever tasted. I will not deny that the scarcity of fresh meat in open sea, frequently make us think a fish caught there the most delicious food; but even on shore I thought I should prefer the flying fish to trout itself, or any other kind of the species I had met with before.

But though we were living in one of the South Sea Islands, where I had always imagined fruit abounded, I found the market nearly destitute of it. Bananas, or pisangs, seemed the only kind offered at a reasonable price; and even these were four times as dear as in Rio de Janeiro. Oranges they imported here from the Society Islands, and I had to pay sixpence for two.

Cocoa-nuts were a shilling apiece; and even vegetables, Irish and sweet potatoes, yams and cabbages, bore a most unreasonable price.

Besides the market, where there are a great number of breakfast-tables, sheltered by the low and often defective thatched roofs, of course only for the accommodation of the natives themselves, there is a great quantity of produce carried about through the town by single men, who commonly bear two very large calabashes attached to the extremities of an elastic pole, about five or six feet long, which they balance on one of their shoulders, having one calabash hanging before and the other behind. These calabashes, sometimes twenty inches in diameter, and fitted with a cover of the same material, are inclosed in network, and frequently contain their favorite poe for the use and benefit of the natives only, also eggs, vegetables, &c.; taking back from town, in the same way, merchandise which they want or do not want at home.

The awkwardness with which they very frequently divide their load is peculiar. After selling one part, they never think of dividing the left into two equal parts to preserve a balance, but leave the one calabash and put an adequate stone in the other scale, even taking such a weight home with them for miles over the mountain.

The poe is frequently described as fermented paste or mush, made out of the tarro-root, and eaten, with utter contempt for the use of a spoon, with the forefinger of the right hand, which they in fact, call from this the poe-finger—ka-rima-poe.

The way in which they sell their goods is also characteristic. They have not the least idea how valuable time in itself may be, and a man coming to market with perhaps a dozen of eggs—a thing that very frequently happens—will squat down on the ground with his eggs in a flat calabash on his knees or by his side and offer them for a certain price which he has made up his mind to get for them. Offer him five cents less for the whole, he will only shake his head, quite indifferent how long he may have to wait for another customer, and sit there the next day just as patiently with his dozen eggs as if his life depended upon these few cents. The natives, on the same principle, carry turkeys, for instance, over the pali or abyss that divides the island into two parts, a distance of at least six or eight miles to Hono-

lulu, and fix a certain price for the birds; but if you want to buy them in their own house, saving the men the trouble and labor of carrying the heavy birds such a long distance, and employing in the most favorable case at least a whole day of their time, they would not yield a single cent of the sum once fixed upon as the price of the turkeys: time and traveling, in fact, they do not count, and that price they must fetch. Captains of vessels, therefore, buy all the produce they need just as cheaply in the market as they would do in the very homes of the market people.

In the town, a numerous band of police-officers, with their blue uniform jackets and white trowsers, kept very good order, and I did not see a drunken native in the streets, thanks to the law prohibiting as far as possible the sale of strong liquors. These police-officers also wear shoes, a most extraordinary thing for a native, and a cap with a broad yellow stripe around it, on which is painted in large black letters the word "police." I have seen three-and-twenty of them leaning in one row on a garden-plank, and others passing or coming and going, made the place look very much like a police bee-hive.

The standing army of the young state does not appear equally well organized. The treatment the king received from foreign men-of-war does not appear to have at all encouraged his majesty in spending much money on such defenses; the natives were perfectly aware that they had not the power to offer any real opposition to the enemy's fleet or even a single ship; and in spite of not being quite civilized, they have too much sense to keep such costly puppets only for show.

I visited the fort, but it looked desolate and forlorn. It stands near the head of the harbor, a large area, nearly square, inclosed by a thick and comparatively low wall of coral. In the centre of the fort rises the flag-staff, with the national flag—the British Union, with alternate stripes of red and white. On entering the fort, I noticed on the left hand side a low range of buildings appropriated to the use of the governor; parallel to which runs the magazine, a stone vault, ten or fifteen feet long. On the right hand are some low thatched houses, intended for prisons; and the ramparts in front, toward the sea, were formerly ornamented and armed with about fifty or sixty iron guns and one brass one, but now the place lay in the most wild and desolate condition.

Only a year before, a French merchantman which had tried to smuggle spirituous liquors, had been confiscated, and the next French man-of-war—asking redress for the pretended grievance, and taking revenge when redress was refused—had threatened to bombard and fire the town, but contented itself, after a remonstrance from the English and American residents there, with storming and demolishing the undefended fort, for all the native soldiers fled at the first sign of active hostilities. They broke down the wall in several places, destroyed the gun-carriages, and even the cannons themselves so far as they could, by knocking off the cascabels and trunnions.

It was at this time that the French took with them his Majesty's little schooner, called after him, "Kamehameha," and never brought it back again; and the natives had not touched the overturned guns or carriages since, but they lay just as the French sailors and marines had left them, strewn about in the fort, or in heaps in the different corners. But the duty on spirituous liquors was not alone the cause of this outrage—religion had a finger in it also; and the missionaries, only for the sake of saving the islanders' souls, of course, got the poor king out of one scrape into another, though always assuring him, as soon as it came to a breach, that they had nothing whatever to do with the political laws of the country, the king having supreme power and most certainly free-will in all such matters; while everybody knew the king did nothing without asking the missionaries first what the God of the Christians thought of such subjects, and of course the missionaries, without having any thing personally to do with such state matters, guided him, notwithstanding, as they saw proper, from Scripture.

The natives had a very kind and confiding sentry at the entrance—a dark-looking fellow, in an old blue frock-coat with red facings, a high and singular-looking cap far back on his thick bushy hair, and striped pantaloons, without shoes or boots—who was pacing up and down before the entrance, his musket leaning peaceably in a corner of the open gate. I went in with the captain of a whaler, a part of whose sailors had deserted, and who was going to offer a reward for their recapture; and when we entered the place, the sentry followed us very politely, showing us the way to the governor's house, and leaving his gun at the same time unprotected outside, at the mercy of the passers-by.

I saw that afternoon a kind of parade among a rather mixed crowd of "regulars," some of them carrying—but I have not the least idea why—under a burning hot sun, two muskets instead of one—one on their right shoulder and another in their left hand. I was told also that, on the order being given to fire, the officers of this army, standing before the front, lay themselves deliberately down, of course not to be shot at by their own soldiers, and let them fire away over their heads; but I did not see this myself.

But Honolulu boasts a great many other things—presents from California, which floods the neighboring islands with natural and unnatural curiosities, in the true sense of the words "to astonish the natives;" and the poor fellows really are in a state of continual transition from one wonderful thing to another. A year before, a real theatre came here, stunning the imagination of the poor islanders, who had not even an idea that such a thing existed in the world. After this, a Mr. Rossiter, an Englishman—who called himself on the bills, for reasons best known to himself, Herr Rossiter—danced on the tight rope; and even while I was in Honolulu, the *ne plus ultra* of all these feats appeared in the shape of some American equestrian performers, who came over from San Francisco, bought raw horses on the islands, trained them a little while, and then rode them in a circus together with a few others they had brought with them. Indifferent as the performances were, the natives had never seen any thing like it, and thronged to the wonderful white men, who wore such fantastic dresses, and could ride in such a funny way on horseback. For once the girls did not spend every cent they could earn in calicoes, silks and scented oils, but carried their half-dollars—much to the discomfiture of the merchants, who suffered a dead loss by it—to the illuminated tent and the splendid music of some thundering trumpets and a most glorious large drum, their favorite instrument. Those poor devils who could not raise money enough to see this most extraordinary spectacle, pressed, at least, in the evening, round the tent to hear the performance gratis, going home afterward firmly convinced that they had spent the evening in a most splendid way.

The road opposite the riders' tent was, on the evenings of a performance, crowded in such a way as hardly to allow any one to pass, except by free use of his elbows and shoulders.

But all this was nothing in comparison to an incident that

happened several years before, striking, for the first time, terror to the hearts of the quiet children of these islands after they had got used to the pale faces of the foreigners.

Among the foreigners that came out with some French ships from Europe was a "friseur and coiffeur," or fancy hair-dresser, who set up a shop in one of the principal streets of Honolulu. On the very first day, he had perfect crowds of natives before his door, by merely displaying some wigs and tresses—of course, as the natives thought, human hair with the skin adhering to it. But the greatest wonder happened the next morning. Soon after daybreak, there was a perfect uproar in the town, and the natives thronged from all parts of the little place toward the street where the Frenchman lived. In half an hour, a vast multitude was collected there, and the rumor spread about like lightning that the foreigners had cut off some persons' heads, and stuck them up in their window for a show. There was, in fact, not the least doubt about it—there were the heads, and worst of all, they looked quite fresh.

With great difficulty, and only by allowing half of them to touch the wax figures with their "rima poe," could they be convinced of the truth; but they kept coming for a long time to the window to see these heads; and an account of the curiosity was sent over to the other islands.

A most singular character paraded the streets of Honolulu at the time I staid there; a privileged person, too, who lived in continual opposition to the police and their ordinances, and still was suffered to do as much mischief as he possibly could, without being punished. This character was nothing else than a goat, which had the most singular, and, in fact, unnatural affection for all the freshly-posted bills it could reach any where in the place.

This old goat, having perfect leisure for all such kinds of amusements, passed up and down the streets all day, seemingly looking out for a scanty supply of grass, which grew outside the gardens and walls of the houses, or on coral blocks and heaped-up lumber; but, in fact, the sly old rascal was only watching the bill-poster, whom he followed through the whole place, at a respectful and perfectly well-calculated distance; and as soon as the man had turned, with his arm full of fresh-printed sheets and paste-pot, round the next corner, the goat looked carefully up

and down the street, as it had a natural abhorrence of police-officers, and seeing none of these, walked deliberately up to the bill, got up on its hind-legs, caught hold of the first corner it could reach, and pulled down the whole, or tore off as much as it could get. The animal was perfectly mad after these bills, and I really believe could have fed entirely upon waste-paper.

In company with a German gentleman, a Dr. Petri, with whom I became acquainted at Honolulu, I rode one afternoon to visit the so-called pali or pari, a high rock, and, in fact, the dividing ridge which cuts the northern and southern half of the island in two.

Getting a couple of tolerably good and lively ponies, we galloped along the main street, up toward the mountains, and, I must confess, I had not spent for a long, very long while, such an afternoon as this. The valley of Nuanu is, in fact, the garden of Honolulu, displaying every variety of fruits and vegetables; these consist of grapes, bananas, taro, yams, cocoa-nuts, sugar-canes, pine-apples, melons, potatoes, and other kinds of vegetables, and in former times the market was supplied with plenty of them at a reasonable price. But now the greater part of this produce is shipped to California, or offered at such a price in Honolulu, as if the little creek of the valley of Nuanu was just as rich in gold as that of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

After leaving the town, we kept for a long while in a straight and regularly-planted avenue of a kind of linden-tree; the leaves, at least, looked very much like those of the linden, but larger, and the tree bore a quantity of partly red, partly white blossoms. Kui-kui-trees were planted between these, bearing the oil or kui-kui-nut, which the natives use for burning. In former times, they also employed the smoke of this nut in their tattooing, to give the drawing on the skin a lively blue color.

Water was every where led through the gardens and fields in the neighborhood, for the principal food of the natives consists of the taro or kalo root, which grows only in water-patches, forming little ponds, out of which the broad, juicy leaves of the plant grow up to a height of three or four feet. These ponds glistened, like mirrors, in the fresh green of dark-leaved orange or citron-trees, or whispering bananas; and still further on, we could see the broad feathery leaves of the cocoa-palms waving their splendid crowns over fields of sugar-cane, or groves of fruit-trees.

On we passed, through the beautiful and fertile valley, toward the open ground; here and there the white and friendly cottage of some European lay hid beneath shady groves; and wildly scattered around, but each provided with a small garden, or at least a taro patch, planted round with kui-kui-trees and bananas, stood the low and gloomy huts of the natives.

The farther we left the town behind, the steeper the road wound toward the mountain; and to our right we heard the murmuring noise of a waterfall. The doctor, though only a short time on the island, seemed very well acquainted with this neighborhood. Riding up toward a small gate, a boy of about eight or nine years ran out to us, and a couple of young girls, with an old kanaka following them, appeared from the nearest house, to hold our horses.

To our right, only a few yards from the hut, the path led up the steep slope of a narrow valley, over which we obtained an open and beautiful prospect of a small but rapid cascade. The clear and wild mountain-stream, in its freshness and purity, rushing from its rocky home, and stealing away beneath the shady and waving bushes, leaped in mad sport over the jagged rocks in the valley, and rested awhile in an open and free basin, as if half-astonished at seeing the world around so fair and sunny; and then, like a civilized Indian, who had at once become a good Christian and citizen, resigning its free and happy life, glided slowly and soberly down into the cultivated plain. In those few moments it had become quite another being; its past life was gone, never to return; its free-will taken from it; it could no longer bound through the shady groves of its wild forests, caressing the sweet and gracefully-bending flowers, or searching beneath the gnarled and water-worn roots for a glistening pebble, with which to toy, and bear it along on its smooth and careless course. Those times were passed, and it would now be taught the blessings which civilization could confer upon it. Now it has to fill the taro ponds of its disinterested teachers, water their gardens, drive their mills and engines, and be employed besides for the lavatory purposes of town and neighborhood, till it loses itself—really perfectly civilized, and with no sign left of its former wild and reckless life—a slow and muddy drain, in the ocean. Poor, poor streamlet!

Having a good distance to ride yet, we could not stop very

long; therefore mounting our horses again, we galloped up the hill. But, while the road became worse and worse, and sometimes wet and swampy places nearly stopped our progress, and made the horses sink up to their knees in the mud, we found company. A little dark-skinned boy and girl respectively of about six and eleven years of age, bounded wildly toward us, and tried to keep pace with our horses, not caring more for mud or rocks than if they had been soft moss or silky carpets. The girl especially, in spite of her longer dress, which she held up, however, over her knees, kept always ten or fifteen paces ahead; and the boy, to save himself unnecessary exertion, caught hold at last of the horse's tail, and when once secure, did not seem to care how fast we went. The doctor told me the little fellows—for we heard a couple more boys coming after us—ran along with us, only to get a chance of holding our horses on the top of the pali, and earn a real.

We were in the mean time approaching the upper part of the ravine, and the formation of the two peaks left hardly any doubt that the rocks had been torn asunder in former times by some powerful volcanic eruption, the two parts bearing a close and striking resemblance to each other, and seemingly corresponding exactly in their hollows and elevations. The northeast trade-winds were blowing here with goodwill through the low bushes and wild plantains which covered the whole valley, and far away on the other side of the mountains we could plainly hear the roaring of the breakers over the coral-reefs. A little distance further up, I had to grasp my reins suddenly, and my hat as well, for the ground fell away right before me; and many hundred yards below me—under my feet—lay extended the northern half of Oahu. Still, even if my sight had failed me, the wind would have prevented my incurring any danger, or at least have warned me of it. On reaching the highest part of the pali, the trade-wind blew with such violence that my horse could hardly bear up against it. We got off, and left the bridles to the young folks who had accompanied us; and after I had put my hat in my pocket, for there was no chance of keeping it on my head, I threw myself on the grass, and gave myself up entirely to the enjoyment of the glorious panorama.

The valley before me, which seemed to have been partly torn away by the raging waves that stormed against the coast with

all their wonted fury and power, formed a wide green hollow, though at too great a depth for me to recognize what grew in it; vegetation extended up to the steep and naked cliffs that surrounded it, and here and there the yellow of the native huts peeped out from the dark mass of foliage. The breakers, hurling themselves against the coral-reefs in ceaseless rage, and aided by the high and steady northeaster, even burst over the barrier, and rolled toward the shore, disturbing the smooth surface of the inner channel; but before they reached the strand their force was spent, and the small white beach prevented their further progress.

A glorious picture was formed by the verdure of the valleys, the white foam of the breakers, and the transparent azure of the quiet and majestic ocean, only broken at intervals by some white and glistening sail. The blue sky stretched over the sea, and the white and soaring boatsman, with its long and sharp pinions, seemed to rest on its wings, as it approached us, and to seek to lure the strangers from its sanctuary.

Loud talking and laughing at my back reminded me that I was not alone on the rock. Hardly ten yards off, and on the very verge of the precipice, a motley group of kanakas, men and women, lay scattered about on the sward, hoping to earn a few reals from the strangers who come up here to the precipice, by holding their horses. A couple of Americans galloped at the same time up the hill; they belonged to the lowest class, and one of them, already tipsy, had hardly reached the summit when he seemed to have a great notion of galloping down on the other side. There was, in fact, a small path leading down from the height, but certainly a most dangerous one for a man in such a state, and his companion persuaded him at last to leave it alone. By way of recompense, the old fellow pulled out a little flat bottle he carried in the pocket of his pea-jacket and took a long pull at it, then wiped his mouth, put the bottle back, and asked the doctor, whom he had never seen or spoken to before, for a cigar, offering to pay him for it with the greatest pleasure, if he would call at the "Old Miner," a low grog-shop in the upper part of the town. A couple of girls, also on horseback, had followed these men; and they all four got down from their horses, while the Old Miner—and he looked exactly as if he had just come from the diggings—divided his attention most scrupulously between his bottle and his lady.

This precipice possesses historical importance, for up to this place Kamehameha I., also called the Conqueror, drove his enemies, after he had triumphed over the hostile army in all the other islands—Oahu being the last he subjugated; and those not killed by club and spear, were thrown down from the giddy height. Kamehameha became from that day sole regent of the whole Hawaiian archipelago.

That we might not reach the town at a late hour, we mounted our horses again, but found more company in going down than in coming up. It became late, and the kanakas, not expecting any more visits on the heights, determined, as it seemed, on returning with us, and collected around our horses. The doctor's pony rejected, from the outset, any sign of familiarity from the kanakas; but mine, on the contrary, seemed to be on the best terms with all of them, and I had hardly put my feet in the stirrups, when a young girl jumped with one bound behind me on the horse, three others and a boy caught hold of the horse's tail, the smallest one struck it a blow with a thin switch, and away we went down the hill, as fast as the snorting animal could carry and drag us; while the little crowd—sometimes half-flying in the air—were actually screaming with pure delight, but never thought of letting go, till we arrived half-way to town, where their huts were standing, I expect, and where they left us, diving suddenly into the nearest bushes, and there disappearing.

California has given the death-blow to the simple life of the natives. The missionaries first came to acquaint them with the whole power of civilized life, but new objects at that time followed one another in such rapid succession, that they had not time to breathe. They were not able to comprehend even what was given to them, or the consequences of such steps. As a man who has received a stunning blow is insensible to any farther injury, the Indians, after seeing the first large vessels and white men, took the next easily enough, and seemed to recover, after a very long while, to quite a different life from that which they had ever led before. But hardly had they reached something like order in their government, religion, life, and institutions—all of which were upset and changed in the course of but a few years—when the riches of California were discovered, and the Sandwich Islanders, as the nearest neighbors, got a full share of all the miraculous changes. As I mentioned before, billiard-tables

and bowling-alleys took the lead, then came a theatre; and before they had time to recover, Herr Rossiter appeared, who danced on a wire-rope, swallowed whole oranges and swords, beheaded pigeons and brought them to life again, and hardly completed his performances, when the American circus arrived, and seemed to overturn the whole island. The natives were threatened at the time with a live barrel-organ man, and I really do not know what would have been the consequence of that.

But as it was, all their former quiet and simple habits were disturbed, their gods driven from their shores, or out of the very bowels of their islands; and if Kamehameha I. had conquered the whole group, with the war-club in his hand, and the battle cry on his lips, Kamehameha III., for his part, was entirely conquered by the spirit—partly that of religion through the missionaries, and partly that of cognac through the French—but conquered he was; and while a severe law prohibited the sale of single glasses of spirituous liquors in the islands, he took it by the bottle full, so that he was not fit to be seen during my whole stay in Oahu, and afterward, as I heard, had a severe attack of delirium tremens.

Kamehameha (the king of kings) has become an insignificant title; missionaries have ruled the country for many years, and Californian gold rules it now; and in spite of the ministers of state, who talk in their ordinances rather proudly of "his majesty the king, the premier, and the nobles," an actual kingdom of the Sandwich Islands only exists in name. Kamehameha III. does his best to kill himself with strong drinks, and I really believe a great part of the cause lies in the restless talk and tedious warning of the missionaries, in opposition to the old chieftain's pride of the Indian. What I heard of the king in Honolulu was all in his favor; he is, if left to himself, a kind, friendly man, only, of course, distrustful toward strangers—and he has just cause for it. In spite of his drinking, he is strong and active yet, being an excellent horseman, and a very good hand in the noble art of self-defense, possessing at the same time most extraordinary strength of muscles.

The climate of the islands is, I really believe, the most salubrious in the world, and diseases are hardly known, with the exception of those introduced by intercourse with foreigners. The soil

is fertile, and though within the Tropics, the islands seem to produce the southern plants and vegetables in great perfection, yielding at the same time rich crops of sugar, coffee, and yams.

The main produce of the island is the taro-root and potato; besides this the sweet potato, yam, sugar-cane, coffee, tobacco, bananas or plantains, figs and grapes, cocoa-nuts and oranges.

The natives like to cultivate cawa or awa-root for their own use, from which they know how to prepare intoxicating drinks, the use of which is prohibited by a law passed through the exertions of the missionaries; but the Governor gives at times a permission-ticket, in exceptional cases, by way of a letter of indulgence.

I have not the least doubt that the missionaries were perfectly right in suppressing the use of this noxious root as much as possible; but it seems a fatality that all teachers of religion, whether Christians, Mohammedans, or Buddhists, are too prone to exceed their power, and if they get an inch, try to gain an ell. Thus the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands did a good deed by stopping the use of the cawa-root, and preventing as far as they could the use and sale of spirituous liquors among the natives; but, not satisfied with this, they forbade the planting of vineyards, and thus robbed the country of a produce hardly any land in the world could excel. But Americans are now settling fast on the islands, and the power of the missionaries will soon be broken.

The taro or palo (for the kanakas most singularly seem not to make the least difference in the sounds of the *t* and *p* and the *r* and *l*,) is a bulbous root from twelve to fifteen inches in circumference, of an oval shape, having usually a purple tint, and puts forth several stalks terminating in a broad arrow-headed leaf. When raw, its juices are extremely acrid and pungent, but when cooked it is of a highly nutritious character, like that of the finest potato. At the same time that it yields so much nutriment, it is so easily raised that it only requires a perfectly wet patch of ground for its cultivation, and a single acre planted with this root, and surrounded on the dry borders with cocoa-nuts and bananas, would be sufficient to give plenty of nourishment to a large family through the whole year.

The taro-root when freshly planted, requires one year to grow fit for use, but from that time it bears constantly throughout the year.

The Irish potato grows also most excellently on these islands, and has been up to the last year, the main and most important article of export from them. The planters have very little labor with it, and gather two crops every year. Old farmers assured me that they had only to prepare the ground, and plant the potatoes in the common way first, when they commenced cultivating it, and after each crop potatoes enough remained in the ground to secure another equally rich yield.

The sweet potato is also raised; but ships, and principally whalers, prefer taking the Irish potato, since the former hardly ever keeps six weeks. Potatoes were at this time exceedingly dear, the barrel, containing about two bushels, costing from three and a half to six dollars, but last year has changed those prices materially, California having grown a great quantity of potatoes and other vegetables; and those persons on the islands who had expected to make a fortune with their potatoes that year, only earned tolerably good wages.

The sugar-cane was, after the potato, the most important article; but of late the prices of sugar have fallen so immensely, as not to offer any longer an inducement to planters to commence new plantations, particularly as they are not allowed to use their refuse in making rum. But the price of sugar will rise again, and there will only be the question, whether the planters of these islands will be able to compete with the slaveholders of other countries in the price of their produce, for the Indians can not be depended upon as laborers, though the soil will always yield a very rich crop of the cane.

Growing the cane does not require either extraordinary labor or time. It is planted in long rows, and must be left to grow from that period for eighteen months, so as to have acquired in or about the "tassel-time" its full maturity and the most juice. The young shoots come up anew, after the cane is cut, and as they already have a fully grown root, they require no further culture, being perfectly fit for cutting by the next November, about eleven months later. The sugar-cane only requires replanting in the fourth year.

An acre, planted in the proper way with sugar-cane, produces a great quantity of sugar, each crop averaging two thousand pounds, and one hundred and fifty gallons of molasses.

Here and there some enterprising settlers have built sugar-

houses, where they boil out half the given quantity of sugar and molasses.

At the time I visited these islands, sugar was worth six and a half cents per pound, and a gallon of molasses thirty cents; sugar planters therefore made a large profit, but not long ago sugar came down to two and a half and three cents, and it depends entirely on the Manilla market, as well as on the quantity imported into California, how much the price of this article will again rise.

Coffee and tobacco could also be raised on the islands with great success, if they did not require too many hands, a very scarce and dear article at the present time. But even the coffee-plant and sugar-cane, as the materials from which intoxicating drinks (poor coffee!) were brewed, had to suffer from the fanatic rage of some of the brethren, who induced the young king in a holy zeal to cut down the "dangerous plants;" but now their culture, though not that of the vine, is allowed.

The land itself belongs at present to the king, and part of it to his chiefs, even in the more remote islands, and valuable ground could be hardly bought any where under ten dollars per acre, though bearing a much higher price of course in the neighborhood of any harbor or town, particularly on Oahu. But workmen are needed very badly, and the poor man, who remained without a cent in his pocket on these shores, but was willing to work and earn his bread, might depend upon finding plenty here glad to employ him, giving him sustenance and satisfactory wages. But the farmers and settlers especially want families—single men are not steady enough, and California is so near that they are apt to make this only a kind of resting-place. How much they need laborers on these islands, may be proved by the fact that the agricultural society of Honolulu recently sent a vessel to China for the sole purpose of bringing over a certain number of workmen from that country, since they can do very little or nothing with the Indians.

On the larger islands there is a great quantity of cattle running wild in the mountains, but they all belong to the king, who has his own people, mostly South Americans, to watch or kill them whenever they are wanted. Raising cattle would be a very good business, especially in the neighborhood of Honolulu, since butter and milk are at a most enormous price, but proven-

der is very difficult to obtain, and costs a great deal of money, as no person has a right to let his cattle feed any where but on his own property. Grass is also very dear, and cattle fetch even in Hawaii and the other islands from twenty to twenty-five dollars a piece, milch cows of course much more. Fresh meat at this time cost in Honolulu nine cents per pound.

Besides cattle, they have pigs, goats, and poultry on the islands; also, as I was told, wild turkeys.

At the time I was stopping in Honolulu, Mr. Damon, the chaplain of the Seaman's Chapel, collected a sum of money for some men, in whom the Americans principally felt much interested. They were Japanese, who were trying to get back to their country, and an advertisement in the "Polynesian" requested public aid for this purpose.

Some time ago, a short article also appeared in the "Friend," a paper edited by Mr. Damon himself, narrating the history of the Japanese shipwrecked sailors, which may interest the English public also, as in the present day our civilized nations seem determined upon breaking in upon the peace of a foreign people, whether they like it or not.

"*November* 1, 1850.—Several shipwrecked Japanese, being in Honolulu, we requested one of them, who has acquired an excellent knowledge of our language, to pay us a visit, accompanied by one of his countrymen, lately brought hither. We shall first introduce our readers to the interpreter John Mung. This person, with four others, was taken, ten years ago, from a desolate and uninhabited island, where they had been cast, and where they had lived for one hundred and eighty days on sea-fowls. They were brought to Honolulu by Captain W. H. Whitfield, of Fair Haven, who then commanded a whale-ship in the Pacific. Four of the number remained here, one having died. John Mung was taken by Captain W. to the United States, where he learned the cooper's trade, and enjoyed a good opportunity for going to school. His education is highly respectable. He has been one whaling voyage, and then, with the multitude, went to California. There not succeeding as he expected, he came to the islands, indulging the long-cherished hope that he might obtain a passage to his native shores. It is his ambition to command a junk and navigate her, with compass and quadrant, and show his Japanese countrymen that the "out-side barbarians" under-

stand navigation, which science he has acquired sufficient for all practicable purposes.

"On Mr. Mung's arrival in Honolulu, he learned that there was a fresh arrival of his shipwrecked countrymen, and for whom he is prepared to act as interpreter. By his aid we learned the following facts respecting the Japanese, taken from a junk by Captain Clark, of the 'Henry Kneeland,' on the 22d of April.

"'Teenzumolly' was the name of the junk, commanded by Captain Kusky, with Mr. Kekuzro for mate. The 'Teenzumolly' (if Mr. Damon had not a Rev. before his name, I should suspect that Teenzumolly was not quite original), was owned by a soldier or nobleman, in a town situated on the S.E. side of a small island, S.W. from Niphon. The town is twice the size of Honolulu; the people are farmers and fishermen; only two junks were owned there, but plenty of fishing-boats. Rice is the principal produce, besides all kinds of vegetables. Both junks were owned by a gentleman of the name of Soumung. The 'Teenzumolly' had taken a cargo of rice to Jeddo, discharged the same, received payment, partly in silver and partly in paper-money (we have seen specimens of both—as for the paper money, it appears as good as any we ever saw), and started on her homeward passage, ordinarily occupying three days, but was overtaken by adverse winds. Their supply of water was exhausted at the end of sixteen days, and their rice at the end of twenty-six. They were then reduced to some refuse fish-scales and occasional showers, till they fell in, at the end of sixty-six days, their junk rudderless and dismasted, with the 'Henry Kneeland,' Captain Clark, who took them all on board his vessel, and supplied their wants. Subsequently, Captain Clark delivered six of them to the Russian authorities at Petropaulaski, under the promise that they should be returned to Japan. Two were taken by Captain Sherman, of the 'Nimrod,' and two by Captain Divole, of the 'Marengo.'

"There is an impression abroad, that Japanese, if taken back to their country, will be put to death. We are positively assured by Mr. Kekuzro, through the interpreter, Mr. Mung, that this is not the fact. He asserts that, should any vessel take them back to their native village, the inhabitants would rejoice to hail the vessel, and would put on board a supply of fresh provisions without charge."

So far the article; but Mr. Kekuzro has had, as it seems, some extravagant ideas about returning, or some other cause for giving Mr. Damon such an account.

Some time afterward, Captain Whitmore, who intended to pass the Japanese islands, offered to take these men and a whale-boat with him, till he got in sight of the Japan coast, and then leave them to their fate, for it seems Mr. Kekuzro did not seem to depend much on being received in such a very friendly manner by his countrymen, if a foreigner introduced him again to his home. The advertisement in the "Polynesian," headed "Expedition to Japan," stated shortly that three wrecked Japanese, who were brought hither by Captain W. H. Whitfield in 1841, intended to return to Japan. He had purchased a good whale-boat and outfit, Captain Whitmore of the American ship, "Sarah Boyd," having kindly offered to leave them somewhere off the Loo-Choo Islands, and thence they hoped to make their way to Japan. To complete the outfit, they wanted a compass, a good fowling-piece, a few articles of clothing, shoes, and a nautical almanac for 1850.

This seemed all right enough, except the almanac for 1850, the advertisement not appearing till the 14th of December 1850, and it was rather late to reach Japan in the same year; but the vessel started and took the Japanese with her, but the result was not so favorable as the poor fellows seemed to have anticipated.

Accidentally I fell in at Batavia two years later, with a gentleman who had just returned from Japan, with the only vessel which the Dutch—the privileged of all nations except the Chinese—are allowed to send annually to Japan, and who could give me some information about these men who had dared all the dangers they very well knew beforehand, to see their homes and families again. The account he gave me was as follows:

"A year ago, or better, a whale-boat with three men, provided with every thing necessary for navigation, but only with a very small quantity of provisions, had reached the Japan coast, where the Japanese government immediately took possession of it. One of the men spoke the language very well, another decently, and the third indifferently. They had some money with them, some gold and silver, and related that they had been wrecked several years before, on a certain part of the coast, and

saved by an American vessel which took them with her to America. But there they became home-sick, and determined at last, on risking every thing, only to see their birth-place again: they had therefore fitted out this whale-boat, and came with it all the way from America, throwing themselves at the feet and mercy of the Emperor of Japan."

The story would have passed very well, perhaps, but for that one fact, that they had come in an open boat all the way from America. The Japanese have more knowledge of the outer world than many think; they possess geographical maps and charts, and books, and are not so easily led astray. At the same time, they sent messengers to the different parts of the coast, where the men stated they had been wrecked, to inquire the particulars about the persons and the accident as far as possible. If these accounts were found to be false, Japanese officers themselves declared that they would have to expect nothing else but instant death; but even under the most favorable circumstances, imprisonment for life, though perhaps of a mild nature, awaited them. The unhappy men had come in contact with foreigners, and would never converse again with their friends or relations.

Kekuzro was so far right. A Japanese who can prove he was shipwrecked and taken aboard a foreign vessel, would not be condemned to death, but he would be kept in an eternal prison, and become, if not really, at least nominally, a dead man. The laws are so severe and merciless among this race that if a fisherman were known to have boarded a foreign vessel at sea, he would most certainly suffer death; and those poor fellows who had been picked up outside with their boats by European or American vessels, always begged the captains, as I am told, to break their boat, so that they might have a certain proof that there was no chance for them to save their lives but by asking help from the foreigners.

CHAPTER III.

A WHALING CRUISE

It had not been my intention originally to visit the Sandwich Islands, though I was not at all sorry at having the opportunity; but my wishes always lay farther south, and I longed to see some of those wild islands, civilization had not yet quite spoiled. But now to get there? Vessels sailing westward hence only went to Sydney or Manilla, touching, perhaps, once in a while at Tahiti; and even there, Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries had already done their best with powder and cannon balls to rob the country of every particle of originality. And for what other reason had I come to these latitudes but to see natives, nature, and natural life? but not to rejoice that the aborigines now wore pantaloons. A vessel for Sydney, which intended to stop one or two days at Tahiti, lay in the harbor; but the master of it asked an exorbitant—really Californian—price for a passage; and I did not know what to do, but my good luck and the kindness of some friends in Honolulu introduced me to the captain of a German whaler, who was just ready to start on a whaling cruise for sperm fish, and intended, if possible, to touch at some of the southern islands of the Society, Tomatu, or Marquesas groups.

We soon became friends, and he offered to take me for a very moderate price with him, and put me ashore on the first inhabited island we sighted; but he could not promise which of the different groups this would be; or, if carried away too far west in pursuit of sperm fish, would not even be obliged to touch at any island, if it cost him too much time, but land me again, in that case, on one of these same islands where we were now—most probably Hawaii. It was all the same to me, for a whaling cruise was the main object; and afterward I left every thing to my lucky star, which had kept me hitherto safe and sound.

My few traps were soon taken on board, and we could have gone out next day if some of the men had not taken French leave, walking the night before up into town, and not returning. If they had been common sailors, it would not have been much consequence, for the captain could have taken kanakas in place of them, or done without them, but they were the two carpenters, men as necessary on board a whale-ship as the cooper and blacksmith are, and he offered at last one hundred and fifty dollars reward if the police could catch the men within forty-eight hours. The marshal of the fort advised the captain to go out with his vessel to sea, and return at the appointed time; the men, who most certainly had run up into the mountains, or if not, were concealed in some grog-shop in town, would then make their appearance openly, because they would think all danger passed, and could easily be taken. We did so—went out to sea till we brought the peaks of Oahu nearly down to the horizon, and then returned with all sails set; but it was no go. The men, however, had been seen, and when I went ashore with the captain, the marshal begged us to go to sea again, and he would insure catching the runaways this time, because it was now pretty well known where they were, and they could not hold out much longer, as they had no fruit or provisions up in the mountains. The captain could hardly do without his carpenters, and staying this night in Honolulu again, we went to sea next morning a second time, and seemingly in good earnest, with flying-jib and every light sail set that we could carry. The marshal had promised us this time a sign: when we came near the land again, if we saw a white flag flying on the fort, the men were caught, and we should only have to come near enough for a police-boat to bring the prisoners on board. If the white flag was not flying, the police had not been successful.

But the white flag was hoisted, and running along shore, a whale-boat came out to us, just as we passed the entrance, and two police-officers, with four kanakas pulling, brought the carpenters prisoners, with an authority to receive the hundred and fifty dollars reward.

The poor devils looked pale and downcast enough, and had also a very good reason for it, as they were not only caught and delivered over to their old ship, which they had run away from, but also had to pay the hundred and fifty dollars from their share

in the voyage, and would have to work with the certain prospect of toiling the whole voyage for nothing.

We had tacked in the mean time, and bracing the yards, and setting all our light sails again, we kept on our course in good earnest, going as close on the trade-winds as we could, about south-southeast toward the fishing-ground for sperm-whales.

With a good breeze, the next day Hawaii, or Owhyhee, where Captain Cook was slain, hove in sight. We could notice the gigantic volcanic masses, and the smoke curling up from the furnace of the goddess Tele; and I watched this mountain a long, long while, as it rose on the horizon, with its sharp outline against the clear blue sky, a wonderful mass of rock and lava, growing out from the bottom of the sea, with only a crust upon it, that covered a bed of fire.

The volcano was working at this time, at least thundering and rumbling within, and only a year later it broke out anew, and rolled immense masses of burning lava down even to the foaming sea. No wonder the Indians thought, and still think that a fire-god lives in the boiling streams of glowing lava, though we contradict it, of course, and prove to them the impossibility of the thing.

But leaving the goddess Tele to prove her existence herself, we manned the tops next day—that is, two men were sent, one to the main and one to the fore-top to look out for whales, and with this our cruise commenced.

Whalers—to say at least a few words about our vessel itself, and introduce the reader to our fishing gentry—always carry more than the usual complement of men for vessels of their tonnage, because they must have hands left on board to work the ship, and after fish have been taken, to boil out the blubber, while four boats from large vessels, and fewer from smaller ones, are usually out chasing other fish in sight. Each boat has a crew of four men, besides the boat-steerer and a man at the head of the boat. The captain of most vessels never leaves his ship, though in some, he goes himself in the first boat as the look-out, leaving another one at the same time to command the vessel.

A whale-ship also differs in its deck construction from any other vessel. Between the mainmast and the foremast are the tryworks—large furnaces, built of brick, and containing two or more very large iron-posts for trying out the oil from the blubber:

—close to it is the galley, sometimes not much larger than an overgrown sentry-box, with a stove in it, which leaves hardly room enough for the cook to sit before it and broil his knees; all kind of pots and kettles hang up inside, and a perfect variety of copper and iron vessels are fitted upon every part, in every nook and corner of this machine; while it is a mystery to me how a human being is able to stand the heat of such a box in a warm climate, at least six or seven hours of the day. It is true they nearly always have black men for cooks, who are used to a great deal more heat than their northern pale-colored brethren, but even these, I should think, must have their very marrow dried up.

Before the galley there is also a blacksmith's shop, most commonly fitted up in a kind of box, capable of being moved from one place to another; a blacksmith having always something to do on board a whale-ship in mending of spades, lances, or irons, and fitting rings or hasps on other articles, for the ship itself or the boats.

Between the main and mizen mast, and usually extending behind the latter, a framework of spars is erected, called bearers, upon which the spare boats, nearly always four, are turned bottom upward.

We ran south nearly fourteen days, and tried to get as far east out of the trades as we possibly could; but it was very little, for the wind instead of being northeast, northward of the line, blew nearly due east, and our vessel, no first-rate one by the wind, could not work up well against it. Besides that we sailed very slowly, and therefore drifted the more. The "Alexander Barklay," an American built ship, before she started from Bremen, instead of being coppered, was covered with plates of a new invention, a kind of zinc which, while being a great deal cheaper than copper, was said to last just as long; but the ship had not been out more than two or three months before the plates began to give way, and when I came on board, about twelve months after her first start, there was hardly any of it left on her bow, and on both sides the rags hung perfectly round her, retarding us, of course, considerably, and stopping her headway.

Thursday, the 2d of January, we crossed the line in about 156° W. lon., and two days afterward the call first gladdened our ears, "There she blows!"

A person who has never heard this call on board a whale-ship, after a long spell of rest and watching, can have no idea of the wonderful effect it produces, like an electric blow, upon officers and crew. "There she blows!"—the words pass from lip to lip —"Where, where?"—"On the lee-bow, nearly ahead;" and the men fly to their boats; the boat-header takes the steering oar till his boat comes "fast," the boat-steerer stands with the iron (harpoon) in the bow of the boat to have the first throw. "There she blows again," not a cable's length from the vessel, and five or six spouts are seen in quick succession; the monstrous fish, unconscious of any danger, playing and chasing each other in the slowly heaving waves. Down the boats go, as quickly and noiselessly as possible, the officers get into them, some of the men scramble in after them, the broad sail of the little craft flies up, the wind catches it, and away the sharply-cut boat dashes through and over the foaming waters, followed by the second, third, and fourth, all eager to come up with some of their blowing and splashing victims.

In former times sailing up to a whale in a boat was thought a very dangerous and daring feat, because they were not able to run back again quickly enough, after the whale was struck; but in later times, when the whales have become, like all other game, much more shy and wild, whalers find pulling up to a fish much too slow and uncertain work to be very profitable, and nearly all the fishermen, and principally the Americans, sail with their boats up to the fish, strike their irons into them, if they get a chance, and try to get away again afterward in the best way they can.

We could make nothing of the first whales we saw, for they ran too fast to be overtaken by the boats, and though two came very nearly within striking distance, they all got off, at last, unharmed. Our captain, however, an old whaler, liked the look of the water here, and running under shortened sail half the night on the old course we tacked about midnight, to be in the morning as nearly as possible on the same spot again; and sure enough, the sun was hardly an hour high—just far enough out of the water to allow a fair view over its surface—when the cry, "There she blows, blows, blows!" as new spouts followed the first, brought our ship to, and the boats down again.

This time the first boat-header, an old American, who had

been bred up to whaling, and done hardly any thing else all his life, and at the same time the finest specimen of an old tar I ever saw, was the first to come up with one of the whales, and get fast, as he carried the largest sail. The other three boats followed the rest of the shoal, which swam along on the surface of the water a considerable time and then disappeared below it, the boats, without stopping, keeping in a straight course in hopes of seeing the fish rise again after awhile, and then having a fair throw at them. But the fish, quite contrary to their calculation, had not the least idea of running away, but only dived to some depth, the boats passing away over them, and then rose again very nearly on the same spot where they had disappeared. The three other boats, seeing the spouts behind them, turned round as quickly as they could, and the second boat-header, also an American, got fast this time to another whale.

During this and the next day our ship lay to, taking the whales alongside, and cutting them up; no look-out even being kept in the top before the carcasses had been cleared away from her sides.

The most interesting part of the cutting-up to me was the first fastening of the immense blubber-hook, a large iron hook of extraordinary dimensions, to attach which one of the boat-steerers has to go down upon the whale, with a rope slung around his waist in case of accident, and lift the hook—for it takes all his strength to do that—into a hole which the spades of the boat-headers have cut for it; these, at the same time, keeping watch over the boat-steerer, who is sometimes half under water, and has half-a-dozen sharks close around him, which the scent of the blood has enticed to the captured fish, and which are driven nearly to madness by their unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide.

There were five of these hyenas of the deep round this one whale, and coming as boldly and insolently as possible right under the very spades of the men. But the sailors hate to strike their sharpened tools upon the rough and hard skin of the shark because it dulls their instruments directly, and the carpenters have their hands full of work without that, in keeping the instruments in good order. Only once the first boat-header dropped his spade, which was as sharp as a razor, upon the head of a shark, and laid it open as if it had been a soft potato. The shark, a

fellow of about seven feet long, had come up to the boat-steerer —who had just succeeded in fastening the hook, and had no time to look round—close enough to take one of his legs off with a single snap, but the spade prevented it. Showing the white of its belly directly, it sank, and the boat-steerer looking over his shoulder and seeing his dead enemy, only shook his fist at it, as it disappeared in the troubled and bloody water.

The cutting up, or hoisting in of the blubber, occupied all the next day, and even when it had become perfectly dark, one of the heads was still in the water, held by a rope and pushed about by a couple of sharks, which had already torn off big pieces from it.

In the afternoon I had thrown a lance into one of these savage fellows, while it was busy in tearing off a piece from one of the heads; as I was some distance off, the lance dropped short of the mark, and only pierced the thick part of the greedy monster's tail. The shark immediately left its hold of the head, and as soon as the lance came out, swam some hundred yards off; but it soon returned, and fastened on the head again, just as if nothing had occurred. It even took hold of the same piece again, tore it off, and disappeared with it before I had time to pull up the lance.

A difficulty now arose in fastening the blubber-hook on the head in the dark, and the second boat-steerer had made several unsuccessful attempts, when the boat-header called for a blubber-lantern, and soon afterward a most singular torch was brought forward. It consisted of iron hoops, bent together in the shape of an open basket, the hoops about four inches apart from each other, to let the light pass through; and this fire-basket was filled with thin split wood, and long stripes of greasy blubber. The flame soon caught the oil, and blazing to a height of nearly three feet, lit up the dark ocean for a distance of about thirty yards, giving the dancing waves a singular transparent hue, and throwing a wild unearthly light over the figure of the reckless sailor who knelt on the dark slimy surface of the whale's head, his left hand firmly grasping the open blubber, and his right arm slung round the heavy iron hook to lift it into the right place.

What was that light streak shooting past the rolling mass just now? Only a shark, frightened by the gleaming torch, and

returning to get another bite at the fish, his lawful prey; for is it not the wild and fiery master of the deep?

This shark held on by the whale's head till it rose, lifted by the powerful windlass, nearly out of the water, when it left its hold with the piece of the torn-off blubber between its teeth.

The process of flencing—and I will here quote a few lines of Mr. Olmstead's short and excellent description—is as follows:

"Upon each side of the gangway a staging is let down, upon which those that wield the cutting spades take their stand. A deep incision is made into the neck of the whale, through which the blood flows in a deluge, discoloring the sea, and almost hiding the animal from view. The ship with her fore-topsail hove aback, moves slowly out of the bloody water; and a large hole is soon cut in the blubber, into which the blubber-hook is inserted, connected with the windlass by a powerful purchase or cutting gear, which consists of two very large and strong ropes, passing through powerful blocks, hanging a few feet below the main-top and through others upon deck, strapped with large thimbles, into which a bar of wood may be introduced.

"After the hook has been adjusted, a gash is cut obliquely upon each side, a turn or two is given at the windlass, and the blubber, yielding to the tremendous strain, becomes detached, and is unwound while the whale rolls over and over, until the entire exterior coat, about four feet in breadth, is torn off down to the flukes. When the strip of blubber has been elevated to some distance above the deck, the second set of cutting gear is brought into service, and the strap and thimble are thrust through an opening cut into the blubber, and secured by the wooden bar, fixed into it, while the blubber above it is severed and dropped into the blubber-room, under the main-hatch. Both the blubber-hooks are now dispensed with, and the thimbles succeed one another alternately, until the body of the whale has been disposed of. While this process has been going forward, the head has been cut off just behind the eyes, and secured to the main channels, or by a rope passing on board, and fastened there.

"The head of the sperm-whale is the most valuable part of the animal, containing by far the richest proportion of spermaceti, although the oil made from any part of the animal yields a certain proportion. Hence it is always desirable to raise the head upon deck, if practicable, if otherwise, the 'case,' a cavity in the upper

part of the head, is opened and bailed out, while the latter is firmly secured alongside the ship. The case is surrounded by a thick wall of a white, gristly substance, termed by the whalers "white horse;" the cavity is lined with a yellowish fat, and is filled with oil of a very superior quality which, when warm, is perfectly limpid, but concretes in beautiful white masses, if allowed to become cold, or just oozing from out the head, or dripping upon the water.

"The head, oil and fat are immediately committed to the try pots, while the blubber is cut up into small pieces. The fire is commenced with dry wood, but afterward supported with great intensity by the scraps, or refuse pieces of blubber from which the oil has been tried out. Great care is at the same time required in trying out to prevent the oil from being burnt, and also to guard against the danger of water getting into the boiling caldrons, which would immediately dash up in steam, and throw the contents around in every direction. Hence this process is very hazardous in boisterous weather, and appears to be dangerous enough at any time."

But enough of the technical part of the business, which I have only quoted to give the reader some idea how things go on, on board a whale-ship. The next day we were busy trying out, and in the heat of the day, nearly under a tropical sun, the scent of the blubber was far from sweet and pleasant, but that was nothing to the next day.

The next morning the mast-heads were manned again, and not having made any headway from the neighborhood where the whales seemed to have their feeding-ground, the men had been hardly an hour aloft when the call, "There she blows!" but this time over to windward, again sent the hands into the boats, and out to sea, pulling right against the wind, toward the place where the whales were spouting. Three hours afterward the first headsman, Mr. Luis, got fast again; and as we were beating up against a tolerably stiff breeze, it became nearly dark before we could get the whale alongside.

The old blubber had now to come on deck to make room in the blubber-hole for the fresh, and the stench it emitted the next day was nearly suffocating. All the white varnished parts of the vessel received a blue and lustrous tinge, the smell on deck being as bad, and even worse, than in the cabin.

We commenced trying out on the 6th, and had finished by the 10th of January. The deck still looked bad enough, but the blubber was gone, and the decks were also soon cleared. The grease of the sperm-whale can be removed very easily with salt-water, being in this respect not half so bad as that of the common whale, which requires to be removed by the ashes of the burnt blubber, and hard scrubbing. A singular fact connected with the sperm-fish is, that its own skin forms the best soap for washing off its grease. If your hands are dirtied with the grease, you have only to scrape the thin black and soft outer part of the skin a little, and you may wash in salt-water the grease as easily off with this as with soap in fresh-water.

These three fish, though of no great size, yielded about one hundred and four barrels of oil; and our captain had strong hopes of falling in with some more of this kind, but day after day passed without our seeing a single spout. The deck was hailed several times, it is true, but only, as it turned out afterward, for a fin-back, or perhaps the deceiving light of the sun that glittered on the waves, and made the look-out fancy it the spout of a sperm-fish.

But though no fish were seen, we had to keep a pretty good look-out notwithstanding all the while, for a great many small islands lay scattered about, and new coral-reefs rise every year out of the ocean, endangering the careless mariner. Shipwrecks are by no means rare in these latitudes, and principally on Christmas Island, a little flat coral-bank, over-grown with bushes and some cocoa-palms, about 4° N. lat., and just on the track of by-the-winders coming from the Sandwich Islands, where several ships have been lately wrecked. The first was a German whale-ship on her home passage with a full cargo of oil; she ran aground there at daybreak one fine morning, the captain, it is said, not attending to the steward, who told him that he thought he heard breakers ahead. They, however, landed a great quantity of water and provisions, and were taken on board an American vessel, which accidentally passed by. Only fourteen days after this an English whale-ship was wrecked on the same spot, without being able to save any thing, and they would have starved but for the provisions and water which the German crew had left there. I was told that the mate of this vessel with four sailors went back to the Sandwich Islands in a whale-boat, and returning on board

another homeward bound vessel, brought the whole crew safely off.

We now neared the group of the Society Islands, but the steady easterly wind and a strong current toward the west, which had full power to carry us with it, while laying-to to take in the blubber, had taken us much father west than our captain, who had been in hopes even of making the Marquesas Islands, first intended. As it was, we should not even have made this group without running farther south, and tacking again, but for a light westerly breeze which sprung up just as we were in the same latitude as some of the islands.

The yards being braced quite square, we ran about four knots right toward the east, and sighted land that same evening. During the night we shortened sail, and at daybreak next morning, having a small, low island before us, we set all sail, and went close up to it.

By our reckoning it was a small island, marked in the English charts under the name of Charles Saunders, in 151° W. lon. and 17° S. lat., but knowing no more of it, we had no idea whether it was inhabited or not. If it was inhabited, I cared little by whom, I was fully determined on being left here with my things, trusting to chance to get away again; and the reader may, therefore, believe that I commenced feeling a great interest in this little spot, and kept watching it with my pocket telescope, in order to recognize some sign of human beings. At last, on getting close enough to distinguish trees on the hill, and the white coral-reef round the darker vegetation, we saw smoke curl up from one of the thickets, and I began directly packing up my things, to be ready for a start.

CHAPTER IV.

MAIAO.

We came nearer and nearer; and the captain, after remonstrating with me at first, and advising me not to risk my life and time by throwing myself on an island nobody on board knew any thing about, and seeing me determined to try it at any hazard, hove to, and let down a boat with the first boat-header and the four boat-steerers for oarsmen in it, as he was afraid to trust his own men ashore; and after a hearty farewell from the captain, who had been a true friend to me all the voyage, I handed my rifle down into the boat, and following after it, we shoved off, and were soon pulling fast up toward the white breakers of the reefs, behind which cocoa-nut trees, with their graceful leaves, waved a friendly welcome to their shores.

We could clearly recognize every object on shore, but could not observe a human being or canoe, and yet we had most certainly seen smoke, and there were people living on it. Pulling on toward the breakers of the reefs, which encircled this island, like all the others in the South Sea, with the intention of following it in our little craft till we found an entrance, we suddenly saw two canoes shoot out from behind a little coral headland inside the reefs, and pull up as hard as they could straight toward them, motioning us all the while to turn to our left. But at the same time we saw to our right another canoe with three Indians, who planted a little flag on the reefs to show that this was the entrance, and we determined on pulling toward them.

The first, seeing we did not turn to them, got out on some sheltered spot of the reef, and pulling their canoes through the breakers, which were no great height on that spot, let it down again on the outside, jumped into it, and came after us as hard as they could paddle. They were light brown, and slender but vigorous men, in calico shirts, a kerchief round the head, another

round their loins, and their friendly "Toranna, toranna bo—y!" sounded from afar over to us.

We now lay on our oars, to wait for them, and they soon came alongside of us; one of them, who spoke some broken English, acting as interpreter, appeared to pride himself not a little on his knowledge of the strange language, though the words sounded singular and queer enough.

The first boat-header of the "Alexander Barklay," who had lived and whaled many a long year in this ocean, and had resided for six years in New Zealand, living there with the Indians, and speaking their language as well as the kanaka, tried to commence a more reasonable discourse with the help of these, but it was "no go," and we had to fall back upon the Indian, and get on as well as we could with his English.

"Plenty fruit here?" The American asked the Indian, who was pulling and nodding to us just alongside.

"Good morni—good morni," came the friendly reply.

"Plenty fruit?" the mate cried a second time.

The Indian held up his fore-finger, and said, with a great deal of self-complacency:

"Acta—one mile!"

"Go to the devil!" murmured the seaman; and trying another method of making himself understood, continued: "Cocoanuts?"

"Eh, eh," the Indian answered quickly, understanding at once what the stranger meant, "heari, heari—too much, too much!"

"Too much, eh?" smiled the mate; "and bananas?"

"Eh, eh—meja, meja—too much, too much!"

"And oranges?"

"Eh, eh—anani, anani—too much, too much!"

"And bread-fruit?" The result was the same; the islanders had, if we could believe this fellow, too much of every thing; and he, thinking he had now satisfied us as to all we wanted to know, beckoned us to follow him to the entrance of the reefs; and letting his canoe glide ahead, we kept in his wake, carefully sounding the white coral bottom, which we could see plainly enough below us, for fear of running aground here, and getting our boat stove in. But the channel which led through the reefs toward the shore was, though small, deep enough, and a few

minutes afterward the sharp iron-shod bow of the little craft struck the white coral shore of Maiao, as the Indians themselves called this little island.

And there I was; the ardent desire of my soul was at length fulfilled. Above me waved the fine feathery leaves of the cocoa-nut trees—one of the most splendid trees the tropics can boast; under my feet I felt the burning hot coral sand of another clime; round me I saw and heard the chattering, lively forms of the dark-skinned Indians; and I had really reached that scene I had longed for since I fancied myself, as a child, Robinson Crusoe on his wild island, wishing the time arrived when I could go myself to sea to seek and find the reality of my childish dreams.

And would my soul now feel satisfied with all the riches nature could and did offer? Would the presentiment become true, which had spoken in my heart long, long ago: "If ever you see the palm-covered isles of the South Sea, you will never leave them; or, if you leave them, your heart will ever yearn to them, and never grant you rest till you return to their enchanted shores?" Could and would I have lived here, even if I had had my family around me, cut off from every communication with the other world; and would nature alone be able to compensate me for all I left of my own free will behind me?

This thought shot like lightning through my mind, even in the first moment my foot touched the desired shore, but I felt in no way inclined to yield to it. Here I was—I would see and enjoy what I saw, leaving every thing else to fate and the future. And I had very good reason for trusting my future life to fate, as I felt perfectly satisfied that it had behaved very fairly with my past.

With this quickly-formed resolution, I seized the nearest and rather frightened Indian by his right fin, shaking it in the most cordial manner, and astounding him and the natives around me to the utmost by my quick and apparently fluently-spoken "Toranna—toranna bo—y!"

From the English-speaking Indian I learnt soon afterward that a white man resided on the island; and while the mate commenced a trade with them for fruit, offering them in exchange some tobacco, knives, and other small articles, trying, at the same time, to get the natives to cut some fuel for the ship, for which they had to pay very dearly on the Sandwich Islands, I left my trunk and other things awhile under the care of the sailors on

the beach, and selecting a young fellow for my guide, who directly took hold of my hand, called me his tuba, or friend (a name, in his mind, leading of course to a perfect series of cotton shirts, pounds of tobacco, and pocket-knives), wandered with him, without the least fear of treachery or ambuscade, into the woods. These natives had such a free, kind, and open look, that I would have trusted them at any time with my life, though perhaps not with my tobacco or coral-beads.

We crossed a little thicket of the pandanus and casuarina, and soon afterward reached an open piece of sand, surrounding a small inland lake, or lagoon, of salt-water, in a basin of coral. The sand itself consisted of nothing but fine snow-white particles of coral; and the heat in the open white plain was so intense, that I had to shut my eyes for at least five minutes, to ease the pain of the nerves. But I had some cause for it. The sun was just above my head, for we had at our last observation on board 88° 45′, the sun meeting us and going toward the line; and even the Indians, who were certainly used to the climate, wore a kind of screen over their eyes, plaited out of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, as a protection against the burning sun. I could only gradually get my own eyes sufficiently used to it to look over the country, and see where I was.

There was, however, not much to be seen here, the soil consisting only of coral-sand, and the whole vegetation being hardly any thing but pandanus, and, on the edge of the lagoon, cocoa-nut trees. After walking about half a mile in this heat, my lips felt parched, and my new-won friend, to whom I indicated my desire of having something to drink, immediately prepared to walk up a tree, giving me a splendid opportunity of seeing that process.

The young fellow stripped a piece of bark off one of the nearest bushes, and tying the two ends together, he slung it around the fore-part of his feet, lashed his feet firmly together in this way, and about twelve inches apart from each other; then clinging to the trunk of the cocoa-nut-tree close to which he was standing, he lifted himself up as high as he could, pulled his feet after him, and then fixing them against the trunk, with this shoe for a hold, he raised his body again to his full length, having nothing to do but to stretch himself, and pull his feet after him. He ran up the tree like a cat or a monkey would have done, and

breaking off some of the nuts, took hold of them under the lowest point, and stretching out his arm, twirled them round with his thumb and middle finger, which made them come down spinning through the air, and strike the sand just as he had dropped them from above, with the sharp point first. If the nuts had fallen otherwise, they would have split immediately, and of course lost all the water.

On the Sandwich Islands, and, in fact, in Rio de Janeiro, I had already learned how to use them; and cutting a little square hole in the upper part of the nut with my knife, I drank a whole one at a draught, and thought I had never tasted any thing more delicious in my life.

The cocoa-nut, to be fit for drinking, must be unripe, only commencing to get a kernel or pulp, this being still soft enough to be removed with a spoon from the inside. The whole nut is then filled to bursting with the sweetest water imaginable, and a single one will frequently hold two large tumblers full.

Going round the lagoon, we came to an outlet, which we had to wade through. To save my shoes, I pulled them off, and went through the nearly boiling water of this little bayou barefooted; but I nearly cried out several times, the sharp corals at the bottom cut me so very badly; and though I stepped with the utmost caution, and nearly as attentively as if walking on eggs, I hurt my feet in several places before I reached the other shore. My little companion laughed at me; and he had good cause for laughing, being blessed, like all the rest of them, with a pair of soles which a blacksmith could not have made more rough and strong.

On the other side of the lagoon lay a small colony—a row of low, comfortable houses in the shade of tall mango-trees and tamarinds; but we did not stay here, my guide going right past them, and telling me the white man lived farther inland. He kept talking to me all the while, relating, I am certain, a very interesting tale, though it was a pity I did not understand a single word of it. Glad enough to escape the burning sun, we at length reached a shady cocoa-nut tree grove, and came, after a short walk, and after stumbling over old cocoa-nut husks, leaves, and broken-down bushes, to a low and close fence, which surrounded a tolerably large and roomy cane or bamboo hut.

Here the white man lived; and ten minutes afterward I found

myself seated on a sea-chest, surrounded by about a dozen half-grown and grown Indians, opposite my host—a wild Scotchman—and steeping bread-fruit in salt-water and eating it, as if I had done nothing else all my lifetime, and had been raised on cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit, instead of pap and gruel, and other luxuries of childhood.

The white man, as I have said, was a Scotchman, married to one of the Indian girls, and was a most worthy specimen of those different Europeans scattered over the islands of the South Sea, and consisting, ninety-nine out of a hundred, of runaway sailors, nearly all whalers, who, perfectly satisfied with the idle and indolent life on these islands, settle down on some of them, take one of the girls for a wife, and getting deadened afterward to all other impressions, end their lives here with perfect satisfaction and thick legs—for the elephantiasis does not spare Europeans.

He received me, however, in a very friendly manner, giving me notice, at the same time, that we must first of all pay a visit to his majesty the king, and ask his permission to let me stay for a time on the island. He seemed rather anxious to do this as quickly as possible, and after breakfast went back with me to the first little colony I had seen, which I now found was the residence of the viceroy of Maiao, the king himself living in Huakeine, a larger island further to the north.

This gentleman was at home, and willing to grant us an audience. He was lying on a kind of bamboo sofa, his head resting on the lap of his daughter-in-law, who was occupied, as it seemed, in phrenological studies—parting the hair of her gracious liege, and looking very attentively at the bumps—but gave up her studies as soon as we entered the little room; and the viceroy rose, and shook hands with us in a very friendly and condescending manner.

The Scotchman had told me I should have to pay a certain sum by way of entrance into these dominions, the Indians getting quite civilized, as it seems, though his majesty's representative did not ask any thing, but told me, with the Scot as an interpreter, that I was welcome on the island; and the Scotchman only had to guarantee my good behavior. As my host now told me, the laws on this little island were most excellent. Spirituous liquors could not be imported on any condition. Theft happened very seldom. In the evening, nobody was allowed to travel

about; and the morality of the women left nothing to be desired. "By-the-by," he continued, interrupting himself, "has your vessel any spirits on board?"

"Yes, gin, in boxes," I replied.

"Oh! that is right; then I may get a box on shore, eh?"

"On shore? But how if the law entirely forbids it, as you just told me?"

"Oh, we can smuggle it in among your traps."

I did not like this, for if it were found it, it would give me a bad introduction to the kind natives, who had sense enough to forbid the use of such dangerous liquors; but the Scotchman, having got the scent of the bottle, as it seemed, removed all obstacles, told me that I had nothing to do with it at all, since he had given security for my behavior, and tried to persuade me that he did not care himself a bit for the liquor, but only wanted to smuggle the box for the fun of the thing. I told him to do as he pleased—I could not prevent it; but I would have no hand in it, and so the matter ended for the present.

In the mean time, the mate had also come to the place, with some of the boat-steerers, to make as good a trade as they could for fruits, sweet-potatoes, and shells, in exchange for whatever little articles they had with them; some of the boat-steerers having even brought shirts with them to swap for bread-fruit and oranges. As the viceroy expressed a wish to see the ship, and the Scotchman told me he would very much like taking a drink, having had no bitters for about six months, they all determined on going on board, except myself. I had seen enough of ship-life lately, and felt perfectly satisfied on shore, where I was.

Not knowing how long or short my stay might be on this little island, I tried to see now as much as I could of it, and lost no time in becoming acquainted with the inhabitants, and their life and customs. Their dress was simple, but already showed some sign of civilization in the calico covering. The women wore a piece of calico (sometimes, but seldom, of tapa, their original cloth) round the waist, hanging down very little below the knee, and another of the same material over the left shoulder, tied in a knot upon the right, so as to leave the right arm perfectly free. Neither men nor women wore shoes, in spite of the sharp coral-rocks, and they ran as easily over the hot and needle-like pieces,

as if passing over the softest carpet. Children of five or six years of age went nude up to their necks.

The slender light-brown natives of these shores are a most beautifully-formed race, living half their time in the water, bathing, swimming, and fishing. Their long black hair, well combed, and saturated with scented cocoa-nut-oil, falls in natural tresses down their shoulders; and, with their noble open features, and black glowing eyes, their dark complexion seemed to me rather an advantage than a fault. The men and women, at the same time, do not use the large ugly beads for ornaments, but their own sweet-smelling flowers and herbs, which they plait into wreaths round their heads, or put them in their ears, especially some large and beautiful red and white star-flowers.

Differently from us, the women are shaped exactly like the men, with shoulders broader than their hips; and as both sexes wear nearly the same dress, and flowers in their ears and round their heads, it requires a good judge to tell man from woman.

But, however much I wanted to see the Indians, so much the more they wanted to see and examine me; and I and my baggage formed during that whole day the centre of a perfect crowd. A panther-skin I had buckled upon my trunk attracted their eyes before any thing else, and they were quite astonished at the sharp claws of an animal they had had no idea of up to this day. But the principal object of their united admiration was, as on the Sandwich Islands, the bottle of snakes, horned frogs, tarantulas, and large beetles; the girls and women approaching the dreadful creatures with the utmost caution, ready at the least motion of the bottle, to run away, as if they had seen the things alive and crawling before them, and laughing and chatting; though they returned when the men tried to convince them the things were dead, and could not bite.

After this came my instrument. I had a cithern with me—a German instrument with seventeen strings, and a sweet soft sound. They really would not let me rest, and permitted no excuse, till I consented to play a tune for them, all begging as hard as they could, and throwing themselves around me on the ground, as soon as they saw me take hold of the instrument.

I got a deep insight into the character of this people during the short quarter of an hour I was playing, and have not the least doubt that they are perfectly fit for civilization, and able

even to reach the highest and most subtle point. I will tell the reader why: while I was playing, these natural, unsophisticated children of the islands behaved exactly in the same manner as the most refined society in England, France, Germany, or the United States would have behaved, or does, on every fitting occasion—first, all besought and entreated me to play, as if the happiness of their lives depended upon it; and I had hardly commenced, when they all set to chatting, talking, and laughing; some few listening a short time, while the others kept up the noise; and when I finally stopped, they all came up to thank me, shaking hands, and pretending they had heard every sound. Is not that exactly as it happens with us?

After the music, the cover of my German hunting-pouch, ornamented with deers' claws, attracted general attention. I did my best to give them a description of the animal, and the part from whence it came; but I fear I did not succeed, for they kept shaking their heads and looking at me. My Californian bows and arrows came next, and they principally admired the fox-skins which the Indians use for a quiver. They looked afterward very distrustfully *at*, and after some persuasion *through* my pocket telescope, just like children shown new and strange objects; and they seemed, in fact very well inclined to turn me inside out, only to see if I had "nothing else."

Some tobacco and beads which I divided among them, seemed to please them exceedingly, and did very much to befriend me with them; and two worthy matrons—matriarchs, as the Rev. Mr. Bingham has it—ladies certainly of some weight in their country (between fifteen and sixteen stone) commenced taking care of me, and introducing me into the mysteries of their language. As they treated me at the same time to cocoa-nut milk and bread-fruit, and even invited me to some raw fish and salt-water (an honor I declined), I found myself soon at home among these kind and friendly people, and perfectly comfortable.

Evening came, but the canoes, with my Scotchman, and the representative of his liege, the king, had not yet returned; but having already agreed with the former to take my things up to his house, I selected some of the natives, who soon managed to have all my luggage packed up and carried on sticks between them to this hut.

We passed along the edge of the little inland lake or lagoon,

and, with the setting sun, the air had become cool and balsamic. On the white coral strand a number of crabs were taking their evening walk, paddling when we approached them, with raised claws, sideways down into the water as quickly as they could. We reached, just at dark, the little cocoa-tree thicket, through whose sombre shade we could hardly see our road, passed it, and soon afterward entered the hut of the Scot, where the inmates lay or squatted upon mats spread out upon the ground round a little fire, most assuredly only kindled to keep off the musquitoes, which came rushing in upon us in perfect swarms, and bringing back to my recollection the delightful hours I passed in their unsought company on the shores of the Mississippi.

Of course I had to overhaul my things here, for the men and children that came up with me—and their number was legion—related the most wonderful stories about them; but being tired, as it seemed, the lady of the house turned in—that is, she went to a large bed with a musquito net over it, that filled one corner of the room, and disappeared behind the curtains; while the rest of the natives, whom I had fancied neighbors or relations living close by, proved to me that they lived closer than I had thought, by spreading their mats all round the room. They had given me one of these mats for my use, but though they had turned in, they all were up and alive again, even Madam herself, when they saw that I had some way of my own in sleeping which never seemed to have occurred to them. I carried a hammock with me and a Mexican serape, and while I slung the former between two posts of the hut and spread out the other, they all flocked around me, really screaming in pure delight. In fact, they would not go to bed again till I was rolled up in my blankets, and they had swung me awhile backward and forward. Five minutes afterward I was fast asleep.

But I was not fated to escape so easily. The musquitoes had been working away at me the whole time; and between ten and eleven o'clock, after my first fatigue had been slept off, and fresh swarms kept following the first ones, they awoke me, and I could not get a wink of sleep again that night. I fought against them all night, and only at daybreak fell into a kind of restless doze.

I dreamt—I don't know what; tortured by these little sharp-faced rascals, nobody can dream a good and regular dream out; they bring the blood to a perfect boil, and imagination runs

away with our dreams like a wild, unbridled steed over ditches and walls, from image to image, over time and space. But I had not dozed long, when I felt myself shaken by the shoulder, and knowing very well that could not be a musquito, I looked up, and saw by the dim light of morning that stole in slowly through the basket-work of the hut walls, my old honest Scot, a great deal better than half in the wind. He was as drunk as he possibly could get, but most certainly from yesterday, he would not have had time to work himself up to such a state so early in the morning, and there was no hope of staying any longer in bed. The whole house was alarmed, and I learned very soon the result of his last voyage of discovery on board the whale-ship.

He had brought thence, as belonging to me, a box of Dutch (*i. e.* Bremen) gin, and took such care of this box (for me, of course) that he finished, from the time he stepped ashore, about ten o'clock in the evening, nine and a half of the bottles, though he swore by every thing above, upon, and below the island, there had been only eleven bottles in the box, and that a great many friends had helped him to finish what he did. He seemed even to have some idea of commencing again on the rest, but nature refused to take any more on board, and reeling toward a large box that stood on one side, and asking me to call him in about half an hour, as he had promised the captain of a whaler—the gin was advanced as part of the purchase-money—to deliver six cords of wood in the course of the next forty-eight hours. He then stretched himself on the box, and was snoring the next minute at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Two hours later I thought it time to rouse him; he might have slept off at least a part of his nine bottles, but I might just as well have tried to shake the box on which he slept to consciousness. His wife then took a spell at it, and after her his brother-in-law, and then I again, but without the least visible result. I gave the thing up at last as a bad job, and as I had not the least interest in his getting up or sleeping for the next week, I took my seat just in the door of the hut, watching with some curiosity the indefatigable arms of the two natives, brother and sister, who worked away to rouse the sleeping drunkard. But even they gave it up at last, and the Indian stretched himself again on his mat, to rest after his extraordinary exertion, while the woman squatted down at the hearth, to make a fire,

and have breakfast ready for her husband, if ever he woke again. This gentleman, to my astonishment, and I believe to that of all the others, then jumped up suddenly from his box, shook his shoulders, to get them into place again, walked up very deliberately to where his wife was bending over the coals, and gave her four or five as sound boxes on the ears as he could.

Of course I did not interfere in family matters, her brother also looked on as indifferently as if the white man had been beating the dust out of his mattress, and they all seemed to consider the thing as a kind of exercise which the gentleman took in order to get quite awake. Immediately afterward he came out to me, as if nothing the least out of the common way had happened, and sat down by my side, where they brought us, a few minutes later, our breakfast of fish and bread-fruit. He told me he felt extremely well that morning, but that was always the case after such a happy night; spirits agreed with him first-rate, and there was no jollier fellow in the world than he when he awoke in the morning.

I looked up at him, for I thought he only spoke so in fun, but he appeared as sober as a judge; and to prove his good-nature, got out one of the remaining bottles and filled a whole cocoa-nut shell, for the use of the house. They all drank except his wife and myself; and I now reminded him of his promise of taking wood to the whaler. "Yes, yes," he answered, "you are right, we will go down directly;" but he could not get ready, and about twelve o'clock a man came from the beach to tell us the whaler's boat had been on shore, but seeing no sign of wood or wood-cutters, had left again, and that the vessel was at this moment sailing under a press of sail toward the north.

My Scotchman turned, for consolation, to the gin again, and I shouldered my gun to take a walk over the island, my host finally agreeing to bear me company, having, as he said, to appear before court to-day, on account of having been caught out one night, after the lawful hour, on the beach. A jury was going to meet this afternoon at the viceroy's house, and he had to be there to answer the complaint of one of the constables, as they did not possess a States' attorney. Glad enough to have a chance of witnessing such a police case, I went with him to the house of the viceroy, to whom I wished to make some little present.

I had a tolerably large and handsome gold seal-ring, though of

little value, by me, and intended to present it to his majesty's representative; but the Scotchman, to whom I communicated my intention, told me the viceroy would not care a straw for such a ring; but if I wanted to give it away, I had better let him have it, and he would present his highness with some other articles for it, which he liked better. Though I felt sure of his disinterestedness in the whole business, I preferred following my own inclination in the matter, and therefore kept the ring and put it, when we came down to the viceroy's house, with my own hands upon his finger.

He seemed to admire the ring very much, and let the sun play upon it; but knowing his neighbors better than I did, I expect, he told me, through the Scot, that the ring, which the latter had put upon his own finger in the mean time, was very pretty, but that if I really wanted to make him some present he would prefer cash.

I then took out two dollars in silver, and handing them to his highness, I took the ring from my host's finger, and put it again upon the viceroy's hand, and I saw he felt pleased at it; but, to my utter astonishment, the Scotchman, who, whatever his other faults might be, was never guilty of bashfulness, took it off again, put it in his pocket, and assured me very quietly he had taken possession of it now, it being a custom on this island that if any body had something his friend or relation liked, they could take it away from him without fear of the least opposition. But this ring, he continued, he had only taken away from the viceroy for his benefit, because if he had not claimed it some of the others would have done so directly, and the viceroy had at least a chance of getting it back again from him—a fact I took the liberty of doubting greatly.

The custom of taking what any one liked from a friend, existed in fact, and proved the mild and kind character of the natives. The Scotchman seemed to have taken to their customs—at least in this respect.

During the day I visited my friends on the beach, and they received me in a very kind way. To please them, I shot some birds for them on the wing, a feat I believe, which they never had seen before, and I am sure they thought me the best shot in creation. There was hardly any game on the island, except some wild ducks and a small kind of plover. My Scotchman told me

he had brought one hundred and twenty-five brace of wild ducks here himself and let them fly. I saw three out of the number; but he never told me whence he brought such a quantity, "but Brutus is an honorable man." He gave me permission to shoot as many as I pleased out of pure kindness.

Toward evening I went to the viceroy's house, and found a great crowd collected there and waiting the trial. Outside the low fence the women and children sat talking and playing, the boys wrestling and chasing each other, and the girls looking at them with loudly expressed delight.

The jury—consisting of seven men, the viceroy squatting down close to them, and leaning with his back against his own door-post—were seated on outspread mats studying with great attention a little volume, printed by the missionaries, which contained their laws for Huakeine and Maiao.

The manner of administering justice seems to differ here from that in other countries, the jury being at the same time witnesses and attorneys, speaking both for and against the accused, and the constable who had informed against the Scot, had to plead his own cause, for the case, as it seemed, turned against the police-officer himself, as he had no business to interfere with a white man. Some, in fact, my host told me, wanted to make it a question of principle, whether a white man, who had settled among them as one of themselves, had to be considered above or under their laws. One of the jury now got up, and making a a short but lively speech, without stopping or stammering, and with free and easy gesticulations, put the case, as I heard afterward, simply before the viceroy and the judges; and after him the constable, a fine young fellow in a white cotton shirt, a piece of tapa around his loins, and two large star-flowers in his ears, rose, and defended what he had done, asking at the same time that the transgressor should be punished.

After him my Scotchman had to come forward, and defend himself, and he did it—considering he had not had a drop of soda-water this morning—fluently enough. His defense, as he told me, was based on the law itself, which was only made against such persons as were under a suspicion of theft, and who had given cause, at least once, for such suspicion; he, of course, was above that.

After him the constable spoke again, and with a great deal of

animation. I had never expected so much life and fire in one of these, as it had seemed to me, perfectly indolent Indians. But the poor devil had no chance against the white man, whose relations and friends were among the jury; three of them rose one after another, speaking in favor of the Scotchman, the whole concluding with a verdict against the poor constable, who, besides a reprimand, was sentenced to a fine of one dollar, which he paid down on the spot, and was warned to be careful next time how he "barked up the wrong tree."

The next day, Saturday, I intended to make a tour round the island, and climbing up the hill, just behind my host's house, I had to cross his garden, a little spot, cultivated with some care, and forcibly showing the riches of this tropical climate.

With hardly any labor at all, except fencing in the ground, against the numerous pigs—which ran about through the woods, getting fat on all kinds of fruits—cocoa-nut bread-fruit, and bananas, grew spontaneously; and half an acre of ground had been worked up into low ridges for sweet potatoes, a vegetable that grows most excellently in this climate.

The main food on these islands, is the bread-fruit; but though it yields two crops of ripe fruit, it is not always eatable throughout the year, and two months interval elapses between the two crops. Nature has, however, provided for this by an abundance of oranges, guaiavas, bananas, papayas, and other fruits, while the Indians plant at the same time taro, yam, and sweet potatoes, but they even know how to preserve the bread-fruit, which they do not like to miss for a single day; for they put a quantity of them together to ferment, and obtain in this way a kind of strongly acidulous paste, which tasted to me like spoiled and sour mush; but the Indians relish it exceedingly, and prefer it even to the fresh fruit.

I saw bananas here planted in rows, the stem always sending forth some fresh shoots when nearly ripe. The quick growth of these plants is most extraordinary. They shoot up in eighteen months with a stem of about five to six inches in thickness, and bear an immensely large fruit, which contains nearly a hundred of the single bananas.

Another fruit, brought here from the Brazils, is the guaiana-apple, which now forms woods and thickets, and has overgrown all the islands. It is a large apple, with a thin and bright yellow peel, and rosy looking juicy meat. This apple grows in such

profusion on the islands as to be the main food for hogs, which get very fat on them.

After leaving the garden, which I had to do by climbing the fence again, I had to work my way in a dreadful heat, through a perfect forest of guaiana-bushes, the fruit of which—these have also two crops—not being quite ripe, till I nearly reached the height; and here the wood seemed perfectly open, in a higher growth of casuarinas, which crowned the upper ridge. I reached the highest peak with greater ease, though attacked here by perfect swarms of musquitoes, perhaps five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and I enjoyed a most splendid view, not only over the wide blue ocean, but also over the little beautiful spot in it, with its groves of fruit and cocoa-nut trees, the different colored lagoons with their white coral bottoms, varying in all shades, from the brightest green to the deepest blue, the snow-white breakers of the coral-reef that encircled the islands, forming a perfect setting to the picture.

The panorama around me, with its perfectly new and striking features was indescribably beautiful; but if it were a paradise, the musquitoes were the angels with the flaming swords that drove me out of it. Clambering down the tolerably steep height again, I reached a perfect plantation of bread-fruit trees, papayas, custard apples—the tappo tappos of the Indians—with rows of sweet potatoes and water-melons; and the farther I got down, the more I found myself in finely-cultivated grounds, and if not among real plantations—the island being too small to allow them—still in fields of sugar-cane and pine-apples.

Here I also found a well-beaten path, which led me slowly down the hill and along it, toward the upper part of the little island, and following this I soon reached the main colony, in which I could even recognize some very nicely-built houses. Here also the church stood, a long, roomy and lofty edifice, with benches and a low pulpit, upon which lay a Tahitian Bible. Right opposite the church a little wooden covered frame held the bell.

Slowly walking along, I met, rather to my astonishment, a perfect crowd of well-dressed girls and women, all going to church, some even carrying Bibles and prayer-books under their arms, and still I knew most certainly it was only Saturday, and what other holy-day could they have? Soon afterward I heard

them ring the bell for divine service, and could not guess what festival they could possibly celebrate in February, except their Sunday; but my Scotchman afterward explained the mistake to me. The missionaries, coming from England round the Cape of Good Hope, and knowing very little or nothing about navigation, seemed to have no idea of thus gaining a day, by crossing the 180th degree of longitude; and as they kept their Sabbath as usual, they got back thus to the Saturday. Only in Tahiti and the opposite Emao, which the French have taken possession of, they have also, and, in fact, forcibly, altered the Sunday to its right time, confusing the natives not a little, who can not understand what can have been the matter with the day.

I stopped in several of the huts, and, in fact, wherever I passed they called to me, and did not seem satisfied, till I had come in to them, and drunk some of their cocoa-nut milk or tasted a piece of bread fruit. There was a natural courtesy among these tribes, who were as free as they were unaffected, and at the same time it was coupled with such kindness that I felt at home among them from the first moment, and through all my travels afterward—through the wide plains of the Murray or the beautiful valleys of Java—I never forgot this friendly little island in the South Sea.

The next morning there was a great assembly at the Scotchman's house of all the girls in the neighborhood, solely on my account, or at least on account of the beads and knick-knacks I had brought with me, and divided very freely among them. If they did not ask for any thing, they at least wanted to show themselves, so as to give me no excuse for not having seen them. But what pleased them most of all, were some peacock's feathers, things they had no idea of; and I had to describe the bird that carried these beautiful feathers more than fifty times, and after making a drawing of it in the sand, they all flocked round it, chatting about in the most lively manner, and with quick gesticulations.

One of the girls, a young, wild, beautiful creature, of about sixteen, had a most singular ornament upon her brow, consisting of little round beads, cut out of the knobs of the ripe pine-apple. Throwing a sweet fragrance around, it looked exceedingly well in the nymph's dark tresses, and her black glistening eyes showed that she knew very well, at the same time, how beautiful she

was. I gave her some of the peacock's feathers, and she was perfectly delighted with them; but did not enjoy them long, for a friend of hers, of the same kind, I expect, as my Scotchman was to the viceroy—a long, thin, dark-colored spinster of about forty years at least—walked up to her, and taking the feathers out of her hands, without the least resistance or remonstrance from the poor little thing, stuck them right straight upon her own head, into a mass of tangled hair, and walked off with them, as proud as any old pea-hen. As a matter of course, I gave the little girl some other feathers, and some of the nicest beads into the bargain.

The girls plait here, from the prepared stem of the arrow-root, some most beautiful head-dresses; but these, I expect, looked far too heathenish for the refined taste of the missionaries, and some of these not only lent a hand to save the souls, but also shaped the fashions of the wild fair sex, and taught them to plait out of these braids, which looked far more brilliant than the finest Italian straw, some of the old English coal-scuttle bonnets, which gave the poor things a most ludicrous appearance. But in the eyes of the missionaries—bless their souls!—it looked decent and Christian-like; and as it was something new for the girls, both parties were exceedingly pleased.

In order to obtain some things to take with me, in remembrance of the islands, I brought some other articles adapted for the men. The principal of these was a hatchet, a tool very much wanted among them, and for which they gave me a whole piece of tapa, of I do not know how many yards long. For tobacco and money I also bought some mats, which they plait very nicely out of a grassy plant; besides this, some of the prepared braidings and other smaller articles, but they have very few things worth keeping as curiosities.

The tapa, however, deserves some nearer description, for the way they prepare it is as simple as it is ingenious. The tapa, a cloth which served all their purposes for dress, before they became acquainted with Europeans, consists of nothing but the inner bark of several trees—among these, principally the banian and bread-fruit—which they beat together, and work till they make a perfectly tough and untearable dough of it. This they lay, after a certain time, upon a smoothly-cut table, and commence beating it out till it spreads all over the surface of the board underneath; beating and beating, side by side, they make it thinner and thin-

ner, spreading it in this way farther and farther out. The tools they use for this are long pieces of heavy wood, scraped off to four equal sides, the one having broad and deep incisions longways, the second smaller ones, the third finer ones still, and the fourth the finest, all along the wood. They often work the dough out in this way, sometimes into pieces of twenty or more yards in length. But this seems really the only work they ever do, except now and then scraping cocoa-nuts, which they accomplish in the most easy manner in a sitting posture, and put the scrapings afterward into a long trough, which stands in the sun, so that the oil may be melted out of them.

Even their canoes, which the New Zealanders, on the other hand, cut and carve in the most beautiful fashion, are rough and uncouth things, very narrow, and provided with an outrigger—two light sticks, secured upon the gunwale of the canoe, and projecting from six to ten feet, where they are crossed by another stick, from four to five inches thick, but also of light wood. This outrigger prevents, especially under sail, their upsetting, but also makes the canoe cumbersome and difficult to manage. The Seaux and Tuscaroras of the northern and equally stormy lakes would scorn to go to sea in such a machine, while they can skim the waves with their light and swift bark canoes; but these craft perfectly suit the rather indolent character of the natives: they are slow, it is true, but they are easy and safe; and why should they put themselves to unnecessary trouble or danger merely to go a little quicker through the water?

Their huts are as simple as their canoes, but at the same time most excellently suited to the mild and warm climate. They drive posts about four or five feet apart into the ground, and fill up the interstices with thin bamboo or peeled sticks at a sufficient distance apart to let air and light through every where; in fact, the whole house looks very much like a bird-cage, and is covered with the leaves of the pandanus, which they sew or fasten upon thin poles by a thin strip of bark and with a kind of awl and hook made of bone. Such a roof usually lasts between four and five years. The interior is just as simple: half-a-dozen mats on the ground, a couple of low, smoothly-carved stools used by day as seats, and at night as pillows, one or two sailors' chests which they are very fond of, several calabashes and cocoa-nut shells, the first to keep salt-water mixed with cocoa-nut milk in,

to take with their fish and bread-fruit, the others to drink out of; and this constitutes the whole furniture and all the kitchen utensils: but below the rafters there is sometimes fastened a stray paddle or a harpoon, while a net and a couple of mother-of-pearl fish-hooks for the bonitas, albicores, and dolphins, hang in one corner.

It is a singular fact, however, that the inhabitants of the South Seas, when the first white men stepped upon their shores, knew the art of making nets, with exactly the same knots, and employed the same tools in the manufacture as the Europeans. They had at that time, and have now, the same wooden netting-needle sailors and fishermen use in our country.

I had a chance of leaving this little friendly island much quicker than I thought at first, or, in fact, desired. A fine westerly breeze—a very rare occurrence in this latitude, where the trades nearly constantly blow from the east—sprung up, and some of the Indians intended to start for Tahiti in an open boat, taking with them some pigs and chickens to exchange for such articles as were wanted on the island and could only be procured in the stores of Tapetee. But in spite of this, I would have risked the chance of stopping here two or three months longer before another boat left, had there been no white man on the island. My Scotchman got drunk again on this day on what little was left of the gin, and told me quite confidentially that he had found out a way of getting, by the help of this boat, a small keg of liquor on shore, without the Indians being any the wiser for it. I saw very plainly that I could not get away from this gentleman if I stopped on the island, and I was tired of his drunken freaks, and therefore preferred taking advantage of the boat which intended to start this very evening. It was going to try to touch at Emao, and thence proceed to Tahiti, giving me a chance of seeing both these islands; and if the wind held on only twenty-four hours, we could with all ease reach Emao, the distance thence to Tahiti only being about fifteen miles.

My host did not seem to like my sudden departure, and even the viceroy asked me if I did not feel pleased with his island; but as I had made up my mind, I was determined to be one of the party in the boat, and giving my host my double-barreled fowling-piece, as a kind of recompense for his hospitality, though he told me he had not expected any thing, and I was perfectly welcome, I packed up my baggage again.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MAIAO TO EMAO.

HAVING made a good many presents to the Indians during my stay, they now brought provisions from every corner to make me some return, and not let me go empty-handed. My Scot told me they had talked among themselves of my being the most singular white man they had ever seen; for all the things I got from them I wanted to pay for, and would not take any thing for all the things I gave them, and yet did not wish to stay any longer among them. The Scot being the only interpreter I had, I could not of course tell them the true reason of my quick departure, but I divided what I could spare of my knick-knacks among them, and we started with a roast pig which my host's lady had prepared for me, and baked bread-fruits, young cocoa-nuts and oranges more than enough to last at least forty-eight hours, and in twenty-four we could be on shore again.

However, I must say first a few words about the Indian girl whom the white man had married; she was a beautiful young woman, with a perfectly European profile, the dark skin of her tribe, her thick, long raven-black tresses plaited up in English style, but she had a club-foot; and my old Scotchman told me, either as an excuse for his selecting her, or else because it was really the fact, while we were walking to the beach, his wife with us, that the Indian girls were all too swift for him; and in case of some accident, "out of sight directly, so he had chosen this girl, for if he wanted at any time to beat her, she could not run away from him."

What a quantity of things a man has to look at in choosing a wife!

The preparations, in getting the boat ready, occupied us nearly till evening; and the breeze had by that time become much weaker, but the Indians said it would freshen again during the

night; and putting my things aboard, and stepping the little mast—a weak concern if we got a good capful of wind—we took our seats, and now had to watch the breakers which rolled across the narrow entrance at short intervals, and left a smooth water between each thundering wave.

A great many of the Indians were standing on the beach, watching our passage through the channel; a higher wave than I had yet seen now rolled right in to the entrance, agitating the water even up to where we lay. The Indians on shore screamed something over to us, and the oldest of my three companions quickly raised the sail—another wave followed—the third in quick succession, and when the breeze caught the sheet, our little craft shot forward, seemingly to meet a rolling sea, that would most certainly have filled us, but before we reached it, it had melted away, leaving at the place where it disappeared a milk-white and hissing foam. We shot over, and just cleared the next rising breaker, which grew out, as it were, from under our keel, our steerer even having to dodge away from it. At the same moment we reached the deep water outside, while a loud cheer from shore—a merry shout of joy that we had passed the danger—at once bade us farewell, the girls on shore waved their kerchiefs, the cocoa-nut trees their graceful leaves, while we glided out to sea under a fresh and lively breeze; and far, far away I thought I could yet hear the kind "Toranna, toranna!" of these good people, and see their slender forms as long as they could mark the small boat on the waves.

The breeze was light but steady, and the oldest of the Indians, who was tattooed up to his teeth, held the steering-oar, while the two others went to work to trim the boat, and get the whole affair a little ship-shape. This done, one stretched himself out very leisurely upon one of the hen-coops, while the other took hold of a dry piece of wood, chipped off a piece of it, and began, by rubbing another piece against it, to ignite the quickly blackening wood-dust. I had always thought this process a very tedious job, but the young fellow, throwing his whole energy into it, procured fire in about four or five minutes, and blowing it a little till the other had twisted a small cigar out of some tobacco and a piece of banana-leaf, they lit it, and each took a few whiffs, at it in turn, letting the kindled wood go out again. With each cigar, which they smoked in about two minutes among them,

they set to work again with the two sticks, resting again in the intervals upon the hen-coops.

Night now set in, and overhauling my provisions, I made a most delicious supper of a piece of roasted pig, with lemon-juice, some baked bread-fruit, and the milk of a cocoa-nut; then rolled myself in my serape, and soon fell sound asleep, the glitering stars shining out upon me in their full splendor.

It might have been two o'clock when I awoke, and found the whole crew fast asleep. The old fellow and one of the youngsters lay in the bow of the boat, on some pieces of tapa and other things they had taken with them, I presume to trade, and the third bent over the steering oar which was trailing after us in the water, and the sail flapping on the mast. This would not do. The breeze was not at all brisk, and we could not make much headway. But drifting in such a manner could only take us back with the current; and besides that, the sky looked exactly as if a rattling breeze would soon blow over the waters.

But whereabouts were we? Clouds were chasing each other over the sky, and I had to watch the stars some time before I could find out where north or south was; but I soon got a glimpse of the southern cross; and waking the young fellow in the sternsheets, and sending him to the rest—a command he obeyed very readily—I took the steering-oar, and bending the line of the sheet round one of the thwarts, to have more purchase over the sail in case a stiffer breeze sprung up, I turned her head toward the east, keeping the course, as well as I was able, without a compass.

The breeze gradually died away, but there was a change in the atmosphere, and I did not like the look of the clouds and the whole horizon. Only too soon I found that I had not been mistaken. Just about twelve o'clock, it came with a deep murmuring sound, growling and whistling over the water, the breeze veering at the same time more and more round toward the east; but how her head was exactly, I could no longer tell, for thick black clouds were spread over the whole horizon, and hid every star in the sky. Without a compass, I could do nothing with the little craft but keep her as close on the wind as possible, though I knew we should drift at least three points to leeward; and fearing, at the same time, the harder and harder blowing breeze would injure our mast, I called to the Indians to rise and reef topsails, as we were running about five knots through the water.

I called and called, but they did not hear me—they slept like tops—and our little craft, bending more and more over to leeward, shot along with a speed of which I had not thought her capable. Keeping the sheet-line in my hand, and knowing the boat to be properly ballasted, I had no fear of an accident. In the worst case, our mast—a most indifferent piece of timber—would certainly break, and the waves were not yet high enough to swamp us if we drifted broadside on to a sea. Notwithstanding, I kept calling the men, it being rather a disagreeable feeling to have the whole management of the boat, and the wind rising higher and higher; but my voice proved too weak to disturb their repose, none of them stirred; and giving it up at last in despair—for I would not leave the oar, as the boat now skimmed the waves in fine style—I kept her as I had done before, close on the wind, trusting the rest to fate and fortune.

But the breeze grew higher, and the sea with it; and what I had tried in vain for nearly half an hour, a friendly wave did for me in an instant. It was the first water we shipped, the boat driving with perfect fury against the foaming sea; and the old Indian, who was lying in the fore part of the little craft, got the whole benefit of it. Raising himself up quickly enough, he sat there in the bow, looking rather astonished around him; but a second sea followed the first, and the old fellow, who was not slow in comprehending the state of affairs, was up in a minute. He also lost no more words; but taking hold of the halliards, and letting down the sheet, he kept stamping at the same time upon his comrades, to get them up also; and as soon as we made no more headway, I had nothing to do but to keep her head right against the sea. The old Indian seemed not to have the least notion of setting the sail again as long as there was such a breeze; and while one bailed out, the other two squatted down and looked at the sky. But I got them at last to take a reef in the sail and raise it again; and the worst of the squall having blown over, we commenced going through the water again at the rate of four or five knots an hour.

What course we steered I was not able to tell, but about an hour afterward some parts of the blue sky became visible again, and the moon also rose in the east, right to windward. We were running up toward the north as hard as we could, but there being no help for it, I left the steering-oar again to my

old Indian, and rolling myself up in my blanket, soon fell fast asleep.

At daybreak next morning, we saw the high and rough outlines of Emao—but far, far off to windward; and not to be driven away to the north, we tacked, and apparently drew nearer to land; but drifting, of course, to leeward, as all whale-boats do close on a wind, we could hardly do much more than hold our own. I therefore took the patience of the Indians for a pattern, who, seeing no chance of doing any good by fretting themselves unnecessarily, took to their two sticks again, rubbed fire, and smoked little bits of cigars.

My breakfast this morning was as frugal as my supper last night; and watching the mountains before us, which would not rise a single inch farther out of the water, I did like the Indians, and stretching myself at full length in the boat, took out a little volume of Moore's "Lalla Rookh"—a book that had been my companion through the Pampas, over the Cordilleras, and in the mines of California—and was soon lost in the Fire-Worshipers. We should have to be out a day longer on the water, that was all, and time would soon pass. Toward evening, a stronger breeze would most certainly rise.

It was Monday, the 27th of January, 1851, and the whole day the wind blew steadily from the east, while we tacked and tacked without nearing the land, as it seemed, an inch. The mountains of Emao displayed no other outline, and even the hill on the little island we had left was yet visible upon the water.

The Indians, in the mean time, rubbed their sticks to get fire, smoked their cigars, and slept, one alternately taking the steering-oar, and all of them constantly tapping cocoa-nuts, and drinking the milk, just as they used to do on shore, without troubling their heads whether they would last or not. For the first time, I now felt uneasy whether we could reach the other shore as comfortably with our provisions as we had expected.

The day passed slowly, and with the setting sun the breeze became fresher, but still from the east. The common trade-winds had set in, and there was no possibility of reaching the windward islands with that breeze. But, leaving the management of our little vessel entirely to the natives, I laid myself down again at dark, and soon fell asleep. By the southern cross which I could see, bright and glittering in the heavens,

when I awoke, it might have been midnight, and I lay awhile in a state of half-dream, rocked by the soft and undulating motion of the waves. The air was cool and balmy, and I could feel the light breeze, which was just strong enough to fill our sail, fanning my face. I suddenly heard a blowing and splashing in the water. Being only half awake, I thought I heard a steamer coming, and wondered where it came from; when all at once the old Indian jumped up in the boat, and catching hold of a paddle or stick, which was lying beside him, set to screaming and striking the gunwale of the boat and the water as hard and as loud as he could. The two others, roused by the dreadful noise, soon followed his example; and I had raised myself, quite astonished, on my right elbow, to see what in the name of common sense was the matter, when I heard the puffing and blowing noise of a whole shoal of black-fish right close upon us; and on looking quickly round, I found they were coming against us in a perfect swarm, at the same time lifting their dark, heavy bodies half out of the water, rolling, and splashing, and groaning, as it were, in perfect transports of pleasure. But it was, in fact, no pleasure for us. The fish came as straight up to us as they could swim; and if one of those heavy fellows only touched our boat, we were lost. The Indians knew this very well; and though so indolent and lazy at all other times, this night they worked their arms and voices in a most lively and industrious manner, and the result answered their expectations. The fish, which could not help hearing the dreadful noise, moved barely ten yards from the boat, partly to the right and partly to the left; and there must have been several hundreds of them, puffing as they passed us like so many steam-engines, and only one of them seemed determined on seeing exactly who and where we were. His black head, more than four feet square, rose up not much farther than arm's length on our starboard bow, going about as fast through the water as the boat, and diving again, as if he was going to rub his nose against the gunwale, which he just missed, and throwing the water he spouted or squirted up, nearly upon us; while the boat moved a little way ahead, he came up again on the other side, and all our danger was passed.

The old Indian had taken the steering-oar again, and we left the fish far behind. But looking round myself now for the course

we were steering, I found, rather to my astonishment, the southern cross on our larboard side, and the old fellow keeping her head, perfectly well satisfied with himself, as it seemed, close on the wind, toward the northwest. It being perfectly dark, and the distant mountains of Emao, of course, out of sight, we had no other way of steering but by the stars; and as they appeared in full brightness in the sky, we should have had not the least difficulty about it. But my old pilot seemed to think otherwise, though I showed him the southern cross on one side, and the two upper stars of the bear on the horizon, giving him at the same time the direction in which Emao and Tahiti lay; but he shook his head and told me as far as I could make out, that he was perfectly right; and when I would not be satisfied, he called up the others, and held a kind of council with them. They kept talking for some time, and looking at the different stars, the result being in favor of the old Indian; then, as if they had troubled their heads enough about such an indifferent subject, they lay down to sleep again, while the steersman kept her steady, as he had done before, toward the northwest.

I soon found that I could do nothing by remonstrating; and as I had not the least idea of looking in that direction for a passage just now, I got up, without saying another word, carried the sheet over to starboard, and asked the Indian to let me have the steering-oar. It requires the indifference of a native to do it as unconcernedly as he did: without giving even a look to the direction I intended to take, he left me in the stern-sheets, and raising a piece of tapa which he had been sitting on, over his head, was soon as fast asleep as the rest.

Dawn, next day, showed I had been right, for the breeze had become better, and the southern point of Tahiti, with Emao more to our left, lay exactly before the cut-water of our boat, though yet many a long mile distant. We had a fine breeze at the time; and if it had lasted, we could have reached Emao, the nearest island, that same night. And it was high time we did so too, for our coca-nuts were nearly gone; and, beyond what they furnished, we had not a single drop of water in the boat. The pigs and chickens had nothing either to eat or drink, and there was, in fact, no way of feeding or watering them; and how could they stand it much longer? But, in spite of this, my worst fears were realized: with the rising sun, the breeze became

weaker and weaker, till our sail hung listlessly on the mast, and our little craft lay still and motionless on the smooth, mirror-like surface of the wide and boundless ocean. And there we were, with the strong equatorial current right against us, the sun at mid-day exactly over our heads, with not a drop of water in the boat, and not a breeze stirring upon the dazzling surface of the slowly-swelling ocean to fan our burning brows; and if we staid there without making an attempt to get out of our difficulty, we should drift to leeward, Lord knows where.

We had no real oars, nothing but three paddles, cut roughly enough out of a bread-fruit tree, which were very well adapted to drive one of their light canoes through the water, but not a heavy loaded whale-boat. But what could we do? So, taking hold of the paddles—and a most incommodious seat we had, to work in a whale-boat with them—we went at it, with a hope that a breeze would spring up again at sunset; while the Indians, instead of laying their weight on the paddles, used them as if they had been made of glass, and were liable to break at any moment. We did not go faster than two knots and a half through the water, the current against us being more than a mile.

On we went, slowly and tediously, not a breath of wind stirring the mirror-like surface of the sea, while the sun rose higher and higher; and at nine o'clock we drank our last cocoa-nut, without quenching our thirst in the least: it being a fact well known to all who have suffered thus, that people are never more eager for something to eat or drink than at the moment when they know they can not get it. The land at the same time, was apparently as far off as ever, and we could not see until mid-day that we had made any headway. As the sun was exactly vertical, the heat was nearly suffocating, and the skin of my neck and arms blistered, as if I had exposed it to a fire. But we worked on incessantly, some oranges being the only refreshment left, of which we had yet a small basket full, though my Indians ate away at them, as if they had been under a contract to finish them before dinner.

Toward evening the heat became so oppressive that I could hardly breathe, and even the Indians laid down their paddles twice, and looked around in despair; but they knew perfectly well that we had to pull for our lives, and in such a case even South Sea Indians can work

We had one water-melon left, but it was as warm as the air, and could do us very little good; our lips were parched, and the juice of the fruit evaporated on them as if they had been hot stones.

The sun went down in the west, like a ball of fire, but no breeze rose with the setting-in of night; in fact, the air seemed to grow more sultry when the light of day faded away. But we had drawn so near the island, by hard work, as to distinguish at least in the clear and starry night the dark shadow of the mountains before us, and were certain by this of keeping a straight course. And we had to pull the whole night, the Indians getting so sleepy and tired that the short paddles several times slipped out of their hands, and compelled us to pull back and pick them up. It can not be supposed that they did much in driving the boat forward, and I paddled that whole night, without taking a single minute's rest, as hard as I could, while the old Indian steered; but I had no other chance, though it was very like being on a treadmill.

At last—and I really thought that night, would never end, while the southern cross turned as slowly as if it would never change its position—the morning-star rose; the cross stood perfectly upright, and far in the east day broke; nature gained new life with the day-star, and a soft and freshening breeze stole over the water, filling our sail, and our souls with new hope and joy. Hardly had we set the sail, when my three Indians turned over like dead men, leaving the management of the little craft entirely to the stranger. But I did not blame them for it; for nearly twenty-four hours we had toiled, paddling twenty of them incessantly, without the least shade, in a heat enough in itself to destroy or shake at least any indifferent constitution; so I did not say a word, but taking the steering-oar, kept the head of our little craft toward the dark, towering cliffs of Emao; and I could already distinguish the low land stretching out on both sides, a certain sign how much we had approached the shore, and how soon we should reach it, if this breeze continued.

A parching thirst tormented me. All our oranges had been eaten several hours before, not even a lemon was left; and though by throwing salt-water over my head, and washing my blistered face and neck with it, I cooled myself a little, still it was not enough; and the clear water, rippled by the light breeze, looked

so tempting, that I at last took a cocoa-nut shell, and drank a good long draught—it was dreadful. At the moment it passed my lips, it seemed refreshing, but the next second I felt as if I had swallowed dry salt itself, and had to chew nearly a whole raw bread-fruit, only to get the suffocating taste from my lips and tongue, though I could not hinder it from nearly turning my stomach with its nauseous bitterness. My thirst after this only became more parching, and I thought at the time that I should most certainly die if I had to stand such a thirst two hours longer; but that little word *must*, works like a perfect charm upon us. The breeze died away after about half an hour's sail, and I had to wake my Indians again for another spell at the paddles—still alive, though with nothing to drink.

I tried to call them, but I could not utter a loud word, while even a trumpet, I really believe, would not have roused the sleepers. Leaving my oar then, I went up to them, and shaking them with all my might, handed each of them a paddle, by way of introduction. They had no idea of getting to work so quickly; but seeing they could not sleep any longer, and hunting about among their odd pieces of wood, they took two of them, and actually commenced rubbing fire again for a quiet smoke first. We were losing time in a most unpardonable manner, for every minute we did not pull, the current took us back, and our hope of getting a drink of water was deferred—the greatest bliss I thought imaginable at that moment. Taking out, therefore, tinder, firestone, and steel, which I had not shown them yet, or they would have done nothing else but strike fire, and smoke, I pleased them not a little by the quick way I ignited the tinder; they then took a few whiffs at their cigars, and at it we went again with the paddles, as hard as we could for the coast now lay near, and we could already distinguish the breakers.

About nine o'clock we reached the reefs, and running through a small channel, opposite a beautiful little bay, with waving cocoa-nut trees and shady groves of oranges and bananas, out of which the light roofs of the Indian huts were just visible, we entered the smooth inside sheet of water, while the steep and rugged mountains of Emao, running up in the most fantastic shapes several thousand feet above the surface of the sea, and wooded or covered with the most luxurious vegetation up to the very top of the sharpest points, lay rather above than beside us.

Several canoes were gliding over the lovely little bay, which, with the breakers roaring over the reefs, along whose inner edge we ran, would have claimed my whole attention at any other time, but now I had no other thoughts but of water; my eyes wandered over the splendid landscape, but they were not searching for the beauties of the shady groves and the perfect tints of the forest, but for juicy fruit-trees and the lowest dell, as the likeliest to hold fresh-water; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I could hardly breathe.

Close under shore we got another light breeze, not enough to ruffle the surface of the water, but just sufficient to drive our little craft slowly along the shore. Tired as the Indians were, they had no idea of pulling, as long as we only moved forward; and my old Indian taking the steering-oar again, I beat overboard, looking listlessly down upon the green ridges of coral, which lay just discernible, deep, deep below us. Suddenly they rose higher and higher, the bottom became shallower; and never in my life shall I forget the spectacle that lay the next moment unfolded, as if by drawing up a curtain, before my eyes. With lightning speed all other thoughts were forgotten, even the burning thirst, nothing could have quenched before, and the mysterious deep lay expanded before my eyes, like a newly-discovered world.

Far, far from out the bluish bottom rose the knotted and gnarled limbs of the coral-tree, wide forests and shady valleys, steep ravines and gentle slopes, pastures and plains presented themselves, as if summoned from night and darkness by the magic wand of some all-powerful fairy. There, upon that steep and towering rock, overlooking the watery landscape below, stood a strange old castle, with turrets and battlements, large palm-trees waved above its loftiest towers, and on the other side of it a wide and gloomy plain lay extended; trees and logs lying across one another in wild disorder, as if a hurricane had stormed through a pine forest, hurling down every thing before it that offered resistance to its impetuous sway.

Over it we passed. Far, far below, I saw the deep blue sea, and countless small and thickly wooded isles rising from out of it; and, as if with the touch of the magic wand, the picture again acquired life. Thousands and thousands of tiny fish dived out from the sombre shade of the coral thickets. A dark tree, covered with glittering white fruits, revealed a perfect multitude

of brilliant sky-blue little dolphins, and silvery carp, none of them hardly longer than a finger; and from the thickets, which looked like monstrous heaps of piled-up antlers, they came, shooting backward and forward, and varying their hues with every dart they made across the opening. Ha! did you see that large brown pike, striped with gold and azure, at least ten inches long, which showed itself just above the dark and singularly forked bushes? Hui! how the little silver and sky-blue glittering crowd, at the sight of that dreadful monster, rushed away back into their lurking-holes, shooting up and down as busily as bees through the filagree passages of their coral caves.

Over it all the boat passed, and the landscape changed again. As in a regularly-built town, at nearly equal distances from one another, lay small spots, overgrown and shaded by thick bushy groves, and before each of them a wild shoal of tiny, naughty, careless fish chased merrily up and down the streets, like children carefully watched by their attentive parents. Close up to the boat the little daring creatures came, to examine the dark monster above them; they ran into neighbors' houses, as if they had been their own homes, and played thousands of pranks together.

Farther on was the school-house. As the single habitations a little while ago had collected the single families, easily recognized by their different and sharply-marked colors, so they all united here upon an open space, surrounded by large halls. Mr. White-scale's eldest son was flirting with a little gaudily dressed blue fish, most certainly a neighbor's daughter; and two little girls were following them, teasing and bantering the couple, and running back and telling the others, when suddenly some signal must have been given which our coarser senses could not distinguish, and as swift as lightning they all collected in a wild confusion of colors before the hall, forming a semi-circle, and then shooting aloft like single rays from out one common centre. But they had scarcely reached the summit of their tallest coral-trees when they turned back again as suddenly as they came, and met, only a few seconds afterward, upon exactly the same spot whence they had started from.

A single battalion was now sent away to the right wing, then another to the left, and then, as if a trumpet had been blown to mark the time, all the different colors separated again—even young White-scale leaving his beloved—and the white and yel-

low little fish shot like so many glittering, dazzling rays away, under and alongside our boat, while the blue and striped ones turned off to the left to reconnoitre, as it seemed, a long low chain of mountains, that jutted out from the larger continent.

Suddenly the water deepened again; the breeze freshened, ruffling the surface. Like a vail it stretched above the fairy-land; and as if awaking from a dream I lifted my head—and I dreamt on; for we were gliding along close under the beautiful shore, beneath the whispering leaves of the royal palm-trees, quickly, and without a sound, save the low rippling of our bow through the clear sheet of water; and amid the dark groves of oranges and guaiavas, the bright-green bananas shook their broad and fluttering leaves, shading with the waving tassels of the casuarinas, the low and peaceful huts of the children of the soil.

Was not that the dream of my youth, growing to reality here, in all the light and splendor of a sunny morning? Hunger and thirst, past dangers and hardships, were forgotten, and I felt only the happiness, the bliss of this one exquisite moment!

CHAPTER VI.

EMAO.

Suddenly turning round a sharp point of land, we saw to our left a deep shady valley, and a wild mountain stream rushing over many colored shells and gravel through a beautiful grove of gracefully waving and fruit-covered cocoa-nut trees. Into this little bay we turned, and none of us thinking at this moment of running the boat up to a landing-place, the old Indian steered her, as a matter of course, directly into the little streamlet of fresh water, and we all four jumped overboard immediately, drinking long, long draughts of the sweet, cool, and long-absent beverage.

My old Indian had already told me this morning, that there was a missionary, or mi-to-na-re, as he spoke the word—for all these natives have great difficulty in pronouncing two consecutive consonants in one syllable—living in this little bay, and I thought of course it must be an Englishman or Frenchman. But jumping ashore, and walking up to the nearest rather European-looking house, built of logs and with doors and windows (though the latter were of course unglazed), I found a whole crowd of young women and girls, and in the veranda of the building itself a little fat and homely-looking native, in a white cotton-shirt and light striped trowsers, who seemed to me at first sight to possess some authority. As I did not remark a white man, or any signs of one, I turned at last toward this worthy individual, suspecting he could speak a little English, or something else at least, besides his own native tongue. And I was not mistaken; his "gu morni," which I translated off-hand into "good-morning," showed plainly I was right; and offering me his hand when I approached the house—and I really did not look very respectable—he shook it cordially, and offered me a seat without farther ceremony.

Now I must tell the reader first, to avoid any mistake, that all the inhabitants of these isles—be they whites or Indians—think

each European, or rather each white man who steps upon their shores, let him say whatever he pleases to the contrary, a sailor who has escaped from some whale-ship; and the only politeness they show him in this respect, will be to ask him if he has been before the mast, or boat-steerer. Every assurance to the contrary is perfectly useless, for they most certainly know better; and if you won't give up, and maintain your point, they will shake their heads and smile, as if they were going to say: "But what's the use of denying it now? The ship is gone, and nobody is going to take you here."

Thus the little Indian asked me with one of his most benevolent smiles, and with a quick and funny wink of his left eye: "Wad ship?" to which I answered, not acquainted with all these circumstances at that time, "No ship—no sailor."

"No?" winked the little yellow rascal, drawing his lips from ear to ear, "no?" and turning to the girls, and shaking his head very seriously, he spoke a few words to them, and the whole crowd burst out into a perfect fit of laughter. I had to laugh myself at last, and that, of course, proved the whole matter against me, without the least doubt. I had never in my life seen a set of Indians more pleased than they were.

Asking at last for the missionary—for I longed to hear as much as possible about this beautiful island, and did not understand enough of Tahitian, to do it in that language—I had hardly named the word "missionary," when the little man shook off all his joking ways, described a couple of circles and signs in the air, and pointing toward some very thick books, which lay upon one of the tables—of course, Bibles—and saying something in a murderous language, part Indian, part self-made words, I expect, and the rest English, he came suddenly to a full stop.

"But where is the missionary?" I asked again.

"Me mi-to-na-re," the little man now answered, pointing with a great deal of pleasant self-consciousness to the spot where his stomach lay under his white cotton shirt.

From his explanation, I found that there was no Englishman here. As I understood him afterward, a white missionary lived on the other side of the island; but having no time to look for him now, I had to content myself with the little I could understand in the wonderful communications, which my newly-won friend could make me, and at it I went.

My mi-to-na-re was quite a pleasant character; even at the risk of stumbling twice over a perfect crowd of little naked boys, who crawled and ran about between and under his feet, he covered the table with a white cloth, and laid with his own hands some baked bread-fruit, roasted pig, bananas, and sweet potatoes upon it. Afterward, taking down a large roll of thick yellow paper from one of the shelves, he extricated from it, with some trouble, two pair of knives and forks; then stepping up to the table, and saying a very short grace, by which he won my heart, he quickly took his seat, and invited me in a most kind and friendly way to be also seated. As I am never very bashful—but this day was less than ever, having eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours, on account of the dreadful thirst—I followed the invitation in no time, and we soon finished every particle of the delicious meal.

After dinner I threw myself down in the cool shade of a guaiava-bush close to the shore; and pushing a broken piece of an old canoe under my head, I slept, two minutes afterward, sweetly and soundly, till late in the afternoon. A perfectly tropical rain drove me again to take shelter beneath the mi-to-na-re's roof. But the rain did not last long; and the white clouds, lightened of some of their burdens, rose again around the high and conical peaks of the mountains, which rose nearly perpendicularly from the valley.

We intended to pull that evening a couple of miles farther, to reach the habitation of some acquaintance of my Indians, but we had to get some cocoa-nuts and oranges first, as a new stock of provisions; and asking my little missionary for them, he was perfectly willing to let us have as many as we wanted; only taking me in the house first again, he asked me, rather in an undertone, if I did not wish first for a little "dam."

Dam!—what the deuce was that again? "Dam?" I asked at the same time, in some surprise at the mysterious behavior of the little fellow.

"Eh, dam!" he repeated, but with a shake of the head, as if he were going to say: "Well, you are not such a fool as not to know what dam is!" and he made, at the same time, a quick movement with his hand—lifting his thumb to his lips, and raising afterward, his little finger, with a jerk, which explained the whole.

"Ah, dram!" I said ; and he nodded quickly and kindly to me, pointing, at the same time, to a little cupboard with a piece of tapa before it, and containing most likely his spirituous stores. But I astonished him not a little by my assurance that I did not like spirits, and very seldom drank them—a sailor, and drink no spirits!—for a sailor I was, without the least doubt. But still he seemed pleased with it, and said: "Bery gu—bery gu!" adding at the same time, in his most wonderful English, that he drank none himself, but only kept it for strangers. He now pulled off his shoes—a cause of great annoyance to him, for he wore them, as it seemed, only to give him a more venerable appearance—and showed my Indians from which tree they should pluck the cocoa-nuts; and taking me into his garden, he himself plucked, or shoved down with a long pole, the oranges and lemons for me.

We had a whole basket full, and the Indians threw down about eighteen or twenty cocoa-nuts. I asked the little man now how much I had to pay him for it all.

Pay?—he really didn't know—he had never thought of that; but he would ask his old woman, who most certainly knew more about it. The old lady—and a most respectable old body she was—wrapped up in a large piece of calico, and having her feet and hands tattoed in a most beautiful manner, came, and with her the whole crowd of children and, in fact, all the inmates of the house—and I really believe the nearest neighbors as well—and they held a real family council, surrounding me at the same time, and looking at me as I stood in their midst with my basket of oranges beside me, just as if I had stolen them, and had been caught in the fact.

The result of this animated council was, that the mi-to-na-re turned round toward me; and shaking his head as if he was going to fling his ears off, he told me that his old woman would have nothing at all for the fruit. This was friendly enough, but I knew very well, at the same time, that they would not be angry with me if I gave them something in spite of this declaration. So I shook hands with the old lady as a sign of my gratitude, and left a half-dollar in her palm, at which her face brightened up; and then she gave me her other hand, shaking mine warmly. Then the missionary came to give me his hand, and then the little naked boys gave me theirs, and the girls, and then the

whole family, and finally the neighbors, while my Indians were rubbing their sticks in the mean time together, to have another smoke before we started.

Sailing along the beautiful landscape in our little craft, refreshed and rested, the palm-covered shore flew past us like a splendid and ever changing picture. My Indians had now undertaken the management of the boat entirely—the old one steering, one of the youngsters punting along the corals, which reached here, in many places, up to the surface of the water, and the third standing with a short pole in the bow of the boat, giving directions which way to turn, and saving us from all the coral-blocks we might come in contact with. I had perfect leisure to turn my whole attention to the shore, and I made full use of it. The coast itself seemed in the mean time, full of life. Small plantations lined the bank—the juvenile population of the houses being outside on the beach, and running and chasing each other, screaming with delight and pleasure.

On two large cocoa-nut trees hanging over toward the sea, long bark-ropes were fastened, and on the lower ends of them, as far as the ropes would let them, a couple of these little brown dare-devils were swinging, sometimes nearly touching, as they shot back, the trunk of the trees, which must have killed and crushed them on the spot, and only trusting to their feet to ward off such a dangerous collision, and the next minute again flying out over the green sea, where, if the cord had broken, it would have thrown them, without even a chance of escape, upon the hardly-covered and sharp coral-reefs. But the little fellows knew no danger; and while the children swung at a continual peril of their lives between the palms, or rode upon small surf-boats in the high and roaring breakers of the reefs, hurled with lightning speed along toward the death-threatening shore, the parents sat quietly by and looked at the sport, thinking their children as safe in these wild and break-neck games as we do ours when we send them in small, soft-cushioned carriages, pulled by a two-nursery-maid power, out upon the promenade. What would the neighbors say—not to mention all the other good Christians who trouble themselves with other people's business—what a cry would they have raised if they had seen these children's play; but "en cada tierra su uso;" and the children in this country do whatever they please, neither the parents nor even the neighbors interfering.

It was just getting dark when we reached the place of our destination; and here I found an Indian who spoke tolerably good English, having formerly made a cruise in a whale-ship, and who showed himself as kind and obliging as, in fact, all his people had done before.

"But you have to take a little care," he warned me kindly. "The French have possession of this island, and deliver runaway sailors over to their ships."

"But I am no sailor," I replied, not being able to get accustomed to the accusation.

"Well," the brown rascal grinned, "that is none of my business; but you better *do* take care."

He told me also of two white men who were on the island, but shook his head very doubtfully when I told him I should like to see them, and said I had better not.

But I saw no reason why I should avoid these Europeans; in such a wild spot a man may make the acquaintance of some countrymen he has never expected to find there, and would blame himself ever afterward if he missed the opportunity voluntarily. Asking my new friend to show me the house where the strangers lived—and I could not make out by his talk what countrymen they were, because he spoke always of "We-we,"—he readily did so, and I soon after entered one of the largest Indian huts, where I not only found the white men, but also the whole room full of natives.

A tall, portly man, evidently a Frenchman, sat in a large arm-chair, and another young man, by his face just as undoubtedly English, was standing in the middle of a crowd of larger and smaller native children, trying to make them sing a hymn; more than twenty or thirty young girls were squatting and sitting on the ground.

The Englishman—as I afterward learned, a Mr. Williams, the son of a missionary—asked me on my entrance, rather dryly, what I wanted. And I answered him that I had just come to this island, and having lived a short time among none but Indians, and wishing to see what countrymen those Europeans whom the natives had spoken of to me were, I had only come to pay them a visit.

"What does he want?" the Frenchman, who did not under-

stand our English conversation, and had listened somewhat impatiently, asked the other.

"I do not know," Mr. Williams answered; "he seems to have only just come to Emao, and wants a place, I expect, to stay all night in."

"And why does he come here for that?" the Frenchman asked, rather politely.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," I interrupted the conversation, in what little French I knew; "pray don't waste your precious time in conjectures. I only came to see what kind of white men resided here; I have learned all I wanted at present, and—bon soir, Messieurs."

I left the house with these words, and met my Indian again at the door, pleased beyond expression at my understanding, without their knowing it, what they said among themselves. I now remembered the old suspicion I was under; they also had most certainly thought me a runaway sailor, and of course did not care much about my company; but still the difference in the behavior of the whites toward one of their own color, in contrast with the unceasing kindness of the natives, struck me forcibly, and not in favor of my own complexion.

The tall Frenchman was, as I understood now, the newly-arrived governor of the islands, the Englishman his interpreter with the natives.

"And does he always employ himself so much with the education of the native children?" I asked my companion

"Yes," he said, with a grin, "with the large ones."

He most certainly had not comprehended my meaning.

That night I swung my hammock in the hut of the Indian, and slept exceedingly well; the musquitoes being here not half as bad as on Maiao.

In the house, which consisted of course only of one common room, two families lived—that is, two lately-married couples—my English-speaking native formed part of one of them, his wife being about twenty-eight or twenty-nine years, and not the prettiest woman I had ever seen, but, by way of excuse, I fancy, he told me that he had married with her the little house and the real estate. Things are exactly the same there as with us.

The other couple were younger, a fine-looking young fellow,

married to as nice and beautiful a little wife as I ever wished to see.

After sunrise I took a walk with my companion, and following the bed of a little streamlet, that came rushing down from the mountains through a perfect thicket of fruit trees and flowers we passed a great part of the little village, nearly hidden in forests of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, orange-bushes, and bananas. Suddenly we heard the loud and merry laugh of clear voices, and following the sound, reached a small shady grove, through which the streamlet flowed with a low, murmuring noise, where a swarm of young girls and children had collected, and were enjoying, as I soon found, their frugal but merry breakfast.

Holding in one hand pieces of baked or boiled bread-fruit, they dipped it in the pure element; and when I approached them, they offered me a share of it from all sides. The pieces were torn off with their fingers, it is true, and handed in the same primitive style; but they all looked so gay and fresh, and clean and cool, and their eyes greeted me with so much kindness, that I would not at the moment have exchanged that simple piece of bread-fruit for the most luxurious *déjeûner* of the old world.

I stopped a long while in this merry crowd, and on turning afterward through a large bread-fruit orchard to go back to the house, found, to my astonishment, horse-tracks. Asking my Indian about it, he shook his head, and said, "No good." He also showed me soon after marks on the bread-fruit trees, where the horses had gnawed the whole bark off, killed several trees entirely, and injured a great many others. The We-wes had brought these animals with them, but they did not suit this country, where they would soon ruin the whole plantations. He wished them dead.

But who were the We-wes? I had heard that word so often, and was getting anxious to discover the meaning. My Indian laughed, and soon let me into the secret. The Indians called the French in their presence, and also most commonly in the presence of Europeans whom they do not know, after a kind of translation of their own, Faranis; but among themselves, and as a nickname, called them We-wes, from the frequently-heard "oui—oui" of the not greatly liked foreigners.

When we arrived at his house again, he went into his bit of a garden, and bending down over a little, flat, and low mound of

earth, upon which he laid the back of his hand for about a second, he said: "Breakfast is ready." I soon saw what he meant by that. Without losing any more time, he dug the ground away with a flat and sharpened stick, and brought a layer of yellow steaming leaves to light. These he lifted very carefully, and below them lay—my mouth watered at the sight—a snow-white but perfectly well-done little pig, surrounded by about six or eight split bread-fruits. Hot stones formed the bed on which these delicious mortal remains of a pig rested, and were stuffed into the inside of it, though now removed. After the women had broken off fresh green leaves and spread them upon the ground, the pig was placed upon them; and while we all squatted and sat around it, the women brought young cocoa-nuts instead of coffee, and a couple of shells with salt-water and cocoa-nut juice to eat our meat and bread-fruit with; and though it was my *second* breakfast that morning, I hardly think any body could have perceived the fact.

My Maiao Indians had intended to start for Tahiti that same day; but there was a fresh easterly breeze blowing right in our teeth (if we had not reached Emao by this time, we should have been obliged to return to Maiao); and therefore, not being anxious to have another strong pull across the fifteen miles between this island and Tahiti, we determined on staying that day at Emao, and starting next morning, wind and weather permitting. My natives decided on going about a mile farther up, because there was a better place there to feed and water their hogs. The poor beasts had got nothing since we started from Maiao, but what I gave them.

When just ready to take another walk after our meal, to see as much of the country and neighborhood as I possibly could in the short time, I found it the very next quarter of an hour a perfectly useless job, for the whole neighborhood had come, as it seemed, to see me. I discovered the cause soon enough. My English-speaking Indian had told the girls, during our visit that morning, of all the curious and wonderful things I had brought with me; of my instrument, preserved snakes and beetles, beads and panther-skin, the bows and arrows, about all which my Indians from Maiao must have given him a very particular account, for the whole company seemed determined on not leaving the spot till they had seen every thing.

It would have been of very little use to refuse this favor, had I even thought of it; but the natives had been so kind to me, that I took a delight in pleasing them as far as I had it in my power; and five minutes afterward I was not unlike the keeper in some wild-beast show, explaining to the raw and attentive country-folks the wonders of a new and unknown world.

The snakes and frogs were most admired; and after them, the panther-skin.

While opening and unpacking my things, a small row of long and rather tasteful beads fell out, and the young woman of the house took it up, looked at it, and handed it back to me, whispering at the same time something to her husband. Soon afterward, he asked me if I would sell him the row of beads. I told him no, but his wife was welcome to them as a remembrance. He smiled, and handed them to her, the little woman blushing at the same time up to her eyes; but she took the beads, and I shall never forget the soft and smiling "toranna" with which she reached out her little hand to thank me.

Of course I had also to play my instrument, the strange sounds being at least something new to them, and appearing to please them for a little while; but this same evening I learned what kind of music they liked best.

About an hour later, and after I had divided a quantity of things among the girls and women, we went on board again, sailing up the coast about one or two miles farther, till we reached another little settlement: this being, I believe, the same valley that Hermann Melville has described so well in his "Adventures in the South Seas." I heard also here of a couple of white men who had lived in the neighborhood, and "raised potatoes." And where were they now? Gone to the diggings, of course, and whites no longer existed at Emao.

Leaving the natives to unload their boat and attend to their animals, I went, as soon as we touched shore, for a walk into the interior. Thick guaiava-bushes grew on both sides of the little streamlet, which here poured down from the mountains, irrigating fertile and carefully-inclosed fields, where rows of sweet potatoes, bananas, and bread-fruit trees, were growing, with here and there high and waving cocoa-nut trees, the most beautiful palm of all. Crossing some of the thickets, and reaching a little higher ground, I came to a kind of opening toward the mountains; and there

the main peak of the island, rising to a height of at least four or five thousand feet, and covered up to its very top with the most luxurious vegetation, formed the background of the beautiful picture.

These mountains, like those in Tahiti, are overrun with a large number of wild cattle, pigs, and goats; and in former times, any body could go up into the mountains and shoot them; but now the French have claimed, or rather taken, the right of hunting in these mountains. It is a singular fact, however, that the natives eat neither the flesh of cattle nor goats, nor do they drink the milk of the animals. Pigs, on the contrary, they love exceedingly, and all kinds of fowls; but fish, as I have remarked before, form, with the bread-fruit, their main nourishment.

Late in the evening, I went back to the house opposite to which our boat lay; but another boat had come in that afternoon from Tahiti, and I met an intelligent young Frenchman, also in the service of the government, with whom I soon got acquainted, walking with him backward and forward upon the beach. There was at least one human being with whom I could converse; and as he had been a good while on these islands, he could give me much information; but he did not like the life, and seemed sadly tired of it.

Coming back the second time, we met a worthy old gentleman, in a straw hat and shirt, and with the common pareu, or a piece of cloth round his loins; but, as it seemed to me at the time, with a most extraordinary high and thick pair of brown tanned fishing-boots on, which reached up to his hips; but coming nearer, I saw my mistake, and at the same time one of the most extraordinary and dreadful cases of elephantiasis, that I had ever yet met on the islands. Both legs and feet were swollen to such an enormous size, that I really wondered how the skin of the leg was able to stretch so far. At the same time, the upper part of his feet seemed covered entirely with a large kind of bluish-red wart; and though I pitied the poor devil with all my heart, I could not help feeling a loathing at the disgusting spectacle. But he himself seemed perfectly reconciled to his fate. Greeting us in a very friendly manner, he stopped and laughed with the people he met, and was, to all appearance, as well satisfied with his legs, as if he had obtained and kept them of his particular will and pleasure.

Upon this island I had already seen, and afterward saw, a great many more of these cases, and it really seemed as if no native above forty years was perfectly free from it. Even my Scotchman at Maiao had got a swelling in the foot, and he thought it the same disease which very frequently attacks Europeans also.

In the mean time, it was getting dusk, and I suddenly noticed the sharp, but as yet distant sound of drums. "Are soldiers stationed upon this island?" I asked my companion; but he told me no, and added, it was the national dance of the islanders, which I ought to see, if I had never been present at it. I, of course, lost no time in following his advice, and shall never forget the wild scene I witnessed this evening.

Upon a nearly open space, in an old bread-fruit tree orchard, forming part of the yard of a large building which government had claimed, I do not know for what purpose, there were five Indians stationed with drums—as perfect and complete regimental drums as I ever wished—or rather did not wish—to hear. The drummers stood in two rows, opposite one another, and about eight yards apart; two on one side, and three on the other, and they beat at intervals their drums with a peculiar quick tat-too. Round them the whole neighborhood lay scattered over the green-sward, in wildly-mixed groups—at least, all the women and children—and the men, young and old, passed, laughing and chatting, up and down among them. But each time when the drums commenced beating, a couple of young girls—and pretty and wild damsels they were—threw themselves between the musicians, in mad, reckless frolic, dancing, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs, their old national, and, I have no doubt, partly heathenish measures. I have never seen a more wild, but at the same time a more indelicate dance, than this cancan; but each movement of the wild and raving girls were graceful, and never, in spite of their voluptuous and seductive gestures, low or vulgar.

The girls were that evening nearly the sole dancers, and very rarely one of the young men jumped in between them; but if that was the case, as it occasionally happened, the former seemed to grow even more wild and reckless than before; even the children sometimes ran and jumped in the row, and all the women in the place behaved as if stung by the tarantula.

The young Frenchman, who had staid by my side, told me he had seen the dance far worse than this, the girls growing so

excited at last as to throw off the upper part of their clothing, that they might not be restrained even by their very loose covering.

It was a pity that I was not a painter. I would surely have drawn this night-scene: in the background, over which the dark dim outline of the towering mountains rose, was the low yellow hut, overhung by waving cocoa-nut trees, to the right and left the sombre shade of the dark-leaved bread-fruit trees; one of these an old sturdy fellow with widely-stretching limbs, standing in the very centre of the group, its large leaves quivering gently in the soft breeze that came down from the mountains, and bearing on one of its branches a large lantern, from which the sole gloomy light fell on the mad and wild crowd dancing beneath it. On both sides of the lantern the drummers stood, round them lay and squatted the most picturesque-looking set of spectators imaginable, and in the centre these brown and merry girls danced—no, reveled—with their floating black tresses and flowery wreaths and burning eyes, glistening with joy and pleasure.

The dance lasted till late in the night, and when I had been swinging a long while in my hammock, I still heard as in a dream, the monotonous rattling of the drums, mingling their sounds with the deep growling and thundering noise of the stormy breakers.

I had slung my hammock that night between two fine tui-tui trees. And I think a warning for later travelers not quite unnecessary—wherever you sling your hammock between two such trees, except they are very high cocoa-nut trees or other palms, see first that there are no chickens roosting above you—turkeys are just as bad, or worse—but this only *en parenthèse.*

The next morning, the wind, at last, seemed to be a little more favorable, and with land and sea breeze we hoped to reach Tahiti. In case of necessity, my natives had borrowed somewhere two pair of real oars, with which we could pull across like Christians, if the wind failed us again. It was very hot, but as we had plenty of fruit with us, and a good spell of breeze to waft us a stretch along, I did not mind much having to pull afterward a couple of hours again. We had the beautiful mountains right before us, and approached them with every stroke; our work would soon be ended, but we had an adventure on our short passage.

On nearing the reefs of Tahiti, which surround the shore to a

distance of two miles, my natives took to their sticks again, rubbing away to get fire, and looking every now and then at me to see if I would not help them with the tinder, which I had almost always done of late. I had been eating some oranges—and the oranges of these islands are celebrated even on the American and Australian coast—and was throwing the peel overboard, when I suddenly saw the fin of a shark close behind our boat, snuffing the peel and darting from one piece to another—the old fellow had most certainly gone without his breakfast that morning. But I had hardly shown our new neighbor to the Indians, when they were suddenly all life and activity, though a few minutes before as indolent and lazy as possible. They now jumped up from their seats, the old one first of all, and taking down our little mast, which had been left standing, he unfastened as quick as he could, and even with hands trembling with eagerness, the shrouds of the pole, making, at the same time, a firm noose out of them, while one of the boys fastened a little fish which they had caught that morning, to another short line, and came aft with it. I soon understood what they meant by it, and taking the bait, I let it float back a little, the line reaching through the old Indian's noose, and the other two in the meantime pulling, so that we made some headway. We had not to wait long to see the greedy monster of the deep after us again. Slowly dragging the bait toward the boat, the shark came right under the stern, and, in fact, under the very hands of the Indian, and with his head exactly in the noose; but the old fellow was too much excited and pulled too quick, so that it caught the shark just round the jaws, and held him hardly long enough to stretch tight, before it slipped off again.

But the shark must have been very hungry, for, although on feeling the line around him, he very naturally pulled back and disappeared for a few minutes, he would not leave the scent of the yet trailing fish, and coming up again, maybe twenty yards behind the boat, which had not stopped, and just in her wake, he made right at the bait again. He came so close this time to the Indian's hands, that I am convinced his fingers, while he actually laid the noose round his head, must have touched him. But this time he got the noose exactly round his gills, and the shark, feeling the hindrance and drawing back again, found himself in a scrape.

The first jerk he gave was not so very hard, and we two could manage it; but it was a good thing the two boys had dropped their oars and jumped quickly to our help, or we should not have been able to stand the second jerk by ourselves. As it was we had all hands full to hold on, the enraged fish pulling with all its might, and now in its full vigor and its own free element. The boat came down nearly to the water's edge; but the shark thinking, most probably, that if diving would not do he could run away from us, rose up again to the surface—as likely as not the rope over its gills choked him a little—and we now had a run for about half a mile, at the rate of five or six knots. Unhappily the fish ran the wrong way, or we would have been perfectly satisfied with his towing, but finding he could not succeed he slackened rope suddenly; and now it was that our old Indian, who had had experience enough in such things, screamed to us to hold tight, and taking a turn round one of the thwarts, we had hardly thrown our whole energy into our arms and legs, when the deciding jerk came, upsetting us in spite of all our precautions, and bringing us all down on our knees; but we did not let go. And now the powerful fish again pulled, this time nearly swamping our boat, for so deep did it press it down, that the water commenced rushing in; and had it held on only two seconds longer, it would have been free, for we should have been obliged to let go line and shark. But it seemed to have spent all its strength in that one rush, and before it could make another trial, and as soon as we felt the rope slackening again, we pulled in as hard as we could, getting the shark right close under our boat. Here it commenced again, and one blow it gave I thought must have knocked a plank out of our bottom, but all went well; and hauling in again, we had the unmanageable monster soon afterward half out of the water on our larboard side, belaboring its nose with a hatchet, and getting hold at last of its tail, which we quickly cut off with a knife. The shark was then done for; and letting it drag a little while to bleed, we pulled it in afterward, threw it in our boat—for the natives told me it was the most excellent meat a person could taste—and continued our course.

We had lost a great deal of time with our chase, and it was tolerably late in the afternoon before we reached the Tahitian shore, where we still had to run along a good distance. The

mountains of Tahiti are not so shaply cut and picturesque as those of Emao, but are certainly much higher; and as they are covered with luxurious vegetation up to the very summit, they present a far more lively and friendly aspect then those of the Sandwich Islands.

Running along the palm-covered shore, hardly at a distance of a hundred yards, and once even landing to have a fresh drink from one of the streams, we had a full view of all the beauties of this far-famed coast, and I hardly know of any in nature more exquisite than the shores of this island.

CHAPTER VII.

TAHITI.

It was dusk before we neared the harbor of Papetee, the principal one upon the island, with the town of the same name. Just before dark we recognized some ships there at anchor, and soon afterward, night following the setting sun with extraordinary rapidity, we saw the lights of the populous place twinkling through the darkness all along the beach.

I have the singular misfortune of entering nearly every foreign harbor in the night, and consequently losing the first and naturally deepest impression. Here it was the same case—not even the moon lighted us on our course, and in perfect darkness we had to grope our way along the reefs till we reached the large buoys which the French have laid down, when we came into the main channel of the ships, and were soon afterward just opposite the little town itself.

But something struck me as very singular in the town: along the beach there was a row of lights at perfectly regular distances —could this be an accident, a number of huts lying in such places open to view? or—they could not of course be lanterns—street-lanterns in the South Sea!—the idea was too ridiculous.

Nearer and nearer we came, running between two ships at anchor, and steered exactly for one of those lights, my three Indians pulling with all their might, and now—by all that swam upon the water—it really was an old, well-remembered, homely-looking, honest street-lantern, with its dim glasses and dimmer flame, standing just under a waving, whispering cocoa-nut tree, while the southern cross glittered in all its splendor over them both.

I felt really moved; thoughts of home, of paved streets, of bawling watchmen, of quiet, lonely streets, with the polar star glittering on high above them, rose to my mind. I had always felt a kind of inclination toward street-lanterns—I had loved

them; and now that I found one of them here, far away from home, in the midst of the South Pacific, I was perfectly taken by surprise.

Our boat touched the beach and I jumped ashore and—kissed the classic ground of Pomare? no, but I embraced the lantern-post, telling it at the same time how exceedingly glad I was to make, here in Tahiti, and when least expected, its acquaintance.

The beach just were we landed, was perfectly thronged with native men and women. I also saw a few white men among them, but I had not been five minutes ashore, when the quick beating of a drum or a couple of drums—and it could not be far off—struck my ear. Rebellion was my first thought—a summons to the people to separate—a short speech from the commanding officer, tedious reading of the riot act, and three volleys—or first three volleys, as in Leipzig on the 12th of August, 1848. Had a Prussian regiment marched in here, to help the French to restore peace and happiness to the people? My fears were, however, unfounded, the beating of the drum at eight o'clock in the evening being only a peaceful and regular custom, another way of striking eight bells, and giving the Indians, at the same time, warning to go home. Half an hour later a gun was fired from the guard-ship, and from that time no Indian, man or woman, was allowed to loiter in the streets.

I wandered in the mean time up and down on shore, or in Front-street, as I ought to call it, wondering what had so suddenly become of all the natives whom I had seen crowding this place hardly ten minutes ago, and who were now among the missing. I wanted to find a boarding and lodging-house, but though there were some houses which had large sign-boards with "hotel" painted on them in immense characters, still no house could lodge strangers; and taking a light supper in one of the French houses, consisting of half a bottle of sour claret, and some bread and butter, I walked out again to go on board, for I determined on sleeping this night in the boat again, and so have plenty of time next day to look out for lodgings.

But how to get into the boat? when I reached the place where she had been lying, I found the Indians had taken her out about a hundred yards or more into the bay, for fear of low water, which always sets in here at midnight; and hailing them did not the least good, for they slept in their usual fashion, like tops.

I pulled off my clothes; and determined on making short work of it. I did not believe the water deep, and thought I would soon wade out, but hardly fifty yards from shore, I found I was mistaken, for I had to swim. No matter—ten minutes later, I was on board and rolled up in my blankets, my face turned toward the friendly lanterns, and there dreamt away my first night in Tahiti.

With the gun-fire which marked day-break, I awoke, and sat up, for I longed to see the harbor of Papetee, of which I had read and heard so much, in broad daylight, but as it happens very frequently, my expectations, had been raised too high. Tahiti had been called the Garden of Paradise, and its harbor the most beautiful spot in the whole world, and I now found that I had seen finer ones. The mountains which form the background are high, it is true, and wooded as far as the eye can reach, even in their steepest clefts and ravines; but they run too far back, with a too gently rising slope, at least when seen from this place, and want, besides, sharply marked outlines to form a picturesque panorama.

Still this quiet bay was a most lovely spot in spite of all, with its foaming breakers on one side, and the peaceful cottages surrounded by palms and fruit-tree groves on the other; while a small, thickly-wooded island, crowned with cocoa-nut trees, that lay right in the entrance, was set as in a frame, on one side by the fantastically-cut mountains of the distant Emao, on the other by the blue and wide ocean. Toward east and west two points of land ran right out toward the reefs, while in its inner circle lay the little town of Papetee.

Where we lay, the place did not look exactly like a town, but rather like a long uninterrupted row of cottages surrounded by gardens, just as we find in the environs of a larger city, had it not been that a quantity of really Yankee-like and monstrous large hotel sign-boards, took all the poetry away, and at the same time put the Californian stamp upon this favorite spot of nature—"Gold, at any rate."

There were not so many ships in the bay as I had expected—only a couple of whalers, a Frenchman, and an American, two or three merchantmen, a schooner destined for Sydney, and several government vessels; among these the Oahu schooner, "Kamehameha," a beautiful little craft, of which the French several

years ago, as I stated before, actually robbed the poor islanders. Louis Napoleon has given Abd-el-Kader his liberty, and I honor him for that, but there is a beautiful little spot in the South Seas —Oahu—to which he has yet to do justice.

The Indians had pulled their boat at daybreak, and with the rising tide, back to the shore again, and by the way were not a little astonished at finding me in it, as they had heard nothing at all of my coming on board in the night; and carrying our shark upon the beach, they found themselves immediately surrounded by a perfect crowd of natives, every Indian in Tahiti seeming really anxious to get a piece of shark-meat to-day, pressing to it to have a first cut, and running off with his prize, as if he had got hold of the most delicious morsel in the world. But a kind of fat and comfortable looking market-master broke up the trade on the beach, telling our boys that they were not allowed to sell any thing there, but must take it to the market-house, and offer it there for sale. Only the tail of the whole fish which measured about seven feet, was left, and with this they prepared to start for the place; but two of the most greedy customers took the trouble of carrying the fish for them, taking hold of it on both sides, not to lose the prize, and were followed by a whole crowd of laughing and merry little fellows.

The first and most necessary thing for me, was to go to some store and buy some light summer dress. I looked as if I had been lying for a long while on the weather-side, and did not like to appear in that state in town. Walking through the main and only street of the place, except Front-street, and which is called the Broom Road (I don't know for what reason), I soon found the sign of an English store, kept by another Scotchman, who seemed to sell a little of every thing, from hot rolls to Brandreth's pills, coats, pantaloons, hats, all kinds of finery, brooms, soap, powder and shot, and a thousand other things besides. In looking at some of his goods, I asked the storekeeper—and a rough-looking storekeeper he was—if he could not show me to a good boarding and lodging-house, and he advised me to buy what I wanted first, and he would then go himself with me, to an excellent place. The man knew every thing: only one thing seemed to puzzle him, how I had come to the island, as for several days no vessel had entered the harbor; and still here I was, and just come into town—he would swear to that, for he knew, as he

said, every rat in the place. Being a Scotchman I believed him, and told him I had come in a boat from Maiao—and he knew the place well—where I had landed from a whaler.

"In a boat, and from a whaler? ahem! Boat-steerer?" he asked, quietly.

"Boat-steerer," I answered him now, perfectly satisfied I could not struggle against fate, and only soothing my ambition by claiming the title of boat-steerer, not to be thought a common sailor.

"But then you'll have some difficulty in getting a permit of residence," the man added; "the police here are extremely sharp in such cases, and nobody is even allowed to let you stay all night at their house, without you can procure that. You'll have to get somebody to be security for you."

Permit of residence, street-lantern, police! oh, sweet, sweet home! I really thought for a minute I was in Germany, but they had not asked for my passport yet. Those words had touched me deeply, and really my heart swelled within me, but the storekeeper most probably thought he had frightened me terribly, and tried to cheer me up again.

"You'll find some friend or other here, no doubt," he said, "there is always a way to dodge the police. D—n the French any how!"

I assured him that I would try my best to take things coolly, and bought, before all, what I needed, and more, I think, than he had expected; and afterward took a walk down to the police-office, to see what I had to do, and what they expected of me. But the commissaire not being in, the clerk could only tell me that I must bring a security if I wanted to stay on shore.

I now went to the American consul, a Mr. Gray, a merchant in the place, to whom I gave my letter of recommendation from Mr. Flügel, the American consul at Leipzig, a paper for which I had to thank the kindness of Mr. Graham of Buenos Ayres. Mr. Gray would have had nothing to do, but write a few lines to the police office, stating who and what I was; but he preferred recommending me to the American Hotel at the same time as a boarding and lodging-house: the landlord of the place would then be my security, and if I brought him to his house he would speak to him on the subject.

Not intending to ask any landlord in Tahiti to be security for me, and much less to trouble Mr. Gray again, I went straight

back to the police-office, showed the commissaire, who had arrived in the mean while, my papers, was received by him in a most kind and friendly manner, and, a quarter of an hour later, obtained, without any further security, my *permis de séjour* in Papetee.

While walking through the town that morning, I had seen a sign with the inscription "Merz, tailleur, tailor, schneider," most certainly one of my countrymen, who told the people in three languages that he mended inexpressibles; but there was a possibility of my finding that he had a room to let, as I had heard that most single men in Papetee lived in this way, and took their meals wherever they liked. The Scotchman in town had in fact recommended me to a boarding-house, and seemed very anxious to get me in there, praising the accommodation in a most extravagant manner; but I did not like the look of the place, for it seemed particularly dirty, and I declined the pleasure. I entered the little tailor's house, and found him just sitting down to table with an Englishman—and English Jew who worked for him, a Frenchman, and an Indian woman, the Frenchman's wife.

I had not been in the room five minutes, before I fully made up my mind on stopping with this little tailor awhile, even if I had to lie on the bare boards. He was a character for me, and conversed at table with each of us four in his own language, murdering them all in such an extraordinary manner, as to leave his hearers sometimes entirely in doubt which of them he was employing at the time. He was born at Strasburg, and had gained the right of speaking no German thereby; but he also spoke no Indian, no French, and no English, and in spite of that he related anecdotes in all these languages. Half an hour later, a Spaniard entered his room; but while conversing with him, they both took the Indian language as a medium; the little tailor having first remarked to him, "Me no sabe you speak," which, I am morally convinced, he intended to be Spanish. Except my old friend Schwarz on the Sacramento, and another one, Bockenheim, on the Fourche la Fave, in Arkansas, I never saw a man in the wide world who positively spoke no living language at all, like my little tailor; he was a personified miniature Babel.

Most fortunately he had a room to let, and seemed to be just as glad to have somebody for it, as I was to find it; only one thing he saw a difficulty in—my permit of residence He told

me that I would have to find a security, and I asked his opinion about it.

"Well, I will tell you," he said (but I only give here the translation of what he told me in his Tahiti-French-German): "I'll do every thing I can for you (neither of us knew yet what that possibly might be); but security? no—security I really can not give for you. I would do it for no man, not even for my brother, if I had one."

"But, my dear Mr. Merz," I replied with a great deal of mildness "you'll acknowledge that this is a thing I have really not thought of asking you for—as far as I can recollect, I have not said a word about it to you."

"No," my little host answered, with perfect coolness, "no, I know very well; but I am such a good-hearted fellow, I can not deny any body any thing he asks for, and therefore I think it best to tell all strangers beforehand, I won't be security for them, so they don't ask me at all."

There was an argument. But the main point now was to get my baggage from the boat into the house and under a roof. His native, a boy he kept to run his little errands and boil his coffee, was to help me in this matter, and Mr. Merz himself went down to the beach with me "to see every thing clear." The rent for the little room, without bed or chair, or table, or any thing but merely the naked wall, was a dollar a week.

"But that is settled," he added, turning suddenly round toward me, and shaking his head. "I'll do every thing I can for you, but can not get you a *permis de séjour*."

"But, my dear Mr. Merz—"

"No, I really can not be security for you; it's no use arguing the matter, for I have paid too dear already for such things. Once there lived in my house a—"

"But I have already got my *permis de séjour* in my pocket," I interrupted him.

"You have it in your pocket!" he stopped quite astonished in the middle of the street; "but why didn't you say so before?" and now explaining to me his fear about giving security, though he had not yet lost a sou by it, we took my luggage to his house, and half an hour later I had stretched my hammock at home on the floor, my serape upon it, forming a most excellent bed in such a climate—and had every thing in order.

But I wanted a bath now before any thing else, and having had enough of salt-water for awhile, I willingly followed my little tailor, who promised to take me to the finest possible bathing-place, about a mile distant, in a fresh-water stream.

We had a most beautiful walk through the little garden-like town, down a long road between orchards, bread-fruit trees planted in rows with bananas between them, and orange, citron, and guaiava thickets, through which we took at last a narrow path, and reached a small but beautiful basin of the mountain stream, where it made a short bend, sweeping away under a steep bank, upon which the stump of an old we or mango-tree stood, while guaiavas and citron trees threw their shade over the clear and swift current of that little stream.

There were about ten or twelve young Frenchmen—soldiers most of them—also bathing here; and we had not been more than five minutes in the water when one of the native beauties, a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years old, stepped suddenly out of the thick bushes, and squatted down right close to our bathing-place. She was dressed in one of the common long calico-frocks, or wrappers, with a wreathe of white flowers upon her jet-black and well-greased locks.

"Hallo, Wahine!" the young Frenchman cried, laughing, "come in with us, the water is quite cool, and there is room enough."

The girl said nothing, but looked at us with a half-smiling, half-saucy look; she seemed half inclined to accept the invitation, and yet she did not move; but the young Frenchman kept teasing her, and begged her "not to be afraid."

The bathing-place itself consisted of a small basin, some twenty yards long, and ten yards wide, formed by a broad stone dam, thrown up right across the stream. The deepest place in it was not more than eight or nine feet, and that only on a very small spot, where a kind of hole had formed in the bottom. Upon the other side I have already mentioned that an old shattered trunk of a tree stood about seven feet above the ground, and perhaps fourteen above the surface of the water, beneath whose roots the current washed and fretted, and had hollowed out a couple of feet of the bank. The girl was still squatting on the ground opposite this tree, and her eyes sparkled and shone; but suddenly, when one of the young and rather impatient fellows swam

toward her, she jumped up, and disappeared the next instant in the thicket.

"Miri, miri!" a clear voice cried at that instant right above us, and looking up, we saw upon the hardly six inches wide top of the old trunk the wild young creature, her frock thrown off, only with a piece of calico round her hips, and with waving locks; and nearly at the same moment, raising her arms, and caring, as it seemed, not a straw for all who were below her, she jumped with a shout right down between—ay, upon us, giving us hardly time to dodge away from under her. Two seconds afterward she was on shore again, climbing like a cat up the tree, the clear water pouring down from her as she stood upright and threw back her dark and wet tresses from her brow.

It was a charming picture, and I could not take my eyes off the youthful and slender form of this brown girl, so wild and yet so beautiful!

We went back soon afterward to town, it being high time to do so, if we wanted to get there dry, for a tropical rain set in about half an hour later in a perfect flood. These rains occur here twice in the year, and those in January and February are said to be the worst.

Papetee—as the chief town and harbor of this island is called—has, as I mentioned before, more the look of a garden than of a town, for the Broom Road, the main and only street of Papetee, is nothing but a continuation of gardens, where low shaded houses are more than half hidden under thick groves of bread-fruit trees, bananas, papayas, and oranges, overlooked by the numerous and graceful cocoa-nut trees.

The French government has already erected in Tahiti several very large and roomy buildings, partly for barracks, partly for government use; also dug and thrown up a good and passable road round the whole island, at which the Indians had to work, whether they liked it or not, and of course they did not like it, but it was finished, and is now a great benefit to the European population at least, and for all military operations of the conquerors. The natives, though, could have done very well without it, as they had done for centuries before.

The French have made a most excellent improvement for shipping in a new water-work, by which a stream of water, about two inches in diameter, is led to a solid stone wharf,

whence it falls about two or three feet into the bay. Boats have only to run under, fit a hose to it, and fill their casks.

It was Sunday, and gaudily, but very cleanly dressed native girls and boys, rambled about the street. I wanted to see a native church, and following several of the most serious-looking to the other end of town, I came to a large wooden building, simple, airy, and perfectly well adapted for the purpose. Four doors, at the four different corners, stood open, regardless of any possible draught; and the voice of the clergyman, who preached in the native language—the inner-room being filled already with a very motley, if not very numerous crowd—sounded from the pulpit.

I went in and sat down on the nearest bench; the interior smelled decidedly of cocoa-nut oil and shark. But I soon forgot this, in observing the various-colored dresses of the Indians; their dark expressive features, black sparkling eyes, and before them the old silver-haired man behind the simple altar, covered with a white cloth, who had brought to the children of a foreign race a new religion, and now taught it in their own language; while outside the windows the leaves of the cocoa-nut trees gently waved, and the hollow noise of the ever-rolling breakers thundered. All this together made a most singular impression upon me, and I do not know how it happened, but wild and strange thoughts shot through my mind, and it was long before I could turn my senses again to outward objects.

The preacher was a venerable-looking man, with snow-white hair, but still clear and bright eyes—a Mr. Orsmond, who had lived more than thirty years upon these islands, and had been—if I am not mistaken—one of the first who taught the Christian religion to the heathens. He was standing at that pulpit, preaching to his hearers the same doctrine he had preached to them thirty years before; and I felt convinced he was one of those who really believe themselves what they wish to teach others. The discourses of many other missionaries would have left me cold and indifferent enough. The whole missionary system of England, when seen in the true light—who sends her missionaries out to foreign lands, like America, her pioneers to the West, to gain ground for her—is only a certain kind of business with the most of them—a calling by which, as in commerce and trade, to make a living.

Here, however, I found a plain and venerable man, who most certainly did not look like a fanatic, much less like a hypocrite, teaching that doctrine which he thought the best, and condemning those native gods, whom the Supreme Power on high had suffered to be worshiped through thousands and thousands of years. This religion depriving the poor natives, at the same time, of their customs and habits, and with the growth of civilization their lands and property, was there no hour when he thought on the responsibility he had taken upon himself, and trembled to appear before God to answer to the question: "Hast thou done well?"

No, I believe not; his face looked bright and joyful; he truly believed in what he taught.

But these islands, like the Sandwich group, have to thank intolerant missionaries for the difficulties they got into with the French nation—difficulties that overthrew their whole policy, cost them the independence of their country, and brought death and misery to hundreds of families. Many years ago two Roman Catholic priests came from the Gambier group, and preached through the island; they taught the Christian religion in their way, and, of course, the Protestant teachers did not like the new doctrine spread there. In the first place, the Catholics, who had no business in a country where the people had been already gained over to Christianity, caused, for the love of God, as they said, disputes among the chiefs; and the Protestant preachers afterward, in their mad, intolerant zeal, excited the easily moved natives more and more by their sermons.

They broke into the houses of the foreign teachers, and drove them forcibly on board a small craft, to seek another place of residence at the danger of their lives. The consequence of expelling these priests was, that a French frigate came to Papetee, and compelled the inhabitants to pay an exorbitant sum of money, and forced a treaty from the Tahitian government, which permitted Roman Catholic churches to be built, and priests to reside upon the islands. The French, however, gained an acquaintance with the islands by this, and some years later they claimed the whole, nearly maddening Mr. Howe and some of the other missionaries, by the open pomp of the Roman Catholic Church.

But to return to our native church in Papetee, I felt sorry

enough at not understanding Mr. Orsmond's sermon; but he seemed to speak in a plain, natural manner, told them certainly something which their simple senses could easily comprehend; and, as I heard afterward, the natives liked him very much. But if my ears did not avail me much, my eyes had a larger field in watching the number of Indian characters, whom the service had assembled in this building.

Upon the nearest bench two Tahitian beaux were sitting, who had most certainly spent a considerable part of the morning on their toilet. It was amusing to see how ingeniously they had united—of course aided in it by the extraordinary good taste of the missionaries—the two different fashions of Europe and Tahiti. In the upper part they were rather brown-looking, but worthy members of the Christian and civilized community, buttoned up in as tight and incommodious a black dress-coat, as is worn in the most enlightened cities of France, England, or Germany, with a white shirt, white waistcoat, and, of course, white cravat, and really white gloves, their hair combed and oiled in a remarkably careful and studied manner; but the lower man gave the death-blow to the upper, for it was confined, just as if to spite the reverend black dress-coat, and the white cravat, and gloves, in a most extraordinary red and yellow piece of calico, from under which the brown and naked legs, tattooed round the calf with the common blue tints, shone out as quietly and innocently into the world, as if the two black, sharp pointed tails of the dress-coat, which looked daggers at them from behind, did not exist, and no tight pair of pantaloons threatened their future happiness.

I took most interest in a native woman, who sat right opposite to me, and who had listened very attentively to the sermon, all the while I had been in church; but now—as if her thoughts had taken another track, and were wandering far, far away from this place of worship—she looked with fixed eye and bent brow down upon the ground, and the compressed lips betrayed some emotion within, though her features were so calm. She was a well-formed but rather corpulent lady, about thirty years of age, wore her long hair combed down smooth, and as ornament, only a pair of tolerably large and broad gold ear-rings. A black, wide silk dress had originally fallen down upon her ankles; but now, as she placed her feet upon the bench she was sitting upon

—a very common habit with the Tahitian women—her legs became visible up to the lower part of the calf, and displayed the blue and tasteful tattooing of former days. Her eye was suddenly attracted to the delineations on her ankles, which had been engraved upon her skin for life, now forbidden by her new religion. The tattooing of this part of the body had been in former times a sign of puberty among the women, and did not her thoughts fly back at this moment to the happy dances and sports of her youth; to the festivities, perhaps, when she quitted her state of childhood for a less happy one? She was plucking at her fine silk dress, without thinking of the stuff, and one of her hands, as if unconsciously, sought her ears; but she felt no sweet-scented flowers there now, only a golden trinket molten and hammered in a foreign country; and throwing her dress over her tattooed feet again, as if she wished to shut out these marks from her sight, she took them down, and bending her head over her folded hands, she was soon lost in deep and fervent prayer.

The sermon was ended, and the preacher commenced singing a hymn. He first read a verse from a Tahitian prayer-book, and began the tune himself. The first line he had to sing alone, in the second several others joined with timid voices, but with every line the singers gained, as it seemed, more courage, and the hymn commenced so timidly, swelled up to a full and by no means unmelodious chorus, in which I could easily distinguish first and second voices, tenor and bass, soprano and alto.

These Indians have, in fact, a very good ear for music; and frequently during my stay at Tahiti, I saw in the evenings, four young and perfectly raw natives squat down on the corner of some street, and begin—soon surrounded by a crowd of listeners—a melodious quartette.

After a short prayer—during which the whole congregation rose and turned their backs upon the preacher—divine service ended.

Slowly walking home, and letting the mass of the people pass me, I watched the retiring forms of the native Christians. Right before me I had, as I soon found out, the sexton or sacristan of the congregation, a portly, stout-set, and very comfortable-looking figure, in a long brown overcloth, the half-tonsure, which he showed by carrying his straw-hat in his hand, giving him nearly the look of a fat monk. The men who passed him saluted him

very respectfully, and he acknowledged their homage with a broad benevolent smile upon his fat and glistening features.

Oh, what would a poor, half-starved, village schoolmaster in Germany, have given for such a paunch as this sexton carried under his brown calico!—but no, how would he ever have buttoned that very paunch into his threadbare, scanty, and yet so long-worn Sunday or week-day coat? and what would he have done with it afterward? No, such a sacristan's paunch was never made for a schoolmaster, it belonged to the church, and was also only a purely tropical and exotic plant; and what business had a schoolmaster with a stomach at all?

The next morning I paid Mr. Orsmond a visit. I wanted to get all the books I could treating about the language of these people, and Mr. Orsmond was just the man to give me the best information about them. A dictionary had not been finished yet, but was being printed; and he gave me all the proof-sheets that had come out up to that day. He also presented me with an old Tahitian grammar, and some little tracts, hymns and other things; and was as kind to me as if I had not been a perfect stranger, but an old and beloved acquaintance. I had not been mistaken when I liked his kind, benevolent features.

Mr. Orsmond, who was formerly a missionary, has been employed lately, by the French government, as director of Indian affairs. He is loved and respected by the natives; and speaking their tongue fluently, is well qualified for such a post. This, of course, has been a thorn in the other missionaries' sides. They hate the French, and every thing connected with them; and in their intolerance, do not want to see any body else, much less one of their own order, think, and—what is worse—act otherwise.

As I remained some time on the island, I became acquainted with some American captains, or skippers, who commanded small coasting-vessels trading with the neighboring islands, or running as they saw fit, or procured a good freight, to Sydney or San Francisco. One evening we were sitting in the American Hotel, playing a game of euone, while nearly the whole native population of the place was walking up and down before the house. It was about half-past seven o'clock, and we heard the girls outside laughing and talking with one another, when there was suddenly a quick repetition of loud screams in a female voice. We of

course threw down our cards, and ran to the door to see what was the matter. We had not far to go. Just before the entrance we found a group of persons, and in the centre a young lady was hard at work, stripping herself of every particle of dress she had on; and when she had accomplished this—a matter of hardly five seconds—she was surrounded by a crowd of young girls who wrapped their pareus around her. The dress was left untouched in the middle of the street.

"What, in the name of common sense, is the matter?" one captain cried, seeing that nobody would even go near the garments.

The answer was short and perfectly satisfactory. "A centipede!" the natives cried; and they all tried to get their naked feet as far away as possible from the place where the much-feared insect was. The girl had felt the monster inside her dress, and nearly frightened to death, had only thrown off her things as quickly as possible, to get rid of the danger of being stung by this, in fact, very poisonous insect.

Having already a bottle full of such enormities, but no centipede as yet, I gave chase; and gathering up the whole of the girl's dress, without the least remonstrance from the natives, I carried it, followed by the two skippers, into the American Hotel, to unkennel the enemy. It was rather a delicate thing to search a lady's wardrobe in such a way, but a naturalist may go to many places where others are not allowed; and it was not long before we caught the animal—two searching, two holding candles, and the others pressing in a perfect wall of heads around it, all ready to bolt at the first sight of the centipede emerging. I got it at last in a tumbler, half full of brandy, and, with a cover upon it, the prize was safe.

We then returned the dress to its owner; but it required first a great many assertions, and the testimony of at least eight or ten witnesses, before she believed the centipede was really expelled.

The centipedes are the only poisonous animals upon these islands—and even these are not of a mortally venomous character. There are no snakes, and only a very small and beautiful, but perfectly harmless kind of lizard. Mr. Orsmond told me that long ago they had had lizards with four tails on the islands, which were only found in a certain valley about seven miles from Papeete—and the former Pomare had some caught for her—but now

had been seen of this species since that time. In fact, there seem to be only very few insects on the islands, except musquitoes. I very seldom saw even a butterfly, and none of them pretty.

Tahiti had been celebrated in former times for its tattooers, but now the missionaries have brought it out of fashion, and only full-grown men and women walk about with these relics of a past time. But I felt very anxious to see this old custom practiced before it died away through civilization, and I was recommended, for that purpose, to an old tattooer—in fact, the most celebrated upon the island, Taitaou—who lived about five miles from town down the Broom Road. I found the old gentleman in his family circle, and, in order to take away a remembrance with me from Tahiti, I determined on letting him try his art upon my shoulder.

They use for tattooing almost always shark's teeth, which they fix to a kind of little rake about four or five inches long, with one two, three, up to ten and twelve points. These they hold upon the skin, tracing with the left hand the lineaments upon it; and striking the rake three rapid blows with another little stick, the sharp points enter the skin. To give color to the drawing, they only employ the smoke of the tui-tui-nut—a very oily nut, which the natives also use as candles, putting several upon a stick and lighting them—which imparts a fine and delicate-looking blue color. From the noise the little knocker makes with its tat-tat-tat—tat-tat-tat, the Indians have called it tattooing.

The operation itself is not in the least painful, and the drawing only swells next day for a few hours—at least, such was the case with me.

Though I had been some time on the island I had not yet seen Queen Pomare, except once in the distance, riding on horseback; and I am sure my fair readers would like to know something about this, certainly historical lady. But there was some difficulty to be overcome first, as Pomare had a sick relation in her palace or European house, and had left it for the sole use of the sick person, living during the time in one of the common kanaka huts, and not receiving any visits from foreigners. Mr. Orsmond had tried to gain admittance for me, but in vain. He told me also he was at present not upon a very good footing with the queen herself, but did not say why; but I heard from others that the queen had been set against him by some of the other missionaries on account of his taking a French situation. Accident-

ally, I at last found a French soldier from Alsace, who was acquainted with Pomare's sons, for he gave them lessons on the drum, the favorite instrument of the Tahitians, whom I told to recommend me to her majesty—for I was determined to see her —as a traveling musician from Germany, who had a perfectly new instrument with him which he wanted to show her—I was very certain she had never seen a cithern; and he promised to do what he could.

The next day, the 11th of February, I intended to visit the little island Motuuta, a most beautiful spot in the bay of Papetee, and formerly the summer residence of the Pomares, consequently a sacred spot, not to be profaned by other feet. This also was the reason why H. Melville, who has given such a beautiful description of this little island, was not allowed, by the old funny sentry, to land from his canoe there. But the time of the Pomares had passed, the French had now taken possession of this once hallowed spot, and strangers can pass unmolested to and from it.

Taking one of the Indian canoes with an outrigger—*the first* time I ever entered such a little unhandy craft, for the outrigger takes away much of its swiftness—I soon reached the landing-place, having, however, to pick out a channel through the coral, which rises round the island, nearly to the surface, and found the place as wild and desolate as it had been in former times beautiful.

Toward the entrance of the bay the French have thrown up some fortifications, and a battery of four thirty-two-pounders stands there. The buildings, formerly the residence of the kings, are used now for shipping store-rooms. Ropes, blocks, chains, and a hundred other stores are stowed away in it, also ammunition, I believe, and broken and worn-out tools and implements lie scattered about every where. The grass is trodden down, bushes have grown up on the playgrounds of the children, and the cocoa-nut trees whisper their soft and low wailings to the passing breeze.

Only an old Indian lives here, as a kind of inspector over the ship stores. The queen herself, who gave birth to several children upon this little island, has not set foot upon it since the French took possession of it; but her sons, it seems, do not partake of the same feelings, for they come over frequently, and I had the pleasure of meeting them all three here on landing. I heard the loud beating of a drum, and following the noise, saw my young

Alsacian with the three princes around him, sitting upon an old wooden cannon, and drumming away with all his might.

The boys were about twelve, ten, and seven years of age, and fine little fellows, with bright large eyes. The young Alsacian related to me the history of the wooden cannon, of which I saw six or seven more upon the island. Several years ago an English vessel on trying to enter the channel had run aground upon some of the reefs, and became a perfect wreck; and among the spars and timbers which drifted over the reefs, the French had picked up these cannons, of which the Englishman had had, I believe, twenty-seven on board—but Lord knows for what purpose, except to frighten somebody.

The young soldier told me he had spoken to the queen about me, and she wished to see me or my instrument the next evening.

I drifted slowly from the island in my canoe with the rising tide, without paddling, toward the shore again; and below me, between the beautifully formed coral-reefs, I saw, just as at Emao, the gambols of the tiny fish, and the wonderful formations of trees and plants rising up from the deep, and covered, as it were, with a crystal frame. Sea-stars and eggs lay hidden under strange-looking forked limbs and branches, and like a forest of crystallized trees, broad slopes of dark and towering mountain ridges lay below me, crossed by deep blue cloud-filled valleys. Thus the aëronaut must feel, soaring far away over mountains and dales, while a world of forests and valleys, plains and lakes and cities vanish like visions from his sight.

That afternoon I wandered into the mountains, to see their formations, and look for some little beads or berries, that grow here, called bibodios, bright red with a little black spot upon them, which we sometimes see in Europe. But the rainy season prevented me from going far up; the mountains were covered with a thick and wet fog, and frequent showers felt very unpleasant to be caught in. I was told these were the very worst months in the whole year for visiting the interior.

The next evening, at the appointed time, I met my guide, and we soon reached her majesty's present residence, a wide and commodious, but simple hut, built of bamboo, and thatched with the leaves of the pandanus, resembling those of all the other natives.

The eldest prince was sitting before the door, upon the ground, eating his frugal supper, bread-fruit and raw fish; and Pomare's

daughter—a young lady of about twelve years of age, and a twin sister of the eldest boy—came out to meet us, and see the instrument.

The queen-mother was also just eating her supper, and we had to wait a little while; but soon afterward we were called in, and I found myself in the interior of the palace. The inner room of the house had two cane partitions, forming three different rooms, perfectly divided by large calico curtains. The first was a kind of ante-chamber, serving at the same time as a state and bedroom for the queen's ladies of honor; the second was, as it seemed, destined for the children; and the third was the state bed and audience chamber of the queen herself, and her royal consort.

Pomare was seated by herself on a mat, sewing some calico. Answering our "Toranna, Pomare," very kindly, she invited us to be seated; and my guide told her in her language, which he spoke fluently, that I had come to pay her my respects, and shew her a new German instrument, that might please her. She looked at it, but with far less curiosity than I had expected; and, as the children and other persons of her court were pressing their noses and eyes outside against the bamboo-walls of the hut, trying to catch a glimpse of us, or a sound of the instrument, but not daring to come in, she asked me to go out with it before the house, to let all have an opportunity of seeing it, and she would follow us. Of course I did as she wished me; and soon afterward she appeared upon the threshold of her house, upon which she set down; her husband, a young, fine-looking Indian, now also appearing, and standing at her side.

How many descriptions of this poor queen have been circulated, and mostly by persons who know nothing about her, or thought they could well insult or play a joke upon an Indian queen, who lived so many thousand miles off, as Pomare! All that I heard and saw of Pomare here, in her own residence, only honored her in every respect. She behaved even with dignity, though without the least pride, toward strangers or her inferiors. Her figure is by no means corpulent, as people have described or slandered it. She may be now about forty years of age, and is, if not slender, certainly well made, and as simply dressed as one of her subjects. When I saw her, she wore one of the common wrappers which all the women wear upon these islands, only of

some good light stuff, a silk handkerchief round her neck, and a straw-hat, of the same form as those of the men, upon her head. Though not beautiful, she was very good looking; and if she had been a queen in Europe, she would have been called a beauty.

It was getting dark when I left the royal couple, the children hanging on to me, and wanting a little more; but I did not wish to tire Pomare, and had seen what I wanted; so taking leave of the queen and her consort, and shaking hands with them, I went back to town.

This same week, a German whaler, the "Otaheite," came in direct from the Weser. They had only caught two sperm-fish on their passage out; and Captain Wiedring intended to start in about fourteen days for the Sandwich Islands, to give the polar whales a call this season. It was one of the finest ships I had seen lately, and looked as clean and nice as if it just had been taken out of a box. With her doctor, a young German, whose first step in another part of the world had been upon these beautiful shores, and who felt quite bewildered yet, I took a trip into the interior, principally to see the classical ground of the steep valley just above Papetee, where the natives, secretly supplied by foreigners—principally English and American residents—with fire-arms, and favored by the precipitous cliffs of their own mountains, manfully resisted the whole force of the French, till they found themselves surrounded through the treachery of some of their own countrymen, who showed the enemy some secret passes through the mountains.

Following the little stream up, we very soon found ourselves in a narrow picturesque ravine, on both sides of which steep banks arose, many hundred feet high, and thickly planted with shrubs and vines, even where only a handful of ground covered the overhanging rocks. A little farther up, at a height of many hundred feet, a spring gushed out of the rock, right under a few simple cocoa-nut trees, and hurled itself in wild sport down the cliff.

The valley itself was at first covered with a nearly impenetrable thicket of guaiavas, with some scattered orange and lemon trees, and a few cocoa-nut trees here and there. Farther up we found the Tahitian chestnut, mape, with its large laurel-like leaves and the gray trunks, looking as if they had a much larger circumference, and were only folded together to occupy less space. Besides these, the large and beautiful we trees (the Indian

mango), which have some likeness in growth and leaves to our beech trees, and bear a delicious fruit, but, to my great sorrow, not ripe at this time. The tui-tui or light nut tree with its maple-like leaves, we also saw here in great qauntities; and high over these the steep and thickly over-grown banks of the ravine rose like immense walls, and upon their highest point the eye could sometimes trace a small group of cocoa-nut trees, waving in the breeze, which looked down, as it seemed, fearfully into the abyss at their feet; while the little sparkling springs, which gushed out at their giddy height, reckless children of the wilds as they were, rushed past them, and threw themselves in wild glee into the valley below.

The road became tiresome here, for we had to cross the stream several times; and, though not very deep, the strong current, and the smooth and slippery pebbles which formed its bottom, offered much hindrance, and we could only proceed very slowly. A few oranges, of which there was an abundance every where, refreshed us; and climbing along on the precipitous bank to look for rare plants, we also found a grayish-looking nut, much resembling the American hickory-nut in shape, which tasted exceedingly well. As we had become hungry through our long walk, we set to and opened a good quantity of them, which we ate with the greatest relish. I had eaten some forty, when I told the doctor I did not know if I was right, but the nuts seemed suddenly to have a kind of opium-like taste. He assured me that he had himself fancied their taste rather narcotic, and he thought it best to leave them alone for awhile, to see how those we had already eaten agreed with us. And we had not to wait long: I soon felt sick, for I had eaten about four times as many as the doctor, but my strong constitution helped me safely out of this difficulty, though for two days afterward, I felt my limbs as heavy as lead, and my head ached terribly.

This prevented me from leaving the town for the next few days, and I only took short walks through the streets and over the market-place. They have a singular way of coming to market and bringing things in for sale. There is no certain hour to purchase any thing except fresh meat—fresh pork every day, and beef twice or three times a week. This the butchers, French and Irishmen, bring in at daylight, on account of the heat through the day, and when the sun peeps over the cocoa-nut

trees, he does not find a single bone left. At the same time a few natives come in, some with a bunch of bananas, others with baskets full of oranges, or with a stick upon their shoulders, at the ends of which six or seven peeled cocoa-nuts are dangling, which look exactly like their own frequently close-shaven crowns. They squat down with these few things in the thatched and open market-building, till they find a purchaser for their fruit, and after receiving the money for them, walk slowly away, perfectly satisfied with having done their day's work, and hardly ever can they be induced to go even an errand for the next four-and-twenty hours. There may be a pause after this, and not an orange to be found upon the market, till some time afterward a couple of other natives approach the place leisurely from different sides, one with a basket of pine-apples, the other carrying a stick with cocoa-nuts. You may have been waiting for these, for you want to go on board some vessel, and wish to take twenty or thirty with you—you buy those the boy has brought in, and offer him double the amount if he will go back directly and bring you another stick-full, for it is uncertain whether others may come in again this morning, and you must go on board. No matter he has brought these, and got his money for them; he will come again perhaps to-morrow morning, and if you offer him four times the amount, he does not want money, he wants rest, for he has got what money he needs for the day.

Sometimes the whole market-house is crowded with fruit and vegetables, if they happen to drop in accidentally together, while an hour later not a soul is to be seen till others fill up the places of those who have left, and a person who wishes to buy certain articles has to sit down and wait till they come in.

Fortunately, there is a law to the effect that nothing brought for sale into town may be sold in the street, but must be carried to this place, while government at the same time fixes the prices for every thing that is brought to market. There is no danger of being over-reached by the sellers.

Funny scenes happened there sometimes when bonitas—a fish which the natives seem to have a desperate partiality for—were brought to market. As soon as the canoes reached land, there were always three or four buyers for every fish they brought, or could bring in, and the fishermen as well as the market-master have really to watch the greedy customers, lest they tear the fish

out of their hands, before they are half-way. As it is, one of the men from the canoe has to take two fish, one in each hand, and walk with them to the market-house, a distance of about a hundred yards, while two or three buyers on each side take hold of the fish, and frequently have a regular up-and-down fight as soon as they step over the boundaries of the place. The fisherman then lets go his hold, watching the combatants with a smiling countenance, and the one that gets the fish has to pay him the price; whereupon he walks back to the beach to get two more, repeating the same scene over and over again as long as he has any fish.

My little tailor had this day some very grievous family differences; and to give the English reader a slight idea of family affairs in general in these islands, I will relate the case. Little Merz had taken to himself a wife about two or three days before, and though this is so serious a step in our country, they regard it very lightly in Tahiti, for taking a wife and marrying her are here two widely different things. No, he only had taken one of the numerous girls who come from the country *into town*, *into* his house; the young lady's relations, however, not seeming to like it, because they thought the girl could do better elsewhere than with a poor little tailor, wanted her back, and called on him for that purpose. He refused to comply with their wishes; and they knew no better way of helping themselves than by calling on the police, and stating that the German kept a native girl against her will in his house, and asked the police to make him give her up.

The relations, at the same time, went back to the tailor, and asked him peaceably again for the girl, but they came to the wrong man. Little Merz, who had as hot blood in his veins as any tailor had in this wide world, soon got impatient, and growing angry with the impudence of the relations, ended by kicking them out of his front door, calling them all kinds of names in all kinds of languages. He flattered himself he had been completely victorious, but on entering his house again and locking and bolting the door, he found that the fair object of dispute had bolted through the back door, the relations having used a stratagem to assail the fort from two sides at once, while the garrison was too weak to defend them both.

But the worst was yet to come. While perfectly maddened by such treachery, and stamping up and down his room, little Merz

received a notice from the French police-office, and after having called in a neighbor, as he was not able to read it himself, he found himself ordered to set the girl free immediately whom he kept against her will in his house. This was too bad, and like adding insult to injury. But he was not so easily frightened. He kicked off his slippers, pulled on his boots, and slipping on his other dress, he left the house in such a hurry as even to forget to shut his own door; but he really found the girl and brought her back—by persuasion and promises of course—in triumph to his hearth. His honor was saved with the neighbors, and he did not care a straw for the rest.

His happiness lasted four whole days, for this was the time his Dulcinea required to make up a new frock, which Merz had to buy her, which she put on; and with the old one under her arm, she left the astonished tailor one fine morning all to himself, and was never seen again.

This is the most common way of taking a wife in this country, and also of losing her, though not always so quickly; but neither party seems to consider themselves bound to one another for life, even if the rites of the church, or some other ceremonies which they have to that effect, are employed in uniting them.

There are some few exceptions, and those poor girls must be pitied, whose hearts have really been won by the white foreigners. Listening to the old and yet ever-new stories of love, and trusting to the man they have chosen in all their innocence of heart, they only find it afterward a sweet but short dream; for a few months or years they are able to keep their lovers captive, but no longer. Those Europeans who come here from a colder clime, and are enchanted by the first charms and beauties of land and people, live as in a dream, and thinking their new homes a perfect and true paradise, awake at last—their sensuality is satiated—and they feel that nature alone will never satisfy their aspirations. They have been educated for another sphere of life, and though they might forget it for a short space of time, they would never entirely resign it. The effect is in such cases nearly always the same, the Europeans return to their own country—business calls them there, and they promise to come back—and the poor girls are left with their children to pine away, or forget in vice that ever a stranger came and promised them truth and protection for life.

Talking of matrimonial bliss, I must not forget to mention an old native lady, whom I frequently saw in the streets of Papetee, and never could behold without a shudder. I usually met her with a white and most beautiful little child in her arms, and she was dressed exactly like the other women, but across her face in large Roman characters, the word murder was tattooed in the common manner with the blue ink of the tui-tui nut, the letters standing upside down, the four first upon the right, the two last upon the left cheek. I was told this woman had murdered her husband, but it is dreadful to brand a person in such a way, and then suffer her to live.

I visited the interior as often as I could, or the weather permitted, for there was hardly a day without one good shower, and the clouds extended from the tops of the mountains far down into the valleys; but these islands have not much variety, each little spot is nearly overladen with beauties, and that which causes the stranger ecstasy at first sight grows soon familiar, and at last wearisome. The change is wanting in these tropical climes—there is no autumn with its dropping leaves and decaying nature, no sharp winter-frost to nerve our bodies again to fresh vigor, no snowy fields by which to forget for awhile the green plains of summer, and the sweet-scented flowers of a warmer season; and above all, there is no sweet, sweet spring when we greet with joy each budding leaf, each blossom of the fields—the stranger who enjoys these pleasures each year anew here feels them only once—and never again. As the tree stands now there, with its blossoms and fruits, so it will stand the whole year, no change in its leaves or aspect is visible, and as warm and genial as the air now is, so it will be throughout the season, or the year; and oh! how much would a man give at last, for an honest, hearty snow-storm of the old mother-country! It is a singular fact, but there is no place like home; and as many lands and climates as I had yet seen, home had always been the sweetest spot to me.

But it was time to think of my departure from these islands. I had a long voyage before me, half the world, and many countries yet to see, while time passed, and the period I had intended to remain away from Germany had nearly elapsed. So looking out for a vessel to take me to Sydney—the next place where I was sure of finding money again, as my cash began to get very

low—I at first found no other vessel but a little bit of a schooner hardly larger than a long-boat, a craft of eighteen tons, the "Flinders," which was going to sail in two or three days for Port Jackson. I intended to take passage in her, but next day a good-looking brig, the "Emma Prescott," from San Francisco came in, also bound for the same port, and with "fine accommodations for cabin and deck passengers"—the old story; and as the crew of the "Flinders," captain, mate, and two sailors quarreled continually, and did not seem at all to agree as to the time of starting, I engaged my passage on board the "Emma Prescott," receiving notice at the same time to be on board of her that same evening as she intended to start very early next morning. But I was not to be frightened into going on board a vessel so quickly; knowing what their early starting usually meant, I determined on waiting at least till the foretopsail was set, and so I did, and had two days' time.

There were no French men-of-war at this time in the harbor, the whole fleet being out upon an expedition of discovery through the neighboring islands, principally the Marquesas group, of which they have also taken possession. Of the Society Islands they at present only hold Tahiti and Emao, for the other islands of the group declared their then viceroys—as soon as the French took possession of Pomare's dominions—their independent monarchs, and put themselves under the protection of the Americans and English.

Pomare, as I was told, receives a yearly appanage from the French government of twenty-five thousand francs.

But really there is the fore-topsail flying, the men are working away at the anchor, and a fine breeze promises a quick passage out. My luggage is on board, as well as a large quantity of oranges, young cocoa-nuts, lemons, bananas, pine-apples, and red pepper, and it is high time for me to pull on board, too.

I had hardly left my canoe, when the anchor came home, sails flapped, the crew singing, and the pilot bawling through the noise. Up we came—the entrance was right before us—now we passed the first, now the second buoys. How the reefs foamed to our right and left! Now they lay in our wake. Toranna—toranna, my fair isles! I shall never see you again!

CHAPTER VIII.

PASSAGE FROM TAHITI TO SYDNEY.

THE "Emma Prescott" was an American vessel, sent out with passengers to San Francisco, and was sold there. Some English merchants had bought her, put a kind of supercargo, a Mr. Fligg, on board; engaged a captain and crew, with a cook—an old Australian convict, who worked his passage out—took some passengers, one in the cabin and two in the steerage, and sent her to sea.

And the "Emma Prescott" was a true specimen of all such vessels sold in San Francisco. She had been stripped by her former owners of nearly every thing but the standing rigging. There was no spare stick or sail, no barometer, no telescope —in fact, nothing on board but what they had to sail with, and could not do without. Not wishing to buy any thing in San Francisco, where things were dearer of course than in Sydney, they had sent this vessel adrift, in ballast only, in a most reprehensible manner; and if any thing had happened on the voyage to our masts or spars, we should have been really in a bad predicament.

Being short of money, I took a steerage passage, the supercargo asking ten pounds for it—the same amount the other passengers paid from California to Sydney—adding, that he had to charge so high a price because provisions were dear in Tahiti, and he had to lay in a good stock of them. It was all false. for he did not lay in a single dollar's worth of provisions. Even the most necessary things the steward had marked down on a paper—as sugar, lemon-juice, and vinegar—he did not buy; and for fourteen days at sea there was no sugar, for three days longer no vinegar, and so on. The worst was the water, having only four small barrels on board; and too stingy to get at least one or two more small water-casks in Tahiti, this fine specimen of a super-

cargo would have been the ruin of us during a three weeks' calm, if some accidental showers had not saved us.

I am very easily satisfied with any thing to eat—and when on board a ship, I consider the passage the main thing, and provisions and water only necessary evils to keep life in; but even I could not eat the meat and bread on board—at least, with appetite—and I lived the whole time upon some cocoa and pilot-bread, the last barrel also getting mouldy.

The captain himself was a gentleman; but he could do nothing with the supercargo, and left the ship as soon as we arrived at Sydney.

After a four weeks' passage, even our fuel was expended, and the cook had to saw off a couple of old pieces of timber, which had been left with the ballast in the ship's hold; and we drifted along in a succession of light breezes that lasted usually only four or five hours, and calms sometimes four and five days at a stretch.

The 21st of March, a fine steady beeeze at last came. There had been some talk on board of trying to make Norfolk Island, to be kept from starving and dying for want of water; but with the breeze, every thought of it passed away—we only wanted to get to Sydney, and escape from this "floating penitentiary," as the men began to call her.

On the 22d, with the same rattling breeze, we came in sight of Norfolk Island, where the finest pines in the whole world grow. Young trees of this species have been taken over to Valparaiso, where they willingly paid six and eight ounces for trees about ten or fifteen feet high; and even on Tahiti, I saw one in the garden of a Doctor Johnson. Norfolk Island is, at the same time, one of the severest convict settlements of Great Britain. If women can make a paradise out of a wilderness, men can change a paradise into a hell.

On the 25th, the breeze which drove us along on our course, nearly grew into a gale. We had to reef our topsails, scudding along beautifully; but the brig did not run well—and yet she looked as if she could have done a great deal better. The captain thought she was not quite in the right trim, for even with this gale we could only get seven and seven miles and a half out of her.

We were four steerage passengers on board—two Irishmen, one

of these a young merchant, the other a carpenter, a young Australian, born of course of English parents, and myself. The carpenter, a true wild Irishman, was as good and honest a fellow as ever lived, the young merchant the same, but the Australian, who had come on board in Papetee, was just as slovenly and lazy. The carpenter and I messed together, and the two others did the same; but the carpenter did not like them, for some reasons of his own, and there was a continual quarrel between them, till it broke out one day in open hostilities, the cause being religion again. The Australian and the young Irish merchant had talked rather freely about the Roman Catholic Church, and the carpenter, one of the old school, who stuck to his church and priest with heart and soul, told them to mind their own business and leave the church alone; but the Australian, perhaps to spite him a little, commenced again and again, and at last they came to talk about the priests. The carpenter was getting hot now, but commencing to argue with them, he found the ground giving way under him; so to settle the matter, and just as the young merchant had said something against the respectability of the priests, he knocked him down, and the Australian could hardly jump up quick enough, to find himself flattened in the other corner.

No argument in the world could have had a better effect than this, and religion was never mentioned again on board the vessel among these three.

The gale did not last long: the same night we shook the reefs out of the top-sails, and next morning carried top-gallants again, going before the wind with a rattling breeze. And we wanted it, hardly any bread, bad meat, and some peas, being the only things to eat on board, and besides this a short allowance of water.

Twelve o'clock on the 27th, we were not quite two degrees from Port Jackson; in the evening at nine, we saw the light of the port, and not three hours later, had made the heads, keeping to the south of them a little, and got even in the night a pilot on board—another harbor I entered in the dark. An hour later I heard the most glorious music after a long and tedious voyage—a music that gladdens our hearts, like the warbling of the first rising lark in early spring—the rattling down of the heavy chain to the bottom; and our ship swinging round, came to an anchor right opposite the government-house.

The next morning I was up and on deck by daybreak, for I felt anxious to see a harbor I had heard so much of. The English boast that it is the securest and most beautiful in the world, and I was afraid I should feel disappointed, as it had been exactly the same case at Tahiti; but I must acknowledge that I have seen few places in the world that made a more pleasing impression upon me, than Port Jackson.

The scenery is not so magnificent as at Rio de Janeiro or even New York, because a background is wanting; but the low, though steep and rocky banks of the bay, with the light yellow of the stones, set off most advantageously by the lively green of the thick bushes and saplings that covered them as with a swelling carpet; the friendly, homely houses, scattered through shady parks, and beautiful little valleys along the shore, and even the peculiar shape of the vegetation, in which each country has its own character; the high slender stems and straight out-stretching branches, with some scattered Norfolk pines in their beautiful symmetry between them, imparted an indescribable attraction to the whole scene.

I do not think, at the same time, that there is a securer harbor in the world, and it has room enough for all the ships afloat.

At this time there were not many vessels in the harbor, but among the few was a Spanish man-of-war. At eight o'clock the sanitary boat came alongside, and in half an hour I had jumped into one of the watermen's boats, which came out to us in numbers, and soon after walked with a feeling I would be at a loss to describe, upon Australian ground, and—paved streets again.

AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

SYDNEY IN APRIL, 1851.

AUSTRALIA!—A peculiar thrill went through my nerves when I first touched that ground, for which I had felt for a long time —and particularly since reading Mr. Rowcroft's "Adventures in Van Dieman's Land"—a kind of strange yearning—*I will not* say to live there—but to see it, to travel awhile among those singularities of the soil, that collection of natural curiosities, where the Almighty had made quadrupeds with bird's-bills, and birds with hair, cherries with the stone outside, and trees that shed their bark instead of the leaves. In addition to this, black cockatoos and swans, and above all the mysterious animal the bunyip, which was said to live in the lakes, and even the channel of the Murray and Murrumbidgee. How romantic that name already sounded! What more could I desire, to have a new, wild life before me!

But it was not this alone; I had left as with one step another world. Land, climate, soil, scenery, inhabitants, vegetation, habits, customs, dress, even the color of the skin, had changed as if by magic; the waving palms no longer nodded with their graceful and feathery leaves above my head; the rolling thunder of the breakers, the rustling of the broad banana-leaves, the merry laugh and song of the always happy, always friendly Indians, no longer gladdened my ear. Like a straight and carefully-cut yew-hedge, the whole country, with its singular and regular tree-tops, and the town with its broad and rectangular streets, lay around me; while the broad Irish brogue, and the London cockney dialect, seemed to strike me every where with so much greater force,

as the ear had not yet forgotten the soft melodious sounds of the Tahitian's far more musical language.

Sydney has, in fact, little or nothing to do with romance; for there is hardly a place in the world—even the Yankee States, or California not excepted—where you would find a more thoroughly business life than here. Pounds and shillings are the only magical words able to enliven the features of all those who surround the stranger; and while the shillings become pounds with the always active, speculating, and careful merchants, the stranger, who has come over here to see, finds it is exactly the contrary with him. His pounds become shillings, and he is bored nearly to death with the eternal and never-ending conversations about wool and shipping.

On entering Sydney the stranger has, at the same time, nearly always to overcome a prejudice, which has grown up with him, and could only gain strength during a residence in California, that of entering a convict settlement, and the idea of having been suddenly thrown into a perfect collection of murderers, thieves, housebreakers, and other desperate characters. Some persons are perfectly astonished at finding their handkerchief, after an hour's walk still in their pockets; and yet how little cause they have for it. Sydney of course, has been a convict settlement, and the man who comes here with all kind of wild suspicions may meet, as likely as not, a few more suspicious-looking faces in New South Wales than elsewhere, but that would be most certainly all; and if such a population was once here, it is gone now, or if not gone, has been lost among the emigrants who have flocked in thousands to Australia's shores; and it would take a "knowing cove" to tell a former "government-man" from a gentleman merchant.

And this amalgamation of the two different classes of society has not merely taken place externally. Those people driven in the old country—only too frequently by want and oppression—to actinos, which they would never have committed under other circumstances, found here another life—found the possibility of living; and after serving out their time, of becoming good citizens. It was not necessary for this class to repent of what they had done, or were punished for. They had repented of their actions, perhaps, from the outset, and are now as good and honest people as those who frequently look down upon them with a sneer.

Even those who committed crimes, with a full consciousness of what they did, afterward found here the cause removed, through which they became felons in their own country; and the best and most honest servants in the interior, as I have been told by a great many old inhabitants, are convicts.

There is one advantage for these men here—nobody asks in this country what a man has been—the past is forgotten; if they have done wrong, they have also suffered for it; and if they behave properly now, they are respected. The most respectable, or at least a very respectable part of the inhabitants of Sydney, have also been born in Australia, a great many of them of convict parents; and who knows, whether in later years they may not form a new kind of nobility in Australia, their children and childrens' children counting in centuries to come, so and so many ancestors? A great many of our nobles would find that their forefathers had been engaged in exactly the same occupations.

In Sydney, not being acquainted in the place, I had at first some difficulty in finding a good boarding-house; and I passed many of them, all, without exception having a noisy gin-smelling bar in the lower room. At last I followed the old rule in a strange place, of always going into the best lodgings you can find, for they are commonly not dearer than others, and most certainly better. I therefore took my luggage to the Royal Hotel, but I soon found I had been mistaken this time. The Royal Hotel—to be done with it at once—is a large, crazy building in George Street, the main street of Sydney, in the rear nearly split to pieces, and only held together, as it seems, by a number of iron cross-bars, every minute ready to let a part of the wall drop out. The accommodations were very indifferent. I got stowed away in the fourth story, with hardly any boarders in the house, had a very poor table, hardly any attendance, and paid forty-four shillings a week; while they were, as I found afterward, just as good, and even better places for half that money. But this is only *en passant*.

My first occupation was to write home, for I had had no chance of sending a letter direct for a long while; and several ships were advertised, just at this time for London. While sitting one evening in my little room, a dull noise came up to me from below; and on opening my window, which had a beautiful prospect over the rear of an iron foundry, besides the benefit of hearing the ham-

mering all day, I could easily recognize all the sounds of a very lively meeting, the bravos, and stampings, and cheers, and through the uproar sometimes the loud and thundering voice of the speaker.

Dropping my pen—for I was determined on seeing what they fought for—I went down, and hearing it was an anti-transportation meeting, held in the same house, and public at the same time, I entered the room, and found myself the next minute in a crowded hall, and among a tolerable wild assembly.

But the meeting, as I soon found, was not directly against transportation itself, but in this case only against a proposed bill of the English government by which, as the speakers declared, the electing districts of New South Wales were most unjustly divided, to give the squatters in the interior a decided preponderance over Sydney. This bill must have been, if one of the speakers was right, who had become rather heated by the thundering applause of the meeting, "the most infamous, unjust, treacherous and diabolical measure" imaginable, and the whole meeting was unanimously against it.

The squatters in the north and west were, on the contrary, in favor of transportation to Australia, because they could get no laborers otherwise; while Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Van Dieman's Land, breathe fire and flame against it, and, as I think, with perfect justice.

In former times, when Australia was a wild and unsettled country, England was justified, by the law of our civilized nations at least, in sending a population of convicts to a land, where the people had not as yet fabrics and manufactures, and walked about in a black skin; but now the case was widely different. A young white population had grown up in the new country, who called the land their home; and if the sovereignty was claimed by a distant state, that state had no right whatever to pollute their homes with ship-loads of felons.

But the gold discovery has altered the whole relations; and England will never again try to send convicts over to either of these colonies, except perhaps to the Swan River districts, till they manage to find gold too.

The meeting went off very quietly, though a good many things were said in it strong enough for a royal colony. Our German police, if such things had happened in our country, would most certainly have had their fingers in the pie, and made as much

of it as possible; but the Sydney police had more sense, or, what is the same thing, knew better.

I was recommended to Mr. Dreutler, a merchant in Sydney, and was received by him in a most friendly manner. The next Sunday we went out together to the light-house, to which a most beautiful road along the shore of the bay led. But the shore of the bay seemed to have concentrated the whole beauty of the country along its banks; for only half a mile back a white sandy soil with green bushes and grass-trees commenced, and looked the very reverse of picturesque.

The light-house itself is built upon the high and very steep cliff of the southern head of Port Jackson, and has a revolving light consisting of nine lamps, visible at sea for thirty miles.

The next morning, I walked through town, looking at the shops—and some of them are really worth looking at—and wondering what an old native black would say if he had been a good while in the interior, and came back to a place where he himself, as likely as not, had hunted kangaroos and emus, and now found streets like George Street, paved and gas-lighted, and in fact, the whole thing a wholesale miracle studded with little miracles. I suddenly heard myself saluted in another name, in a most kind and friendly manner, by an old gentleman, with a rather thread bare, but clean and decent dress-coat, a thick gold watch-chain, a large heavy seal, and a brown silk umbrella, with which he seemed to have been walking on the sunny side of the street.

I thanked him, and told him that he had been under a mistake in the person, for my name was not Wentrow, or any thing of the sort. I thought every thing right, and was going to follow my old course; but my new acquaintance thought otherwise. He first apologized more than was necessary for the mistake. It was wonderful how I resembled this Mr. Wentrow! And I had really no relation of that name?—No! Well, but since he had addressed me, and consequently taken up some of my most valuable time, he wanted to give me an equivalent for the loss, and this was as follows: Only a few days before—and he took me at the same time by one of my buttons, and pulled me into the nearest entrance—he had received a small lot—unfortunately, only too small—of galvanic—the reader must excuse me, but I have really forgotten the most terrible Chaldaic name that ever grated

upon my ears—and he felt exceedingly pleased at being able to let me have one of them. The price of it was a mere trifle—only 3*s.* 6*d.*—and not worth talking of; and if I would allow him, he would show me a specimen of it.

I felt particularly pleased at the gentleman's thinking he had me, while, in fact, I had him; for he was a character, and I wanted to make the most of him. He soon produced a little morocco-case from his rather roomy pocket, opened it, and asked me to smell it.

I was perfectly right in thinking it sal ammoniac, and holding it rather carefully, and a little sideways, up to my nose, I soon satisfied myself. But this would not do for him. I must smell strongly at it; and I looked for the first time suspiciously at the gentleman. If I had taken a powerful smell at the bottle it would have knocked me over. But I wronged him, he looked weak, such had never been his intention; and I now inquired very anxiously the nature and qualities of this little bottle.

I had lit upon a fortune. There existed at this present time really no known sickness, even deadly fractures not excepted, able to withstand this thing with the galvanic monster name—it subdued them all; it had quite the same effect upon the different pains and aches—for instance, gout, toothache, inflammations of the liver, bowels or brains—no matter which—dislocations, &c., the result being as wonderful and interesting as the application was simple. You had only to smell, according as your sufferings were of a deeper or slighter nature, stronger or more gently at the bottle, and away they went. There was a remedy for you, and only 3*s.* 6*d.*!

I was perfectly charmed at the medicine—it was a blessing for the human race—for the world; but the little gentleman commenced growing impatient—I was too credulous. Nobody had yet asked him such a quantity of questions, or had been louder in the praise of that little bottle, I am sure, and still no money. We might have been standing about three quarters of an hour in the entry, when he tried to come to a point, and, pressing the little bottle upon me, wanted the cash. The rest is soon told. I felt very sorry indeed at not having at this minute either toothache, or inflammation of the lungs, or any such disagreeable affliction, but assured him most sincerely that I would call on him at the first symptom. Bless my soul! he did not want to sell the

bottle for his own sake—he only wanted to accommodate me, and if he could not do it for 3*s.* 6*d.*, he'd do it for half a crown. In vain. I was really not in any pain. For two shillings?—No. For eighteen-pence? the face with which he pronounced the latter sum was really the personification of "I'm very sorry to utter such a sum—" but nothing would do; and I left him, thanking him most heartily for his interesting and instructive conversation.

When we met for the first time in our life, this man had recognized me as an old acquaintance—when we met afterward, he did not look at me; but such is life.

On the 3d of April, there was an exhibition in the botanical garden of female work, for the benefit of the poor, young ladies selling the goods themselves; perfect crowds of people flocked out there, and I, of course, with them.

The exhibition took place in a very large tent upon one of the green-swards of the botanical garden, but there was such a throng of ladies and gentlemen round the tables that I could not get near them, and had to satisfy myself with all I could see outside. I really believe that all the fair population of Sydney had collected among the green and flowery bushes of foreign lands, and every walk of the garden was crowded with them.

But besides them, there was no want of interesting groups—the eye fell upon a picture every where. Here a young officer, with a very close-fitting uniform and very thin form, a young merry girl hanging on his arm, tried to break through the mass of bodies that surrounded the tables, but in vain; there a happy father, in the sweat of his brow, pulled four or five of his blessed little ones, who were sticking to his skirts and elbows, and his heavy spouse—who seemed to carry a week's provision and some clean linen—through the deep gravel; right opposite, a whole family camped, and did not look quite pleased at a little patseboard match-box and a *cigare-étui* of the same stuff, the beautiful objects which they had just won for three half-crowns in one of the little lotteries, got up expressly for the purpose. There a couple of wild, rosy young girls chased each other over the grassy slope, only occupied with themselves; and yonder, through that little low walk, a godly young man, with downcast eye and bended look and back, in a white waistcoat and cravat, and decently buttoned up in a broad-tailed black frock-

coat, glided softly along, rather annoyed at meeting those pretty girls wherever he turned his steps.

There had been some dark clouds rising during the last half-hour, and I was malicious enough to wait for the sport. What a rush there was then for the tent—what pressing and squeezing, and crying of little babies! By-the-by, since I mention them, it is wonderful how many little babies a man, even in a walk through the street, and principally on such occasions, gets to see in Australia; out of five ladies you meet you may be sure three carry babies themselves, and one has a maid behind her, with one or two of them in her arms.

The next day I visited many of my countrymen here, by whom I was received in a most kind and friendly manner, and next Sunday we visited Botany Bay together.

Botany Bay acquired a bad name as innocently as many a man in this wily world; there never was a penal settlement on its shores, and yet there is hardly a soul living in Europe, who ever heard the name, that does not confound it with all the dreadful accompaniments of prisons, chains, and felons.

Botany Bay was the first place where Captain Cook landed in Australia, and a little metal plate, fastened into the rock, tells the exact spot and date, where and when the celebrated navigator came on shore with his first boat. A pillar from the soft sandstone, found on the spot is also erected to La Perouse, who was last heard of here. Nobody knew what became of him and his ship afterward, till some signs of his destruction were found, I believe, on New Caledonia.

There is a beautiful garden laid out in Botany Bay, which would be a very pleasant drive for the Sydney people, if the road out there was not so dreadfully desolate—a sand desert nearly all the way, as far as the eye can reach, with little low scrubby bushes. But in spite of this the garden is much frequented, particularly as there is a very large collection of all the Australian animals known, or at least of the most remarkable ones. There are numbers of emus, the Australian casuar, wild dogs, rather tame, only with a chain round their necks; black swans, kangaroos, oppossums, wallobies, a great variety of parrots, cockatoos and pigeons, eagles, hawks, and in fact every thing else of that kind that could be procured. Even some foreign animals were kept here: a young Bengal tiger, and a small black bear

from the Himalaya mountains; as ugly a fellow as I ever saw of his species, and in fact he seemed to be aware of it, for, as if ashamed of himself, he held one of his paws before his face nearly all the time we were with him.

The shores of the bay are not half so pretty as those of Port Jackson, the banks are barren and sandy, and there are only a few spots covered with green bushes. I had heard much of the beautiful scenery of Australia, but this did not satisfy me; perhaps the country I had lately left—those beautiful islands—were yet too fresh in my memory; but I thought the land looked here very barren and poor, and some small valleys excepted, there was in fact very little cultivation of the soil going on, though the neighborhood of Sydney would have guaranteed a ready sale for every thing which could have been raised.

Monday the 7th of April, I visited the Sydney theatre, but I must acknowledge that I had expected more; several plays I saw would not have been suffered even in a small German town, and a drunken constable was a main person in nearly all of them, and a fight or whipping indispensable. But I am wrong; there was one play that night without a constable, but it had some other nice situations. The scene occurred in some little family, man and wife had been quarreling together, and could not be reconciled till a brother of the lady—an officer, of course—comes unexpectedly on a visit, and is thought by the husband a rival; while the lady who has not seen her brother for a number of years, does not know him again. The officer kisses the lady, and she cries out; and the husband challenges the officer, who refuses to fight him. The husband then declares—and this seems the point of the play—that the officer is not worthy the coat he wears, and deserves to have it torn from his back. The officer then very coolly says, "If you think so," pulls off his coat to the fright and amazement of the husband, the lady, and the servant man and maid. But the young officer does not stop at trifles—his waistcoat follows—they all seem perfectly thunderstruck, and the audience listens in breathless expectation.

"Do you wish any more?" the officer asks finally, with an unmistakable motion, and he is only stopped from doing his worst by the screams of the family and servants, and the perfect roars of the house. Only one young man in the pit showed an inclination to come to extremities, for he shouted in a voice th

was heard above all the noise, "Down with them!" but the majority was against him.

The audience was really more interesting than the play, though I afterward saw some very good pieces, very well played. I really never found in any part of the world a more motley group in a theatre than was collected here. The first gallery contained the *haute volée*—the name already showed its destination—dress circle, and it is in fact the only decent place to go to in the house. The second gallery is also visited by the good honest citizens and tradesmen of the town; but a stranger must not be astonished, if he has a seat on the first bench there, at a young lady, a perfect stranger, coming up behind him, putting her hands upon his shoulders, and leaning over him quite unconcernedly to see the play. The third gallery, the cheapest place, which we call "paradise," is the same in all countries—the more dreadful the incidents the bill announces, the more is this part crowded; but the pit, with its wooden benches and doleful landscape paintings all round, is far more interesting. As if shaken out of a Noah's ark, they sit and stand there crowded together, sailors and servant girls, grisettes and shopkeepers, tradesmen and water-men; in short, "he's and she's," in the wildest mixture imaginable. There they sit, with straw hats or bonnets, with caps and without them, in shirt sleeves and red shawls, in lace capes and frock coats. During the play they amuse themselves with applauding, whistling, stamping, and clapping hands, all signs of the greatest satisfaction—in fact, make every noise they possibly can; and between the acts the real sport commences, with talking, laughing, fighting, and singing. Conversation is going on at that time between the pit and the second and third gallery, the galleries having evidently the advantage in all ensuing hostilities, for it is easy enough to throw down all kinds of orange and apple-peel, and other vegetables; but such things, if thrown up hardly ever reach higher than the dress circle, and often hit perfectly innocent persons there. Waiters, with all sorts of fruits and cakes, walk at the same time through this Babel of voices, praising their wares in screaming voices, and others follow with bottles of soda-water, which they explode sometimes in the very centre of a crowd.

One evening, when the pit was not so crowded, two men had got up a quarrel between themselves, and they would most cer-

tainly have come to blows but for one of these waiters, who, hearing the voices and wishing to see the sport, rushed right over the benches to the place with his fruit-basket before him; but, forgetting that general rule of taking care of one's self, he missed a bench just when he had reached the very place of action, and shooting forward right between the hostile parties, spread peace and apples around him. Nobody thought of fighting, and with a perfect shout crowds pressed forward and picked up every thing except the waiter. Only the drawing up of the curtain can put a stop to this noise; "hats off" is the general cry, and order is once more restored.

But if a stranger should ever enter the Sydney theatre and visit the pit, I do not think it more than right to give him a fair warning to keep his place and not walk about upon the benches —at least, not during the play. The following accident may prove that I do not talk merely from hearsay.

A young lady had just finished a solo, when a stock-keeper, with his whip in his hand, entered the pit, and only hearing the bravos and noise of the audience, and wanting to see the sport as well, took the heavy handle of his whip and striking the benches with it in a perfectly frantic manner, showed his determination of having her out again. A young fellow, who came in at the same time, and saw the curtain slowly rise again, walked over the benches with his eyes fixed upon the stage, and on approaching this enthusiast, managed to get his toes exactly upon the spot where the whip came down upon the bench. It is needless to describe the consequence, but if the lady's voice on the stage had been high, he most certainly beat her, as the audience attested by perfect shouts.

Sydney itself has a decidedly English character; numerous omnibuses pass all day from one part of the town, along George-street, to another; and besides these you find a most elegant kind of cab in nearly every street. Bread and vegetable-carts meet your eye wherever you look, light milk-carts rattle through the streets early in the morning, and their bells summon the housemaids to the door. "Hot pies, penny a-piece," are loudly offered, nearly at every street corner, fishmongers drag their hand-trucks through the crowd, and fruit-stalls, with oranges and apples, are every where to be seen at this season of the year.

I was struck by the immense number of dram-shops in the

streets; in Pitt-street and many other places they stand house on house, and nearly every corner is sure to be a grog-shop, with the government license upon it to sell spirituous and fermented liquors; and drunken men and women you meet nearly every where. I have really never been in any place yet where I saw so many drunkards as in Sydney, and, more disgusting still, drunken women.

There are not many public institutions yet in Sydney, for the country is too new, but the "Mechanics' School of Art" is one, and a very good commencement. The reading-room contains a great many English and nearly all the Australian papers, to which a library is added, members of the institute being allowed to take books home.

Among the English papers I noticed the "Times," "Illustrated London News." "Scotsman," "Art-Union," "Athenæum," "Punch," and most of the quarterly reviews and magazines; also the "Calcutta Englishman," and the best Australian papers; but no foreign paper is taken in.

Though I had been several weeks in Sydney, I knew nothing as yet of the country, Botany Bay excepted; and hearing the neighborhood of Hunter's River, some distance farther to the north, praised very much, I determined on going there, as it was stated to be a very good spot for agriculture and emigration. There seemed to be only a very indifferent land route to this place, and passengers always preferred going by water, as a steamer leaves every evening, Sunday excepted, for Hunter's River. There are three steamers for that river, two iron ones, the "Rose" and the "Thistle," and one old wooden boat. As the iron steamers are in every respect preferable, passengers generally wait for these; and with them the voyage out to sea again and up the coast to the northward is usually made in about twelve hours, if there are no heavy head-winds.

I started in the "Rose"—a beautiful boat—and after a passage of eleven hours reached the port of Newcastle, at the mouth of Hunter's River. The scenery was monotonous enough, and Newcastle itself looked like a little town whose streets had been filled up by a sand-storm, which left the houses just emerging from it. It must be a dreadful place to live in, and I am sure only the rich coal-mines in the neighborhood caused people to build even a hut here.

From there we went up Hunter's River in perfectly smooth water; but even here the banks of the river did not display a single spot which the eye could rest upon with pleasure—low bushes and thickets, sometimes enlivened by a noisy swarm of white cockatoos or some gulls, skimming over the surface, or dashing from above upon their prey. But farther up there was a change for the better. Here and there on the banks little cultivated spots became visible; on the right bank there was even a really romantic cottage, half hidden in groves of orange-trees and Norfolk pines, through which the broad leaves of the tropical bananas were seen. The banana grows in some sheltered nooks, but does not often bear fruit. The farther up we went, the more the land was cultivated; and the open fields with dry trees left standing in them; the dark woods behind, and the low hills, made the country look very much like the banks of the Mississippi—at least, in some places; and with the one exception in particular, that Hunter's River never can be compared with the "Father of the waters."

Even the fields, with their fences, bore some resemblance to the American, as they grow here a great deal of Indian corn, not for bread, as in the western parts of the States, but merely for the use of cattle and pigs, the farmers here preferring wheat-bread to corn, which they may easily do, as they do not eat so much fat meat, bacon, and pork, as the backwoodsmen, for which corn-bread is always preferable.

It being autumn in Australia, Indian corn was standing in the fields, but the land destined for grain was under the plow. I saw several plows, with four and six oxen before them, a certain sign of heavy land. Every inch of ground along the river-bank seemed under cultivation, these bottoms forming, as I heard afterward, one of the best ranges in New South Wales, for agriculture.

The boat stopped at a little village called Raymond's Terrace; and here I got out, as I intended visiting the farm of an English gentleman, Mr. James King, to whom I had some letters of introduction from Sydney.

Mr. King lived about three miles from the river-bank upon a spot called Irrawang, an Indian name: and I crossed an Australian "bush," as they call it here always, where for the first time the Australian gum-tree met my eye, and I hurried on as

quickly as I could to get out of sight of the houses, and fully enjoy all the new impressions such a moment ever imparts to man—or at least to myself; for I never yet entered the wilderness of another part of the world, unsullied by the hand of human beings, without feeling a hardly describable delight. And how much more here, when for years before so many wonderful things about the Australian bush had reached my ears, though I felt rather astonished at having yet met nothing extraordinary, after I had traveled in the bush at least five hundred yards. But to tell the truth, I had expected more of the Australian bush. I had not the least doubt that there were larger forests, for the hills here looked rather barren, and could raise no large growth of trees; but what I saw did not at all come up to my expectations. The trees were slender and smooth, and looked well, but far too uniform to make a good impression; if the bark seemed to differ lightly, the leaves showed no variety, or, if any, very little. The tops look really all alike, and also belong mostly to the same species; the leaves are hard and dry, lancet-formed, with a strange oily taste, and the pendant bark of the white smooth trunks, which swings in large strips sometimes to the ground, or backward and forward in the breeze, tells the wanderer he is in the land where the wrong side is always uppermost.

I felt particularly interested in the stringy bark-trees, from various descriptions, but I could not find a single good one here, the settlers always peeling these trees to cover their huts, with the bark, and for other purposes; the trees, of course, dying off as soon as they are stripped in such a way.

Those trees look most singular which shed their bark voluntarily; and, like poor beggars in the old country, they stand with their ragged coats hanging in tatters around them, among their more decent relations—the stringy-barks, and the black-buts. A differently-looking tree, also indigenous to Australia, is the casuarina, with its pointed and needle-like leaves, belonging, at the same time, to the oak species (it is called the she-oak in Australia.) In some parts, but only in parts, a cedar grows, with light wood; but the wood of all these gum-trees, and that of the casuarinas as well, is very heavy, and even small chips of the gums sink like lead in the water; nearly all the large trees, at the same time, are—some more, some less—hollow inside.

Toward mid-day I reached Mr. King's farm, and though he

was not at home just then, I was received by his lady in a most kind and friendly manner. Mr. King came home toward, evening, and we had a long talk about colonization in Australia; and few could have given me a better account of it than such an old settler as himself, for he had been stock-keeping and farming many a long year in the bush of this country.

At present he seems to have turned his attention principally to the culture of the vine; and what I saw here, and afterward in Adelaide of this, convinced me that Australia would some day become an extraordinary country for wine, New South Wales being no great country for agriculture, for, with the exception of a few valleys, the soil is very indifferent, and good crops can not be expected from it; but the grape does not want a better bottom, and the climate is excellent.

I tasted, at Mr. King's house, a white wine, four years in bottle, which was equal to our German Hochheimer, or hock, as the English commonly call all the Rhine wines, and a red wine I thought also equal to our Asmannshäuser. Mr. King intends to send samples of this wine to Europe; but though they may retain their body, I fear very much that they will lose a great deal of their flavor, as I have tried the experiment myself.

Next day, we took a ride together over his property. The soil is in parts tolerably good—very good, in fact, for pasture, though 'ess so for agriculture—at least, the bulk of it, though one valley, in particular, produces beautiful crops; but the river-bottoms, of Hunter's and William's Rivers, which are exposed to the yearly floods, are much superior, though they are very small.

Landowners in Australia follow a very good and sure course in letting their lands to poor emigrants. The conditions are equally advantageous for owner and tenant, for the latter have the land for the two first years perfectly rent-free, the improvements they make upon the soil being a good equivalent for the use of the ground, and afterward pay a moderate rent. These men, who would have made hardly more than their living by hiring themselves out as common laborers, are enabled to lay by some money, and have the chance of becoming, at some time, landholders themselves.

There is only one disadvantage here in comparison with the United States of America. The government has fixed the price of land at one guinea per acre—and it is not even sold at that off-

hand; but as soon as there is an application for a certain section, the land is brought into market, and offered by auction for a guinea. If the land is of any value, the man who has hunted it up and thought of buying it, may be sure of not getting it for that price—it will rise to two, three, four, and more guineas an acre—while, if he gets it for that amount, he may be certain it is hardly worth having. In the United States, on the contrary, a poor man has more chances against capitalists, as he may squat upon any part of Uncle Sam's ground, provided the place is not already taken up by somebody else, while he can pay the Congress price, one and a quarter dollars, for the acre of ground right down to government, without going to auction first, and running the chance of being driven to a treble or quadruple price.

But on the other hand, Australia had, at this time at least—for I do not know what difference the gold discovery may make in after times in this respect—an advantage over the States for laborers. Hands are not wanted in the States so much as they are here, and, in consequence, not paid so well. In America, whither perfect crowds of emigrants are always flocking, farmers could get as many laborers as they pleased, and had the pick of them at a very moderate price: while the settlers, sheep-farmers, and stock-keepers of Australia did not really know what to do with their ground and fast increasing flocks, for want of hands to take care of things. Families are principally wanted, and the farmers had already gone to the expense of importing them from Germany and England. But I did not dare to judge yet about emigration to Australia till I had seen more of the country; and there was a good prospect of this soon taking place, for being rather tired of salt-water, I intended to go to Adelaide by land—a long, and, as I was told, a tedious journey of two or three months on horseback.

I found two German families on Mr. King's farm. Their passage to Australia had been paid for them; and as they had been now two years on this farm, they had nearly worked it off. They did not like the quiet life in the bush very much, hearing and seeing nothing of the world around them; but they thought Australia a good country, especially for poor people who had not been able to make more than their living in the old country.

The farmers of New South Wales are better off for laborers than those of Moreton Bay—a colony farther north. As there

are no ships direct to the latter place, emigrants have to land first in New South Wales, or one of the southern colonies; and if they show only the least inclination of taking a trip to the north, they are directly told such dreadful stories about blacks and their cruelties, that they nearly always give up such ideas as perfect madness, and stay where they are. The Moreton Bay farmers were, therefore, all in favor of transportation, as they had no fair chance against the other colonies.

Australian farmers have tried to import workmen from China; and I heard the delegates from Van Dieman's Land and Melbourne to the anti-transportation meeting, who were stopping in the Royal Hotel, argue about these Chinese, but they all seemed dissatisfied with them, and said any one that made the experiment would not take any more. Some do very well, but the majority seem not to have answered.

The settlers in Irrawang, and the neighborhood, were just on the point of establishing a national school, Raymond's Terrace being too far to send children, and they were collecting subscriptions for the purpose. The Australian government is very *liberal* in all matters concerning education, always giving two-thirds of the costs toward the erection of a school-house—provided not less than thirty scholars are really proved to be in want of such a new school, so that only one-third has to be paid by the parents, and government at the same time gives a salary of £40 for a teacher.

The settlers of Irrawang are proud of possessing, before many others, a national-school—that is, a school not ruled by the clergy, but leaving the preachers to teach religion only on Sundays, or when the children are at home. Brave Cobden's enthusiasm for the reformation of schools—and the Lord knows they need it all through the old country as well as through the new—has found a fertile soil here, and Heaven grant England may untie the hands of the teachers, though I do not believe it possible yet. The Church has, as Göthe says, a good stomach; and what the clergy once gets hold of can not so easily be got out of their hands, much less a power over the education of the young, for they know best that through it they would lose, in the course of time, their power over the old as well.

I staid several days under Mr. King's hospitable roof; and I shall always remember this gentleman and his amiable lady with respect and admiration. I intended to go still farther up the

iver, and was provided, by Mr. King's kindness, with another letter of introduction to some gentleman near Maitland, but I missed the steamer that morning, the "Thistle," having had a fair wind, and arriving three quarters of an hour before her usual time. To go to Maitland now, I should have been obliged to wait a day longer, and then take passage in the old slow wooden steamer—therefore, not wanting to risk that (and as it turned out I was very glad I did not, for we had afterward a very strong southerly wind) I determined on going down the river with the "Rose" which arrived half an hour later from Maitland, instead of up; and that same evening, about ten o'clock, after a rather rough passage, I was again in Sydney, this being the third time I passed the heads, or the entrance of Jackson harbor, in the dark.

What little I had seen, by this time, of Australia, made me wish to see more, and principally those German settlements in Adelaide, which I had heard so much of; the soil of Adelaide being at the same time, as nearly every body told me, far superior to that of New South Wales. Sailing-vessels went there in from six to twelve days, but I did not want to go by sea. On board a vessel I should be carried from one colony to another, without seeing the least of the real interior—of the bush, as even the settlers in Irrawang, where the bush, according to the Sydney people, commences, called the regions still held by the blacks.

But there were some difficulties to overcome. As I heard at Sydney, there had been such a drought on the Murray this last year, as even the oldest inhabitant with the exceedingly bad memory, never recollected to have witnessed. A horseman, who had lately arrived from the Hume River, assured me they had had no rain there for sixteen months, and going on horseback now down the Hume and Murray would be entirely out of the question. The state of cattle and sheep was dreadful by his account; and he also told me I could not have chosen a worse moment to see the country to advantage.

And the blacks? dear reader, there were the same stories afloat again as in South America. There was of course no chance of my reaching Adelaide—if I traveled by myself—without paying for my daring, if not with my life, with my kidney-fat—the blacks being very partial to such fat, through some odd superstitious notions. They were at the same time—as every

body told me—the most treacherous devils imaginable, no truth, no ambition in them, and thorough thieves and murderers. But they all told me I ought to go, by all means, at least to Albury, where I would learn every thing I wanted to hear on the very spot, in the centre of action, and when able to judge for myself, they were sure I would quietly turn back. They might have been perfectly right in the first point, but they were mistaken in the last.

To go on horseback was, however, out of the question; there is nothing more tiresome in the world than to have a poorly fed horse under you, and I would rather walk any time. But for such a walk I also felt no inclination, and a thought had struck me some time before, of making the land route by water. It was certainly uniting both ways, and absurd and contradictory as it sounds, there was a possibility of effecting it.

The Murray River, called the Hume farther up toward the hills, and before it receives the Murrumbridgee, was most certainly navigable by a canoe, and what should hinder me from going down the river to Adelaide, or at least about sixty miles of it, to the spot where the Murray makes in the northwest bend, that powerful sweep toward the south.

What should hinder me? every thing, the others said; first of all, it was a thing not yet tried by any body; secondly, the natives were sure to spear me from the river banks; and thirdly, the river made such enormous turns, that it would take me a year to go that distance.

Possibly so, but the resolution once taken, I was at least determined to try it, and it did not frighten me, now, that every body, acquainted with the country on the Murray, assured me that I would find no craft there I could buy, and only heavy, unwieldy gum trees on the river banks to work one out for myself, if I ever should be crazy enough to undertake such a thing.

There was at this same time, a meeting held on account of Dr. Leichhardt, the daring German traveler, who had made one very successful expedition toward the north, and who, now out on a second one, was thought to have perished or to have been killed; or if not, suffering somewhere in the interior, without being able to return. The people of Sydney maintained the last supposition, and wanted the government to send out an expedition in search of the lost man, to help him, if possible, or ascer-

tain at least, the place where he met his fate. Government, after several meetings to this purpose, very liberally granted two thousand pounds, and the expedition was to start as soon as the necessary number of volunteers had been enlisted. I would willingly have gone with them, but for the long time the expedition would have to be absent. Even if every thing went well, they could not possibly return under eighteen months, and several months would yet elapse before they were even ready to start.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROYAL MAIL FROM SYDNEY TO ALBURY

FULLY bent on trying a land journey by myself, the only question was, the best way. I could not go on horseback; every body who knew the state of the interior, at the present moment, told me my horse would starve on the road, or at least only be able to make half journeys, and even between Sydney and Albury I should have to pay for horse feed in the taverns, twice the value of the animal. At the same time I did not like walking; I had had enough of that in California, and years before in the United States, where I took a walk from the Niagara to Texas, and therefore, following the advice of some gentlemen in Sydney, I went with the mail-coach to Albury, a little town on the banks of the Hume, to see if I should be able to get a canoe there, or, if not, make one myself, and try the river.

As I was always ready for such trips, the preparations did not take much time, my gun and old bowie-knife with a pair of small pistols were sufficient for one person, and made a load of themselves; besides this, my Mexican serape, two blankets, some linen, an American ax and a hatchet, for fear I could not get them in the interior, powder and lead, and I was ready for a new start.

The conveyance of persons and goods, as well as of the mail itself, is in the hands of private persons, who are only under an engagement to government to deliver the mail at such and such hours in certain places. Passengers are left to their discretion, and the way they treat them is a sin to humanity. The contractors of the mail have undertaken this business, as every other is undertaken—to make money. In this sense passengers are taken, and the whole arrangement of the coaches and accommodation for the travelers managed. Whoever then ships on such a mail-cart may recommend his soul in the mean time to merciful Heaven, for he will have all hands full to take care of his body

during that time. But the reader will learn more of this by-and-by.

Thursday, the 22d of April, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the mail was going to start. The day before I paid my passage, without getting the least receipt for it; and upon my asking if there were many passengers booked already I received the dry answer:

"Only a lady, you'll have to take care of her."

"Take care of her?" I looked at the man, but he didn't seem to be in a joking mood, and had also so much business on hand, not with his mail affairs, but his bar, for he occupied at the same time the post of bar-keeper, that I had to pocket the lady, and paying him my £3 to Yass, a half-way station, I left the office, or rather bar, and thought of the man's mysterious words.

I had packed up my trunk in the mean time, with the rest of my effects, and Mr. Kirchner, the Prussian consul in Sydney, had been kind enough to promise to take care of it, and send it by the the first vessel to Adelaide; a schooner leaving for that port in a few days.

The afternoon came, and with it the mail coach, a most comfortable, elegant-looking conveyance, softly cushioned, and perfectly large and easy enough for four persons. I was the second passenger at the booking office; but not trusting the Australian regulations in such things, I thought it best to be in good time on the spot. And I really was the first; so quietly stepping in, I leaned back in the soft corner, and thought I could endure this sort of thing for a couple of days and nights, and for a stretch of about four hundred miles.

I had hardly made myself comfortable, when the door was again opened, and a lady helped in by the polite coachman. "Ah," I thought, "there is the identical lady coming now," and I moved a little closer into my corner. She was a really pretty little woman of about twenty or twenty-one years of age, with a little red-cheeked baby in her arms. The baby's place had not been taken, and the bar-keeper consequently never mentioned it. A slight bow, an inclination of the head, and the lady took the back-seat next to me.

"We shall have a pleasant—" I was going to say something, when the door opened again, and I found myself cut short by another lady, who would have easily made two; a couple of

somebodys, with very red faces, pushing behind at the same time to get the load in, and once through the narrow door, in which there was some difficulty, she looked round upon us as if going to say; "Whom shall I crush first?" Of course, I gave up the back-seat directly in despair and there being no possibility to let the lady pass, the young lady under my protection—as I hoped, for I knew I was not powerful enough to take care of the second one—moved to the place which I had occupied first, bringing us opposite each other.

The stout lady had hardly settled down, when I discovered something moving in her lap, and soon afterward a lively scream announced the fifth passenger in the coach, in the form of another baby with a very red face and a very white cap.

"I wonder when he will start," meaning the coachman, said the stout lady with a bass voice; and at the same minute the door flew open again, and another lady—*one*, dear reader?—no, *three* ladies; one of them carrying a baby, and the other two looking round, just when they had pressed themselves into their seats, as if they expected to have a couple of other babies handed in after them—for ladies seemed in fact to carry babies here, as they carry umbrellas or reticules in our country—the coachman tried to take a look inside.

"But for Heaven's sake! how many more do you want to put in?" I asked.

"Six," was the laconic reply; the door being shut again with a crash.

He couldn't mean six more, and we were already nine, counting the babies. The new comers had some remarks to make about not being comfortable in such a small space, but the stout one, with the bass voice, shook her head, and thought: "We'd all be shaken down in no time, if he'd only start," meaning of course the coachman again; and things commenced looking brighter than they seemed to promise at first. Even the young lady, under my protection—but, good heavens, which of these five was the right one?"

"Please, Sir, your gun ain't loaded?" said the lady next to me, pointing with her finger rather anxiously toward the instrument in question, which I held between my knees.

"No, madam, it is not."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly sure of it." "As sure as shooting," an old backwoodsman would have answered in my place.

"It can't explode—eh?" the lady asked again.

"Explode? how? there is no powder in it."

"Burst I mean," the fair inquirer explained.

"Only one more!" the coachman interrupted the conversation, tearing open the door, and poking his head in; and behind him stood another lady, with another baby or two in her arms.

"Only one more!" and the lady really made a motion, as if about to enter, though I have not the least idea, how she could have accomplished it. Perhaps, this was my charge; but I felt overcome already, and rising quickly, I asked the lady, who was dodging her head rather anxiously, probably to effect a breach to let me out. I felt dreadfully bad all at once.

"For mercy's sake let him out," cried the lady next to me, who had been so nervous about the gun. She feared the worst, I believe; and even the stout lady squeezed herself up in a most astonishing small space, pressing the baby at the same time against the top of the coach, to offer the possibility of an exit; while I myself reached out my hand to the coachman, who looked in again, to see what was the matter, and fortunately he extricated me, at least, piecemeal. That is, first my gun, which made the stout lady scream, for he held the muzzle of it right under her nose, then myself, and at last my serape, on which I had been sitting.

I was saved; and throwing my blanket upon the top, and following it with my gun, I soon sat as comfortably as a man can sit on such a place, by the coachman on a small seat. We were six on deck, and every thing in order; and were soon after rattling along over the smooth and well-kept turnpike road. We stopped several times; passengers gliding down from the vehicle to their homes; even from the inside I several times saw the white dress of some of the occupants—for it had become perfectly dark—appear, and pass to the nearest house on the road. The stout lady herself got out, and a very thin little specimen of a man—her husband of course—stood in the door of a neat little cottage, with a large stable lantern in his hand, and welcomed her home.

The clouds commenced looking suspicious, and I already thought of getting inside again at the next stopping place, when

I suddenly heard that we changed here, not only horses, but also wagons, and would have to ride from that place in an open vehicle.

There was a prospect, and nice fun too we had afterward. We stopped here just long enough to take some supper—four of the ladies were left, but not the pretty one among them—and half an hour afterward we found ourselves stowed away in an open sort of shooting cart with three swing seats. All went on well, however, to the next station, little being spoken on the way, for nobody felt comfortable, and the clouds most assuredly threatened rain.

At the next station we changed wagons again, and I was really astonished at seeing the impudence with which eleven persons were crowded into an open vehicle, not unlike an undertaker's cart, where six would not have found comfortable room. The two seats inside ran along fore and aft, and were so small that a person could hardly hang on to them. We got in there at last, first swearing, and soon afterward laughing about our really ridiculous situation, and I assuredly never in my life before had seen twenty legs (one man was sitting with the coachman) in such a small space. I got my right leg, in trying to sit down, over my neighbor's left knee, and the others settling down at the same time, got my foot as if in a vice, so that there was no possibility of pulling it out again. I had to sit in this posture for several hours, my leg getting benumbed, and after a short time, my neighbor's leg also, though we felt no inconvenience through it till we got out, where we were obliged to work our legs at least a quarter of an hour, "to shake the reefs out of them," as my neighbor said. He was the oldest neighbor I ever had.

On getting in again we had the same process to repeat, and when the coachman whipped the horses, through the sudden pull and jerk which the wagon, or, rather, the cart gave, we all settled down a second time into a solid mass.

To crown the whole it commenced raining about ten o'clock, and at midnight it poured down as if out of buckets. We were in a miserable plight, and would have had the greatest cause imaginable to do any thing extravagant with our tongues or arms—for our legs were out of the question; but no, indeed, extremes met, and I really do not recollect the time when, during a night, even in the most pleasant company, and under the most

favorable circumstances, I laughed more, and amused myself better, than upon this flying cruelty-trap, splashing through mud and mire, and having a perfect flood of cold rain pouring over us. Though none of us knew each other before we entered this conveyance, which they called the royal mail in Australia, the rain introduced us and united us, as if we had been so many sugar-loaves. Anecdotes were related, songs sung, and I really think a merrier party than ours had never crossed "Razorback."

Razorback? Yes; a poetical name for a mountain, or rather a mountain-ridge, where we came suddenly to a dead stop, the driver jumping down from his box, and telling us we had better do the same, if we didn't want to stick there till daylight, or, perhaps, a little longer. That was pleasant. There was no method of getting out as other passengers do when the coach stops; we had really to peel our legs off, and then jump right down into the soft mud in the middle of the road.

But we were not in the humor to grumble; we got down with a laugh, splashing on ahead, and not caring a straw, as it seemed, for whatever happened. I carried that night babies up and down Razorback, for the poor women really could hardly drag themselves along; and with wading and climbing, and slipping and gliding we got up the steep hill and down again, entering the coach at the foot of the Razorback wet and muddy all over, but if possible even in a better humor than before. The coachman said we were the most extraordinary people he had ever driven.

There was only one little man in the coach, who had not spoken a word yet, though one of the ladies—"an old merry body," as she called herself, who kept a tavern somewhere in Sydney—had not given up teasing him about his shyness all the way. But he remained silent and sulky, nodding wherever he got a chance, and pulling at his legs to free them a little, but, of course, without success. On getting in again at the foot of the mountain, the old lady commenced at him once more, remarking, she didn't believe he could speak, and that he kept his tongue more for ornament than use in his mouth; but the little quiet fellow had become another man, the walk had awakened him, and all at once he began in a loud shrill voice such a noisy and comical song that we all really screamed with laughter, which reached its highest pitch when the coachman suddenly turned

round on his box, and asked who had got in there, as he had not heard that voice before.

And from that moment the little gentleman seemed really quite another being. We also learned in the next quarter of an hour, what had been the matter with him during the first part of the journey. He was the printer and part-editor of the "Goulburn Herald," a Mr. Johnson, who had been partly on business, and partly on a spree to Sydney, and had been merry the whole previous night; but rather sleepy and dull when he entered the cart, especially as the weather was wet and chilly, and he had nothing but a thin and light summer coat. But now he was "himself again."

Toward morning, when it left off raining, and the cold breeze sprang up before sun rise, the conversation began to slacken; and wrapping ourselves up in what we had, or buttoning our coats higher up, we sat nodding and chilly upon the small seats without backs to them, except a low and thin iron railing, just high enough to catch you, at every jolt the cart gave; and the whole ride was an uninterrupted continuation of jolts, right above the hips in the soft place. At daybreak it commenced raining again, a fine, icy-cold rain, striking down with all the force imaginable; nobody had spoken a word for at least half an hour, not even Mr. Johnson, who had been the liveliest of us all after midnight, and I would have given any thing to have been able to draw the group which set right before me, when day enabled me to distinguish persons and features.

Mr. Johnson himself formed the centre of it, shivering in a gray, thin little coat, with one row of buttons, buttoned up as tight as possible, but not tight enough by a long way; one hand in his breast, the other in one of his trousers' pockets, a silk black hat—rather the worse for the last rain—upon his head, and nodding forward sometimes as if he were going to dislocate his neck. To his right and left, he had a lady—the one on his larboard-quarter with an open, bran new green cotton umbrella opened, and the other one on his starboard with a small parasol also open to keep the rain off as much as possible. Even the ladies, as sweet as they may have been at other times, looked very much like drowned chickens this morning, and held the umbrella and parasol in such a way as to let the whole water that ran off drain into poor Mr. Johnson's coat-collar, giving his shirt or cravat,

on his left side, a beautiful green, and on the right a sky-blue color, rather consoling in such weather. No wonder the poor devil sat there shivering. I am sure the water must have run down into his very shoes.

At one of the stations we set down part of the passengers—three ladies and some young men—and now had room enough. The lady left with us, had a small baby on her lap, and not even a warm cloak to cover herself or the child. She lived in Gundagay, a little town on the Murrumbidgee, as she told us, and was going home to her family. They had never thought in Sydney that she would have such dreadful weather to contend with; and it was fortunate for the child that I had my blankets with me, or I do not know what the poor thing would have done without them.

In Goulburn, a thriving little town in the interior, we lost Mr. Johnson also; and, on taking farewell, he swore he would let the readers of the "Goulburn Herald" have the full benefit of our voyage; but I do not know if he kept his word. The coach drove up to his own door, where the rather damp husband was received by his lady, and several children and dogs, in a most friendly manner. We had three hours for sleeping in Goulburn—the first rest we had since leaving Sydney—but at two o'clock we had to get up again, and trust our necks to the villainous wagon and the worse roads in a pitch-dark night.

Our drive, however, acquired a little interest through a horseman who appeared rather mysteriously behind us, and hurried off to the woods after passing us. On this part of the road, not long before, some rather impudent feats of the bush-rangers had occurred. The last time the rascals, when they saw they could do nothing with the wagon, fired off their pistols at the passengers in spite, but fortunately without hurting any body. But bush-rangers or not, I was well prepared, and we had no cause to fear them.

I had longed a good while to see the real Australian backwood—for even on Hunter's River the bush, though never yet cleared by men, looked rather thin and scrubby in comparison with any of the backwoods of America. Here now I had been told I should find, particularly in the Murrumbidgee flats, the real Australian forest; and I must acknowledge I found myself grievously disappointed. Gums—gums—gums wherever the eye sought another

growth of trees. Gums—whether they called them white or red-gums, or stringy-barks, or iron-barks, or black-buts, or even, by way of flattery, apple-trees—they were gums—everlasting gum-trees, with the long, dry, sharp-pointed leaves, and only differing in their bark.

As far as Goulburn, violent rains had fallen for some weeks, and grass and vegetation looked therefore fresh and flourishing, but on the other side of Goulburn the ground already commenced getting dry and dusty, the grass becoming thinner and more wiry up to Yass, another little place, where we had to change our wagons again, and where there was no grass at all, the ground being as hard as a rock—and as barren.

At Yass, something else was in store for us. Here we changed wagons again, and as bad as the last had been, we could at least sit in it without danger of being pitched out; but from here we got a two-wheeled cart, upon which one passenger, besides the coachman, could sit with his face toward the horses, and, all things considered, with tolerable comfort; but the other two—and I was one of them—had to sit back to back, with their faces turned to where they came from, and no sufficient foot-board to support the feet, always in danger of slipping off from the narrow seat, principally in going up steep banks which the horses did commonly at full speed, and having our hats knocked off by low rough branches more than fifty times. As I had my gun, at the same time to hold, I had to sling my other arm round a thin iron railing, which formed a kind of partition between the passengers, there being really not the least ground for a supposition that it could have been intended as an accommodation for them.

These seats are really dangerous, and, as I was told, many accidents have happened already, principally to women and children. But what do the mail-contractors care for that?—and having the magistrates with them, what can the public do against them. They will carry therefore, and maltreat the passengers till some serious accident happens to one of the magistrates themselves—which Heaven grant soon!—or it will never be looked to.

There was one wagon in which we had been riding, "licensed to carry nine persons," as it was painted with large letters on the cart; but I would have defied any sober magistrate in Australia to put nine persons into such a conveyance, and have them sit side by side and not upon each other. But it is no secret how

things are managed. The mail contractors, who make an enormous profit by the business, invite the magistrate, whenever there is another wagon to be inspected, to a good breakfast, and there these worthy members of Themis sit till they are thought in a fit state for the occasion—that is, to see the wagon double—when he is perfectly right in licensing the cart for the accommodation of nine passengers, and calling the thing a "royal mail."

In Gundegay we left our last lady, the poor woman being more dead than alive after such a dreadful ride. The next day we got another passenger for Albury—a preacher, who went every month to the little town, which had not a clergyman yet of its own, not only to preach but also to marry and baptize all those couples and children who had been waiting during the last four weeks. He was a very sober-looking young man, in a brown long coat with straight collar, and the never-failing white neck-cloth. When he got up on the cart he saluted me kindly, and pulling a book out of his pocket, began to read. Bless my soul, how quickly he dropped the book when the horses gave the first jerk, and caught hold of the railing. We had to stop to pick the book up, and he put it into his pocket before we started again.

About eleven o'clock we stopped to change horses, at a little hut where some Germans lived, in the poorest place I had yet seen; not a blade of grass was visible as far as the eye could see, and here and there a poor cow, which would have had to be fattened to make only a decent skeleton, was standing among the dry and indigestible gum-bushes, half-starved already, and, as it seemed, only looking out for a place where it could die quietly.

The Germans, with whom I spoke, seemed, however, very well satisfied; the men had some employment, one as a stock-keeper, the other as a shepherd, to an English gentleman, and as they came from one of the poorest districts in the old country, any place seemed a paradise to them where they could get enough to eat, and even meat every day and sugar and tea; all these things being luxuries which they had seen very seldom or never in their old homes.

There was such a scarcity of water in this neighborhood, that the people assured me that not far from where they lived, a large stockholder had posted a man with a loaded gun at a water-hole to keep cattle-drivers away from it. Butter and milk were esteemed natural curiosities.

The reader may judge what a route we had through such a country, tired, at the same time, nearly to death, by a four day's passage without more than six hours rest altogether, and holding on to a thin iron railing nearly the whole time for life. I was half dead myself when, about mid-day on the following Saturday, and after driving over a road through a kind of wooded plain, between the waters of the Murrumbidgee and Hume river, we reached Albury, a little village on the latter river, and my next place of destination. The mail itself went on to Melbourne, about two hundred miles distant from this place, being in connection once a week with Adelaide, but not through the wilderness of the Murray Scrub, but along the more cultivated, or at least better settled districts of the sea-coast.

Albury had a court-house, a ferry-boat, five taverns, and—a great improvement in the rising civilization of the interior of Australia—a steam-mill, set up by an enterprising English gentleman, a Mr. Heaver. There are also three stores, a white and blacksmith, carpenter, and other tradesmen in the little place.

I had a letter of recommendation to Mr. Heaver, and was received by him and his lady in a most kind and hospitable manner. Here, in fact, I found myself introduced for the first time to the really boundless hospitality of the interior of Australia, and I shall never forget the pleasant week I passed under the roof of this amiable family.

My first care in Albury was to look around for a boat or canoe, but I could find none; there was an old crazy canoe lying at the ferry, but such a clumsy craft, cut roughly out of an immense old gum-tree, that six men could not have handled it, and seven would have sunk it. The timber, also, was not much to my liking; nothing but gum-trees, with only a few stringy barks—no pine, no cedar. There were a few pines, I was told, farther down the river, in some places, but none large enough to dig out a good canoe, and my only hope left was in some of the stringy barks.

Close to Albury a small tribe of blacks camped and I had a chance of seeing here these sons and daughters of the Australian wilds in their aboriginal state. O, my Emao! with your oranges and bread-fruit, your waving palm trees and beautiful children, the men with their frank and open features, the women with their clear and laughing eyes—and from there to here, trans-

planted as by magic among these dull and everlasting gum-trees, and these black and dirty, treacherous and murderous savages—the difference was too great. And to have this change, I had even risked my neck on an Australian royal mail—but it served me perfectly right. From my very youth, I had continually taken the greatest pains to get myself into some scrape or another, trusting to fate afterward to rescue me; but I never had been in such a one before as this, and if only half of what the people here told me about the blacks was true, I could never reach Adelaide alive, at least not with my kidney fat, which some of the tribes most certainly would claim, and try to take as their own.

In the few previous months several fresh murders had been committed, and even in the immediate vicinity one of these black rascals was walking about unmolested, with freshly-shed blood smoking on his hands. His name was Merryman, and he was said to have killed, or helped to kill, seven white persons already, without counting blacks. Two days before, he had struck his club into the skull of his own wife and laid her dead at his feet, without the least cause except ill-temper. And in spite of this the magistrate of the district not merely did not punish him, but even hindered his tribe from taking vengeance on the murderer.

He was taken up, it is true, but only confined for one night in the watch-house, a great punishment for a fellow, who, perhaps, had never slept so luxuriously before; and now the black rascal walked about, smeared with white clay, as a sign of mourning for the woman he had himself slain only a few days before. When I met him, a horse had trodden one of his toes off, but the hardy thief walked about with the bleeding stump of his toe exposed, and not even a rag tied round it, as if nothing in the world had happened. A hostile tribe had also entered the town of Gundegay the night before we passed, and speared one of the friendly blacks—that is, one of those blacks who did not steal and murder as long as they lived in the centre of the whites.

Such was the description I heard of the blacks on the Hume and Murrumbidgee, and those on Swanhill and the Darling—places I should have to pass—were said to be twenty times worse.

But the devil is never so black as he is painted; and if there

were some truly thorough-bred rascals among these black Cupids, with their flat noses and nearly fleshless legs and arms, it was no reason that the whole nation must be equally treacherous; trusting, therefore, to my old good luck, I determined on going ahead.

The next Sunday I went into the hills to look at the stringy barks, and find the places where good ones grew; not to lose much time in searching for them, I took one of the blacks with me. I found several good-looking ones about a quarter of a mile from the river, and I soon pulled out some which I intended to try the next day.

On Monday morning I took a young man out with me to fell one or two of these stringy-barks, and see how they would do, but we could not find a single good one. Though they looked so straight and nice outside, the inside of every one was rotten, and when we sawed them in two, they split and broke. We tried three stringy barks that morning, but none would do, and we had to give it up at last. There was nothing now left me, but to take a gum-tree, and as plenty of them grew all round us, we soon picked out a good-looking one close to the river-bank, and felled it. Though it was rather hollow inside, like nearly every tree there, I thought it good enough to answer my purpose, so peeling the bark off that same evening, we commenced next morning the regular work of digging out the canoe.

The Hume River itself is a tolerably large water-course, and in fact the only river in the whole of Australia in which running water may be found throughout the year; all the other rivers, or those waters that could be called rivers, cease running in the dry season, and during this very summer they only formed a chain of water-holes, everywhere interrupted by dry strips of gravel or sand—even the Murrumbidgee was the same, a river nearly fully as wide as the Murray.

The Hume River is about sixty or seventy, and in some places even one hundred yards wide, and of very uncertain depth, sometimes, through shallow sand or gravel-bars, only from ten to twelve inches in the main channel, and then again sufficiently deep for a seventy-four. What I heard and saw of the river here promised at any rate enough water for my voyage, even with such a heavy canoe as mine was to be; the only thing I feared were the innumerable snags, sticking every where out

the water, or betraying their existence close beneath the surface by the rippling current. Gum-wood does not swim at all, and where the crumbling banks had thrown a tree down into the water, there it lay, its tough limbs steamming the current as it washed over them for years and years. The rising flood alone might have been able, once in a while to carry them down to the nearest bend, as a mountain stream in its rage moves the rocks it has undermined on the banks; but this only made things worse, and such places afterward were the most dangerous for my canoe.

Working away at the little craft in the mean time with a good will, we finished it that same week, and I made ready to start on the Monday morning; at the same time I was treated with the utmost kindness by my friendly host, Mr. Heaver, and several other gentlemen in Albury. In fact all the settlers there felt a much greater interest in this expedition than I had ever thought they would; for they wished the Hume and Murray Rivers better known than they at present were, and hoped to get in time a steam navigation upon the stream between Adelaide and this place, which would, in fact, be the greatest blessing to these western parts. But in spite of this, and as much as they wished to have the stream explored, they all tried their best to persuade me not to risk it, as I had too many chances against me; only when, however, they saw me determined, they did all they could to aid me, and I spent in that little place one of the most pleasant weeks I passed in Australia.

On the Sunday morning a young German asked for me, and told me he had just come from Melbourne, where he had run from an English vessel, and did not know what to do with himself; but if I would take him, he should like to go with me in the canoe. He had not a single thing, but was just as he left the ship, without a cent in his pocket, even without a blanket, and told me he had passed such a dreadful week through hunger and cold—for he had been obliged to sell his jacket—that he did not care a straw now where he went. I told him I was just going to undertake a voyage, on which I should be very glad to have good company; but explained to him at the same time the whole nature of the undertaking, and, of course, made no secret to him of the fears people here entertained about my success, and what we should have to undergo, even if every thing went well

and smoothly. But young and careless, and rather in a scrape himself at present, nothing could alter his mind, and I agreed at last to take him with me, though I had intended my canoe only for one person, and had only provisions laid in for myself, and was not able now to take in any more.

The young fellow was about seventeen or eighteen years old, and seemed to have had a very good education. Destined for the sea, he had been serving his apprenticeship, and not liking the prospects, ran away in Melbourne without even taking a change of linen with him.

For himself, he, of course, needed no preparation, and Monday morning every thing was ready. I had launched the little craft on the Saturday, and taken her down the river below the ferry, where I pulled her out again to stop some worm-holes in the wood, and, in fact, to pitch her all over. I had finished all this by ten o'clock on Monday, and a perfect crowd, for such a little place, had collected in the mean time to see us start.

They would persist also in christening the boat—it should not leave their town without a name; and Mrs. Heaver—a lady born in Australia—volunteering to perform the ceremony, broke a bottle of brandy over the bow of the little craft, and called her the "Bunyip," after the fabulous animal which was said to live in this neighborhood—or rather, some distance down the river.

The canoe was then launched again, the first craft which had attempted to go down the Hume river into the Murray, Mr. Sturt having gone down the Murrumbidgee several years before with a large whale-boat and eight men; but then through a rise of the river there was plenty of water and a strong current, while I had scarcely any water. The river had not been so low as at present since the first settlement of the whites on its banks. But so much the better for the undertaking, as I could best judge, at such a state of the water, whether the river would ever answer for navigation; and having now overcome every obstacle, I started with as good spirits and hopes as if a short pleasure-trip lay before me, and not a long—long tedious voyage, that would last for months, through a perfect wilderness, and numerous tribes of the treacherous and wily blacks.

As soon as we were fairly afloat, and had the bow of our little craft turned down stream, the people on shore gave us three loud

and hearty cheers. I looked back and waved my cap to them, as a farewell. The next minute the little boat shot round a projecting point of the nearest bend, and we noiselessly glided over the smooth water, and entered the wilderness of the Australian forest.

CHAPTER III.

A CANOE EXCURSION ON THE HUME.

THE last time I had steered a canoe was in Arkansas, in North America, down the Fourche la Fave; the canoe, a light craft, cut out of a pine and perfectly seasoned, shooting like an arrow rather over than through the waters—what a difference with this one! I had cut it out most certainly in the right proportions, about fifteen feet long, a little more than two feet in the stern, and worked as thin as the brittle wood allowed, but in spite of that, its own weight made it sink very deep—and we too, with our provisions and requirements, helped to press it down.

The bends of the river were at the same time very short, throwing the channel of the stream over to the outer shore, where the current had washed and undermined the banks, and swept away all that grew upon them; while the other parts of the river-bed were nearly always filled up with a gravel-bar, leaving us no chance to pick our way round the most dangerous places; but making us face them at once, if we did not intend to pull our heavy craft sometimes over perfectly dry ground.

But all these were difficulties I had expected to find, and I was prepared for them. Our provisions consisted of some hard bread, or pilot biscuits, which Mr. Heaver had had baked for me in Albury, some tea, sugar, and salt: fresh meat I had to provide with my gun, and I was in hopes of finding game enough along the shore of this river, which ran through a wilderness.

That night we camped upon the left bank of the river, after carrying our stores up the bank, for fear of accident, and slept well and sweetly this first night in the bush after our exertions. It rained a little between twelve and two o'clock, but not enough to disturb us.

The second day, as we found very low water, we had to get out of our boat more than twenty times to help her over the gravel-banks. It was rather cold at the same time, and pad-

dling with naked feet in the water, and then returning to our seats, was not such pleasant work. The excursion already showed another side, by way of contrast, to the romantic part of the voyage. I did not, however, mind the working part of the business: we left each gravel-bar we passed from that minute behind us, and we could soon expect a rise in the river, which would take us down a good deal quicker; but I felt very sorry at finding in reality one of my most cherished expectations fading away—that of having good sport in going down with the current, as I had expected to see all the wild animals of that region come down to the river's bank to drink, and, in that case, to glide noiselessly down the stream in the little craft and have a shot, or, if we did not want any meat, a fair look at them. But as it turned out, there was not the least chance for us to glide down with our boat noiselessly even a quarter of a mile, for those sunken gum-trees continually stretched out their tough and unyielding arms over the surface of the stream—or, more dangerous still, right below it, threatening the little craft on every side, so that we had continually to pull out of the way of something or other. There was no possibility of gliding down to any kind of game in such a water; and even the ducks, of which there was an enormous quantity every where around us, would not sit still while they saw the paddles plied vigorously—I had to get out of the boat to shoot them, and head them below some of the bends.

The season was at the same time as unpleasant as possible: it really had not rained a good shower for the last sixteen months, and the reader may judge how the soil looked. But now the rainy season seemed to recommence, for there was hardly a day when a slight shower did not fall, and not a single night when our blankets did not get wet—and only too frequently, ourselves as well. The third day it poured down, and we got perfectly soaked. But we did not grumble; we had undertaken the voyage, and I was determined to see the end of it, or, at least to try.

We noticed some blacks during the first few days, they looked rather astonished when they met us in a craft which they had not yet seen in such a state of perfection, for the canoe at Albury was a clumsy thing, and their own bark-canoes only pieces of peeled bark lying flat on the water, and very seldom larger than would carry a black with his spear, or at most two men. They

all go armed, using in this part of the country the boomerang, and short spears, sometimes with the midla or the lever, sometimes without it. But none of them showed any hostile disposition, as they lived too near the settlements of the whites, though there have been some murders in the neighborhood.

But if we had no great sport in going down with the current, and more rain and bad weather than we wished, I did not lose my time entirely, for noticing the river bed itself, principally the main depth of water, gave me some employment in seeing what difficulties would have to be encountered in clearing this stream for navigation. Notwithstanding the extraordinary low state of the water, a drought of such duration may not happen again in a century; every where in the current of the stream, principally in the bends and turns, there was at least eighteen inches of water, and only in some long and straight stretches, where the river was some twenty or thirty feet wide, unbroken by trees, and with a gravelly bottom, it was not more than ten or twelve inches deep. A man could have waded across the river there without wetting his knees.

The greatest difficulty in navigating the Hume would lie in the short bends, with a current always of at least four miles, but small boats would have to contend with no hindrances impossible to overcome, if the river had once been cleared from snags, which abound in the most disagreeable places. These snags must be cleared away first, or any kind of navigation, even with canoes, except when the water is very high, is out of the question on the Hume.

The snags, can only be cleared away by hand, as the bends in the river here are far too short to allow dredging steamers to move about even if they worked their way up through those parts of the river which lie below. They could hitch on to a snag, but they would never find room to pull it, without running aground. These logs can also be floated away, after they have been sawed off, for they will not swim an inch, and parts of them are also buried deep in the sand and gravel, the bottom of the river consisting even in a great many places of nothing but these sunken trees, against and behind which the sand settled, rising higher and higher with the different floods, some of the limbs that stuck out with their tough and slimy branches, formed a hold again for others of their kind.

But in low water all these trunks could be easily sawed or cut off, and pulled ashore by horses or oxen, with chains and ropes. The Americans had to overcome similar and nearly incredible difficulties, in clearing some of their streams, especially Red River, from snags, such quantities of trees and timber having floated into them, as to form a perfect raft, filling the wide bed of the deep stream with solid masses of wood for many a long mile up, and growing cotton-wood on their own surface; Red river had indeed to look out for another bed, working its way partly through the raft, and partly turning off to the right through a couple of lakes, to find its bed again below this hindrance. In spite of all these obstacles, they made the experiment of overcoming them, and succeeded; but the bottoms of these rivers have also a most valuable soil, to repay all such outlays were it ever so great; rich cotton plantations grow upon the banks of those streams, and large corn-fields every where prove the fertility of the soil, while here on the Hume and Murray, very little has yet been done, to promise a sure reward for such heavy outlays of money and labor as such an undertaking would demand.

But I had not seen the lower parts of the stream, and judging only by the appearances of it up here, the difficulties seemed indeed great, but by no means warranted it being looked upon as an impossibility. The river, once cleared of the snags, will allow, with a rather greater depth of water, of course, small boats to run up even to Albury, and Adelaide then would divert the whole trade of the Murray from Melbourne to its own port, if Melbourne does not make a rail-road up to the Murray by way of opposition.

But of all this, I should be able to judge better after I had seen a greater part of the country: I shall, therefore, now return to my own canoe excursion, which was fated to come to an end much sooner than I had expected, and in fact desired.

On a fine morning, after a good night's rest, and a hearty supper and breakfast on as fine a couple of ducks as the Hume River could produce, we got on board again; and having a long and open stretch of water before us, went along at a very promising rate. But this fine progress did not last long; we came suddenly to a dead halt, for right below us the whole stream looked as if perfectly and entirely choked up by a quantity of immense gum-trees, which lay across it, and with their tops or

roots into it, as if they had been blown over by a downright hurricane. We, of course, ran our canoe ashore, and walking out upon the old and grim logs, which tried to block us up, I hunted for a place where there was a possibility of finding a passage. Such a spot I found, but it was so narrow, and the current rushed through it with such force, and hurled its waters not ten yards below against another wall-like layer of trunks that it took us fully two hours only to get the canoe through this one place; and we had hardly got through when we were carried, in spite of our backing water with all our strength, against a standing stump in the stream, half filling and as nearly sinking us as possible. Holding on to the stump itself, I had to bail out the water with one hand, while the current rushed and foamed around us, shooting away under dark, slimy logs, and forming small whirlpools and eddies, at the same time working these swinging branches to and fro, and rushing against the stern of my little craft, as if it were only impatiently waiting the time to drag it to the bottom.

If we had been upset or sunk at this spot, I do not know if we could even have saved our lives, and how near we were to such a fate! But we got off at last, with hard work and perseverance, and reached free and open water again. After having passed through such a place, all the other dangers seemed insignificant, and in fact we thought we had passed the worst.

About a mile below this place, the current again carried us toward the right shore, sweeping here round a large bend, washing under the steep banks, and having a very deep but small channel, right across which several gum trees lay, touching with their tops a place where another gum-log had been washed across, or had grown, blocking up the passage entirely, and leaving only a place about three feet wide, and exactly under the body of the tree, at which we could pass through to the other side.

On approaching this place, I again ran my canoe upon a gravel bar in the middle of the stream, and sending my young companion out to examine the place, and see, before all things, if the other side was clear, he returned in a short time, stating it looked well enough, and he thought we should get clear of every thing, if I could only hit exactly the centre passage under the tree. In he went again; we pushed out into deep water, and

recommending our little craft to the benevolent sprites of the stream, we soon after found ourselves in the rushing current, driving down right toward the tree. Fortunately the canoe steered well, and we passed this place safely, but right below it was a trunk hidden under water which my companion had overlooked, or perhaps had not been able to distinguish at a distance. It was about six inches below the surface, and though the current had force enough here to get us afloat again, it stopped our headway, and there was not the least chance of missing the nearest gum, which had also fallen from that same shore with its top into the water, and against which we brought up now, with comparative ease, backing water as hard as we could, but without being able to prevent the stern swinging round directly. Here the current showed itself too strong for us—first it pushed the heavy canoe half under the trunk of the slimy gum, which lay, supported by some of its tough and large limbs, nearly above the water; and while my companion jumped overboard, catching hold of our painter, and trying to pull the bow toward him, and I myself leaned over to starboard to keep the larboard side from being carried under water, the whole weight of the current pressed too heavily against our little craft. For about a minute I was able to keep it steady, and once I thought we should even get out of this difficulty, but the canoe being nearly level with the surface, it only wanted the least quantity of water to fill and be done with her at once. I succeeded once in lifting her up a little, but the next second a small stream of water entered; I pressed on the other side, but in vain—there was a rush of water, the canoe, bent over on her side, filled at once, and down I went with it, only grasping, as I felt her give way, my gun which always lay at my side, and the next instant a limb of the tree itself, that I might not be swept away under it.

How the next minute passed, I really do not know. I saw the canoe sink under me, and the singular feeling of my situation overcame me. But this was no time for moralizing. Getting up on the tree which had been the cause of so much misfortune, I ran along the trunk, and jumped as far as I could out into shallower water, where my companion was already standing. The canoe had sunk in about six feet, and of course went straight to the bottom, while the lighter part of our things floated merrily down with the current.

Fortunately, I had grasped a little tin box with my papers when it came to the surface, and pulling away at the canoe, which was as heavy as a full-grown log now, we got it at last on the gravel bar high enough out of the water to bail it out, finding at the bottom, as if to spite us, nothing but the long-handled iron frying-pan; and my companion was so mad at it, that he wanted to pitch it overboard again. Fortunately I stopped him; for we had not a single paddle left to go after our floating property with, and this frying-pan had to serve for this purpose till we could get something better. It was in itself, at the same time, a most beautiful instrument for bailing out; and five minutes afterward, my partner taking his cap to help, we had the canoe clear and afloat again, and myself in it, paddling with all possible speed, with this frying-pan as sole aid, down the stream after the fugitive things.

I picked up an old coat of mine which hung on a gum limb by a button-hole. On the same tree two of my blankets were hanging; but my beautiful serape was gone; and in vain I searched and dived for it afterward, but I never recovered it. Farther below there was a tin box drifting about in an eddy; it was the box with the tea. And the boiler had also lodged at that same spot in the knee of a fallen gum. Farther down I went, passing some rapids, and looking every where for the paddles; but I could see no sign of them, and I had at last to give up the chase, for I got so far down that I hardly knew how to get back again.

This frying pan was in fact the most unhandy, unwieldy, and heavy paddle, I had ever had. Returning to the rapids, or rather the shallow parts of the river, with a gravelly bottom, where the water had a considerable fall, I had to get out and pull her; but two hours after our misfortune I was back again, and found my partner as wet as a drowned rat, and as busy as a bee, trying to hunt for some of our lost things in a tree top, which lay right below the place of our accident in the water, and into which the strong current might have swept many things. But only with the greatest difficulty, we saved a few more little articles, and among them my hunting-pouch, with the whole store of powder and lead (the powder in English warranted tin flasks). I had given this up as a gone case; but when we pulled over the place again, and looked down into the clear water, we saw the

pouch lying beside the shining and glittering tin sugar-box. With one of our harpoons, we brought the pouch to light again, but nothing more, though we searched about till I got time to look around for a camping-place.

The worst thing about the accident was the loss of our shoes, which had been standing in the canoe since we had to jump out so often to help her along, and there was no possibility of finding them again. What to do now without shoes, especially as we had to give up boating, for we could not remain—it being the rainy season—two or three months on the water without a stock of the necessary provisions and other utensils—I really did not know. But there was no use in being down-hearted. Neither of us had lost his life, or got hurt by the accident. My gun was safe—my powder and lead too, as I hoped—what more did I want? A place to dry ourselves, and for that we had now to look. Throwing the wreck of our property into our little craft, my partner sat dolefully in the bow of the boat, looking out to the right and left to discover, if possible, some more of the lost things among the bushes; and I, taking to the frying-pan again, sat in the stern of the "Bunyip" going down stream, and looking out for a good camping-place for the night.

I soon found a place where a couple of old gum trees had fallen over one another, leaving an old hollow stump standing right between them. Here we landed; I soon kindled a fire, and treading about in a most careful manner with our naked feet to take our things on shore, lifting the pieces of wood aside to have a good log-heap, and stretch our things up to dry, we had about an hour afterward, a good camp; where I looked, before all things, to the powder, to see how the warranted flasks had stood it. But I soon convinced myself of the fact that the powder was all gone, not a charge left dry in the whole flasks, the only part I had saved being in a tight common powder flask, made of flattened cow-horn, which held not quite a quarter of a pound, and had been hanging at my side.

But what matter? we were in for it, and had to go through it, that was all—only the shoes, I could not have walked five miles without them, I knew very well, and what to do now to get others? First of all we had no other chance but to go down the river with our frying pan to reach some station, and try to sell our craft there for a couple of pair of shoes, or get at least some

other paddles to go ahead with, and trust the rest to fate. And down we lay, close to a roaring fire, all our things spread out about us, and steaming away like an engine. It was fortunate enough we had no rain this evening.

It might have been one o'clock in the morning, when I was roused by a most singular noise, and rising up quickly, I had to consider fully a minute before I could recollect where I really was. I had been dreaming the last quarter of an hour I was at the crater of some powerful volcano, seeing the glowing lava pour out from it, and hearing the thundering noise hissing about me. When I opened my eyes I most surely dreamt on, for there was the volcano, as true as life, standing right before me, and throwing up the fire with a roaring noise and sending the glowing sparks high up toward the sky; and at the foot of it I could see plainly and clearly as in broad daylight, the glowing lava running down the steep cliffs of the mountain.

I jumped up and rubbed my eyes. It could not be true; and still I could not doubt a thing I had before me, and my eyes actually wanted some rubbing before I could convince myself I was yet on the banks of the Murray or Hume, a poor shipwrecked traveler. But the volcano? was the hollow gum stump, which had caught fire, and was now burning like a chimney, with a good draught from below, high up into the air, throwing its sparks every where around and over us, and that already had burned two holes in our blankets, which I had thought a volcano. The glowing lava running down the hill was only the wood we had piled up for the night, and which had caught fire also. There was some fun in being just saved from out the water, and a few hours afterward threatened by fire; and we had really to sit up all night, watching alternately, to keep our things, which were not perfectly dry yet, from burning.

My gun I had put in order the first thing after we had kindled a fire, and fortunately enough I had my large knife always buckled around me, and so saved that also; we went on board again next morning and down the stream to reach some station, and see there what was next to be done.

We had saved the bread-bag, but the bread had been all soaked; the most of it washed to pieces and mixed up with other indigestible things, compelling us to look mostly to my gun for provisions But the ducks would not allow me to approach them; the old

frying-pan making a dreadful splashing in the water, and I always had to leave the canoe, where we saw some of them on the water, and try to creep up to them behind the high banks and bushes. But there had been a dreadful fire in the Melbourne district, that destroyed all the crops in the cultivated parts of the country, and the grass in the woods for hundreds of miles, and really up to the banks of the Murray. Where this grass had been burned off, the little black, sharp, and hard stubs were left standing; and running over this ground, though I stepped carefully, and looked for the places upon which to plant, I could not prevent some of these sharp points entering my feet, which grew sore directly, and gave me a great deal of pain.

That night we camped on the left shore of the river, and starting again next morning early, reached about mid-day a fence, and soon after a little settlement. Pulling our boat as high up as we possibly could, we went to the houses; and Heaven itself must have made this improvement here for us, for the man who owned the house was a shoemaker. And yet there are men living who do not believe in Providence!

This honest shoemaker had also—wonders will never cease—two pair of shoes—he called them boots—ready made, and they fitted us to a nicety. He said somebody had ordered them; he didn't know the name of the man, but he had plenty of time to finish two other pairs.

Do you know the story, dear reader, of Mozart's death? One day a stranger entered his house, and asked Mozart to compose a requiem for him. Mozart did not ask his name, but went to work; and a heart and soul-thrilling melody this last requiem—in fact the last notes he ever wrote—was. But the stranger never came for it again, and a few days after Mozart was a corpse, and the requiem was played at his own burial.

So in this case, I am morally certain some kind and benevolent angel—never intending to wear them himself—ordered these shoes for us; and I am just as much convinced he never called for the second pair.

For these shoes—they were not paid for yet—we gave our canoe, with paddle, viz.; frying-pan, tea-box, harpoon, and some tobacco, of which I had a small quantity in the fortunately fished up hunting-pouch, and next day we commenced our march through the interior.

By water we might have been about eighty miles from Albury, by land not half that distance; and there lay a long stretch of country before us, through a perfect wilderness, with only stations scattered at intervals, and many tribes of those treacherous blacks we had already heard so much about. Two well-armed men could have met any such danger with a light heart and perfect confidence, if they suited each other, and were both hardy and used to a bush life, but with us it was a very different case. I had only a double-barreled gun, one barrel rifled, the other for shot, and a large American bowie-knife, for our whole protec tion. My companion carried nothing but a thin sheath-knife, and being a young chap, who had never entered the bush, or become used to a life in the woods, there would only have been the possibility of his getting used to it, and learning what he had to learn, had he not unfortunately thought himself a great deal wiser than any body else.

Instead of being thankful for good advice in every thing connected with our present life—as I had been when *his age*, and older than he was at present—he gave saucy answers, and showed, in fact, such a disagreeable disposition, that I finally determined on running the risk of traveling by myself, before taking a boy with me, whom I could teach nothing, or of whom I could learn nothing, whom I had, on the contrary, to protect and to keep; while he, at the same time, though doing more harm than good, would have divided not only the fatigue of the march, but also the pleasure and honor of the undertaking.

So when we left the Hume River, and reached another nearly dry water-course, the Edward, to cut off a part of the bends the Hume made there, and a place whence a good cart-road went straight south about two hundred miles to Melbourne; I told him we had better part.

At this place we had heard some bad news about the blacks: they had lately murdered some whites; and the Murrumbidgee blacks were said to have a bloody quarrel with the Swan River tribe, crossing the woods in small heavily armed bodies, painted and prepared for war and bloodshed, and always ready to take advantage of travelers, principally those on foot, they came across. So the shepherds, at least, told us; and my companion, preferring under such circumstances a safe route of about two hundred miles, to an unsafe one of about six hundred, especially

as I declared I would not travel with him any longer, determined on taking the road to Melbourne.

We staid that last night together in a place called the Woolshed and dividing with him what I had, except my weapons, we parted next morning perfectly good friends, he traveling to the south, to go on board some vessel again bound homeward, and I following the course of the Edward by myself, only with my gun and knife, and entering those trackless wilds I had heard nearly daily such dreadful and murderous stories about. If only the fiftieth part of them was true, I should never carry my kidney-fat—which the blacks have a pleasant way of calling "butter" safe to Adelaide.

CHAPTER IV.

MARCH THROUGH THE MURRAY VALLEY.

It was a fine sunny morning when I left the station I had camped at, following a small trail which led through a thick forest of gum woods, all the lowlands being covered with this and box-timber—box-wood being also a gum tree, only with bark of another color and another name. The Edward River, as the water-course was called, which I now followed, and which consisted of an often broken chain of water-holes, receives its waters exclusively from the Hume River; it has at high water cut for itself a nearer channel, apparently to save the trouble of *going* round a large bend to the south. The soil on both sides of it, in fact, the whole bottom which this bend or turn includes, and far out to the right and left, is a gray clay, cut up by innumerable lagoons, or "billibongs," as they call them here.

The country for a long stretch had been dreadfully dry; and even farther on, it was the same. I do not know if the land would bear any thing in favorable seasons, but now it was as hard as horn, and cracked every where by heat and drought. What cattle lived on I really could not guess; for walking for miles, and looking carefully, I could not see a blade of grass. But, they did *not* live; thousands of them died that season—as many for the want of food as for water. All these lagoons that had held a little warm, bad-smelling water, were perfectly lined with dead and dying cattle, from which even the wild dogs turned away in disgust, while the buzzards sat satiated upon the lowest branches of the surrounding trees. It was a beautiful season for buzzards. But of such a state of misery among animals we have no idea in a civilized country. The poor brutes that lay down in the woods, too weak to get up again, starving often for two or three days, were, in comparison, comfortable to those that wandered in these lagoons, half sunk into the soft and deep mud, and having no strength to get out, or even to lift their feet or

raise their heads, they became a prey to the prowling wolves and wild dogs. These latter animals, passing by their dead companions, walked deliberately up to them, tore off a piece of flesh, then left them to die in lingering pain, while the crows and magpies picked out their eyes, sometimes days before life became extinct.

The sheep were also the victims of an epidemic disease—a kind of glanders. I believe they called it the "katarrh," and whole flocks died in a few days, or had to be killed, to prevent the disease spreading to other flocks. One settler on the Hume, between Woolshed and Albury, killed nine hundred head of sheep on one spot, and burnt them in lime to save his remaining flocks. It was, in fact, a most dreadful season; and though I am perfectly convinced many years may pass before another will ravage the land, it is at best but an undesirable country in which such seasons can occur.

But here on the Edward, commences the best country for sheep-farming in the whole of Australia. The reason of this is the existence here of a small kind of shurb, "salt-bush," it is called, which possesses, in a greater or less degree, a saline taste, and juicy leaves which sheep are said to be fond of feeding upon. Besides this, a very juicy plant, a kind of cactus, with short, thick, three-cornered leaves, or leaf-like stems, filled with water, grew every where. In the most dry places, where no rain had fallen for a very long time, I found this plant ("pig's-face," as the shepherds have christened it in their simple way), in abundance, running along the ground like a vine, and throwing out leaves upon leaves, like a cactus. There are several kinds of this pig's face; some are bitter and hard, others saline, and one nearly sweet, with a pleasant taste. I have eaten many a meal of these plants with considerable relish. The blacks eat it also in great quantities; but this can not be called a recommendation, for *they* eat every thing.

The vegetation was in every other respect the same here, as farther up the river—gum trees in the neighborhood of the river, and tea and broom trees, with salt-bush in the so-called box-timber, which grows over the feats. The broom tree bears its name justly enough; it looks exactly like a broom which has come open; but why they call the other the tea-bush, is a secret, none of them could or would divulge. But the most doleful-looking

of all the plants is the lignum—a bush which grows only in flooded places, and looks exactly as if the cattle had eaten off the leaves; but the bush grows in this way, and neither cattle nor sheep touch the bitter and wood-like branches.

That first night I camped in a little box-wood thicket, shooting for my supper a cockatoo out of a flock roosting in some of the tall gum trees close to the Edward River. When it came down to the ground, after the shot, all the other birds, and more than a hundred from a neighboring flock, fled by, some screaming and flying away; others darting down upon the nearest branch to, or on the ground where their dead companion lay. I have eaten cockatoos afterward several times, for they are always better than nothing; but I felt each time disgusted at the looks and the taste of the meat. It is dry, dark, tough, with an ugly parrot smell I could never overcome.

Up to the 23d of May, nothing remarkable happened; fortunately the weather kept dry; and those nights I had to camp out, I lay warm enough, with a good fire, which I could kindle every where. When I was able to reach a station, I was received in a most hospitable manner. I really believe there is no country in the world where hospitality is carried to a greater extent than in Australia. Poor shepherds, who have their twenty or twenty-five pounds a year and their rations, living in a place belonging to a kind of thoroughfare from one settlement to another, allow strangers to stay with them maybe three or four times every week. They will never turn them from their doors, nor ask the least remuneration for the shelter and diet they have provided; indeed, they seem ashamed to take money from the traveler, and feel insulted at the offer. Should he chance to have tobacco with him, they will thankfully accept a little, as though they considered it the most valuable present in the world.

One afternoon I passed a shepherd's hut, and finding the hut-keeper at the door, inquired of him the direction to the nearest head-station. He gave it to me; but when I wanted to start off he would not let me go till I had taken a good dinner of mutton chops, damper and a quart of tea; then he wanted me to stay a day or two with him to rest myself, and to have a "good long talk" with me. I staid to eat some dinner, for I had had nothing that morning, but assured him that I must push on to reach Adelaide. While we were eating, I observed that his

pocket-knife was broken, and knowing that there was no chance of his obtaining another in the bush, I offered him one of several I had brought with me from Sydney, to trade with the blacks, which having been in the shot-pouch, I had preserved. He accepted it with pleasure; but immediately took from under the roof a five-shilling bank-note, that had been given him by a Captain Baggott, one of the largest stock-holders in Australia, and offered it to me. I asked him if he would take money for his "grub." At this question he reddened up to his ears, then looking earnestly at me a moment, exclaimed, shaking me by the hand: "I ought not to be in a rage with you; you did not do it on purpose."

He was a fine-looking young chap, with fair curly hair, and cheeks as red as a rose; but he did not like the life in the bush; it was too monotonous, and he wanted to get back to Melbourne, whence he had come, as it seemed, with rather romantic ideas, that did not harmonize with the gum trees and salt bushes. While mentioning him, I must not forget to state that I heard him whistle a tune; it struck me, for I had heard it almost all round the world. In California it was whistled and sung in the mines, and in San Francisco; at Tahiti I heard it; and in Australia, if you beheld a shepherd walking down that dreary stretch of the Murray Straits after his sheep, when you came near enough, you were sure to hear the same melody. I have carried it with me to Java; and Lembany and Batavia have heard the familiar words—"You are going far away, far away from poor Jeanette!"

I found a fox-hunter at one of the stations I visited; but, for want of foxes, he chased wild dogs. He kept a kennel of excellent hounds, with a huntsman, whip, and feeder, and twice a week, at least, he was out almost every time killing two or three wild dogs, and sometimes having a fine run through the open country. These hounds, trained solely to chase wild dogs, are not allowed to run kangaroos or emus.

The 23d of May I came to a place called Mouleman, from a little creek of the same name, which seemed also to run into the Edward—when it had water; but now formed only one of the numerous dry billibongs. At Mouleman there was a police-station, and I heard the first threatening accounts of the blacks. Several murders had been committed lately on single travelers;

and one of the dingy rascals, who had confessed to two, was in prison at this very time. But so lenient were British magistrates with these black fellows, that every body at Mouleman expected the judge would let this villain off.

He was known as "Billy the Bull." He had knocked down a poor wandering white man, and drowned him in the river; and though he had named the place where the body lay, it could not be found till he was taken to show the exact spot. He now displayed the fiendish sagacity with which he had hid the corpse; for, diving down for it in a deep hole, he brought it up. It was then discovered that he had taken the murdered man, after robbing him, of course, of every article of clothing and his kidney-fat, to this deep hole, and *staked* the body there under water, by driving a little sharpened piece of wood, with a hook at the upper end, through him into the soil, which at that place was covered by nearly two fathoms of deep water. He was suspected of having committed many other murders; but of these no evidence could be brought against him, he having, as it was alleged, also murdered the witnesses.

Besides this wretch, the police had tried to take two other blacks, called Peter and Bill, who had murdered several white men; but the rascals had heard that they were wanted, and had fled to the bush.

These accounts were disheartening, as I was approaching the most dangerous places; but I could not avoid the danger, nor obtain a black companion to assist me against the wiles of these wild and reckless tribes. Such a companion, however, was more likely to be my murderer than my guide, if he thought he could escape from justice; nor would any black man have followed me, even if he had meant honestly, over the boundary of his tribe. All the settlers agreed that a white man, traveling through the bush, would be far less in danger, if properly armed, when he went alone, than with a black man for his guide, except he changed him at every tribe; and even then it was not thought prudent.

These tribes believe in no natural death. Each savage who dies away from his companions, must be, according to their ideas, the victim of some deadly witchcraft practiced by another tribe. This may have been committed in many different ways, but the result is always the same; they have, in the corpse, the fact be-

fore them, and act accordingly: the women frequently driving the men out of camp to avenge the deed, though the latter are generally sufficiently eager for it.

They paint or besmear themselves with a white kind of earth, found in the neighborhood, and howl, wail, cry and scream, day and night, till they determine never to return to camp till they have brought the kidney-fat of an enemy to atone for the spirit of their slain brother. If that brother had died of the measles, the wailing is then changed to the wildest joy.

The natural consequence of this is a deadly warfare that neighboring tribes carry on continually against each other; they therefore do not trust themselves beyond their own boundaries, or even near them, except in small armed war parties, got upon purpose to commit a murder.

The worst tribes for these bloody usages are the northern and eastern, particularly the Murrumbidgee, Swanhill, and Darling tribes; but farther west, below Lake Boni, where the Indians are not half as ferocious and bloodthirsty, they have, at the burial of their dead, some ceremonies and dances, with a kind of sham battle, at which, by way of an atonement, some blood must be shed. Even these tribes are not friendly to each other. The Lake Boni blacks imagine they can change the weather by burying some shrubs, and scratching them out again; and suspect the blacks, located above them, on the Murray, of having poisoned the water of the river, and caused the death of many of their people. But back to my voyage.

One of the gentlemen of a plantation had sent down to Melbourne to engage a preacher for his neighbors in the bush. This being a comparatively thick settled place, several people living not more than ten or twelve miles from each other, and having had no sermon through the year, had collected a sum of money, intending that each should have the reverend gentleman a certain time upon his "run," and make up the deficiency by subscriptions among the men. This arrangement could scarcely be a satisfactory one to the preacher, and created the greatest dissatisfaction among the shepherds, hut-keepers, stock-keepers, cooks and other servants who were expected to pay their quota of his salary.

On this subject, I heard opinions so freely expressed that I am quite sure the Murray Scrub is not a soil favorable for preachers.

Traveling in the way I did, I was sure to behold the inhabitants of the bush in their natural state, for, whenever I could reach a station, many a long hour have I listened to the conversation of this most mixed population, with the delight of a man who sees a perfectly new world opened to him—a world frequently full of wild and thrilling interest, which very few educated travelers have ever seen.

In no place is the aristocratic influence so strong; this too prevailed more or less through the whole of Australia at that time —for the gold mines have now demolished all distinctions. In the backwoods of America, the farmers with their "helps," as they are called, most frequently form a single family, work together in the fields, and eat at one table. The gentleman in the bush, the stock-holder, and owner of runs, has his own house, his own table—house and kitchen being two widely different things. The men, as shepherds, and hut and store-keepers are called, have their own phraseology. Their master is spoken of as "the old 'un," or "the old cove;" a "cove" meaning, when they talk of themselves, a thorough cunning and smart fellow, synonymously with "old hand." The gentlemen are commonly called "swells," such name being given to all who dress respectably—not in a "bush shirt."

A traveler on horseback, if he looks well-bred or well-off, is taken directly into the house of the owner; he is treated as a gentleman, his bed is prepared for him in European fashion, and his horse is brought to the door for him next morning, if he does not intend to stay any longer. He travels in this way from station to station, never communing with the men, and is styled by them "a swell."

The traveler on foot is never received with less hospitality, let his appearance be as it may; and mine was not very satisfactory after the shipwreck. But he is very seldom allowed to enter the house, his place is in the kitchen, where he is styled, in the most kind and friendly manner, "mate." In the largest head station, or in the poorest shepherd's hut, the treatment is the same; whatever the cook or hut-keeper has in his larder he brings forward for the guest, and the "Welcome with all my heart," of the house is not warmer than the "You're —— welcome to it," in the kitchen.

A rougher and more mixed set of people—in character not in

nation, for they are nearly all English and Irish—I have never met with; and I soon found that I had been told the truth in Sydney, where I was assured that of twenty white men on the Murray, sixteen had been old convicts, or "government's men," as they more politely are called, among themselves. But the past lies behind them, like an old pack of letters of former years, wrapped and tied up closely, the contents marked on the cover with a few words, and the whole put in some dusty corner, hardly ever to be opened again, certainly not in the presence of a stranger. Old acquaintances may turn over once in a while the old leaves, but they do not like to have a stranger peer into those times which are full of painful recollections; though most of them may have been hardened in crime before.

Only one fellow could I meet with among them who seemed to recollect old times with a kind of grim pleasure. He was an Irishman, stout built and broad-shouldered, twenty-five years in the country—having left his own for his country's good, like the rest; yet he had the full Irish brogue upon him. I met him one night in a stock-keeper's hut on the Hume, and he spoke of olden times, before he had joined the Temperance Society.

"Arrah," he said, "I must really take to drinking again, for niver a bit they have mentioned me name in the paipers since that time."

"How so?"

"Clear enough, as the magistrates—saving your prisence—put it in themselves, having to set down Mister O'Rinker, Esq., being meself, weekly for so and so many floggins; the said gintleman having at the same time frequently the advantage of the stocks instead of the stockings."

"But it's another thing now, Patrick," the stock-keeper would say; "now the magistrates esteem you, since you don't drink and make a beast of yourself. We ought to show these English (the stock-keeper being Irish too) any how that we can live without whisky a sight better than they."

"English?" Patrick cried, turning round in his chair, and taking a good look at the stock-keeper. "Our magistrate? He can't ask for a glass of wather in English! He's Irish to the back bone, that he is; and as for being a magistrate, why, when he came here, a couple of years or so ago, he hadn't the second shirt to his back—not as many clothes as would wipe a cart wheel

with. But he has put the 'Esq.' upon his letters with a vengeance; and I'll have it on mine, 'Ration-carrier, Esq.' doesn't sound so bad."

This Patrick was a thoroughbred old villain, and as such known in the neighborhood; but a funny fellow notwithstanding.

The conversation in these huts, if it does not turn upon runaway oxen, is sometimes interesting; bushrangers and jolly blacks —jolly having here the meaning of saucy, wild, impudent—with hut-breaking and sheep and horse-stealing forming the chief subjects. The greatest bores are those who talk about stray oxen; and if the right people for such a theme come together, they will continue till eleven and twelve o'clock in the night talking of dun-faced, red and white, and spotted oxen, with the mark upon the off-hip, or the shoulder, with a crumpled, or a bended down horn, for hours; sometimes discussing whether the tuft of its tail was black or white. They have had hardly any education, some none; were sent out, most of them, in their youth, and it is very seldom one can be found able to scrawl his name on a piece of paper. Their conversation is also equally rough and coarse; the word "bloody," taking a most conspicuous place in the bush dictionary. It is often used with a most friendly and kind meaning; and, disgusting as it at first sounds, the ear gets used to it at last.

Frequently the traveler finds in these huts, old bushmen who have lived a life-time in the wild scrub of the country; have hunted and fought with the blacks; have been robbed by, and have sometimes robbed with, the bushranger; have fought the police, then taken to the bush and led a life that Europeans read of with incredulity. If you get them to talk—which requires a longer time than a few hours acquaintance—you learn more in one hour of the wild life of the bush than by a year's residence with the swells. I have several times met such men.

I was once traveling with an old hand for two days, and over a country in which he had passed the most active portion of his life. He showed me the places on the river where he had camped with the different tribes, or "mobs," as they are called here; and the particulars he gave sometimes made my hair stand on end. To my questions as to what had led him to embrace such a life, he gave evasive answers; but by all he told me, he must have been a bushranger, staying with some mob of the blacks to keep out of sight of the white police, or securing protection by

helping them to murder and rob. I must acknowledge that sometimes I did not feel quite comfortable in his company, when I heard him relate stories of blood of the most fearful description, as though they were the incidents of a day's sport. But the cause of his wild and reckless life had disappeared, and he had become a quiet and honest laborer, who thought of his antecedents as the "recollections of a merry youth." Only once he shuddered, but that was in the course of a long and wild story, for which I can not find room.

I do not intend to say that all the wild characters who had been sent out here, and now form the majority of the population, have become good and honest people; no, there is many a rascal among them yet, and not unfrequently huts, without any other fastening than a piece of board or bark, are broken open and robbed of the few things they contain, and the few dollars some poor shepherd has saved. Horses are stolen, sometimes only to use them for a certain distance, and let them run again; sometimes to exchange them for others, if they are not known there, or to sell them. But even if they are known, there is nothing easier than to deceive people in the bush with a counterfeit certificate, or a bill of sale. Notes are forged, principally on well-known stock-holders, for five, ten or fifteen shillings, sometimes for one and two pounds; justice and punishment, however, are often evaded.

Police-stations are too far apart in the bush, sometimes a hundred—ay, two and three hundred miles distant from each other. Should a thief break into a hut and steal blankets, possum-rugs, or provisions, and it is discovered, his pursuers that same night must hasten first fifty miles to a magistrate, while he is speeding in another direction; his capture, therefore, is almost impossible. It is strange that the sufferers very seldom think of taking the law in their own hands, as the people of the United States would most certainly do under such circumstances. They frequently follow and overtake the thief and take the stolen things from him; but hardly ever—in fact I never heard of such a case—punish him; and let him escape, rather than seek the assistance of the law.

Such conduct, of course, encourages the depredators; but were Lynch-law brought to bear against them, they would soon avoid bringing a couple of those wild bushmen upon their heels.

From here the malley-bush commenced; which is of some moment to the traveler, since it gives the whole country a perfectly new aspect. The flats and bottoms retain, of course, their old timber—gum trees of all shapes and varieties in the bark, and all with the same hard, dry, and turpentine-like leaves; but the hilly ground gains a new shrub, or bush, and the country looks much more agreeable.

The malley-bush sends out of one root from five to fifteen and more shoots, rising, with a slight outward curve close to the bottom, for nearly three-quarters of the whole height, smooth and slender, and growing to a narrow and shady top; which spreading wide in circumference, and coming out of such a comparatively small root, gives the bush very much the shape of a nosegay. The leaves of the malley are of course exactly like those of the gum trees, which are so singularly shaped, that if they have left the tree you can never tell which side had been up and which down; but the color of the malley leaves is much livelier than that of the gums, the petal having a reddish hue, with a berry of a similar color.

With the malley, on hilly, or at least high and dry ground, grows the Australian pine tree—undoubtedly the finest tree in Australia, except the cedar. I have never seen large trees, in fact, no pine more than fifteen inches in diameter, though I am told they grow to three feet. It is really a beautiful tree, with a lively shaded green, and a gray, slender, and finely-marked bark. Perhaps it would have appeared less beautiful had it stood in some other country, surrounded by as fine, or finer trees; but here, among the gums, its graceful shape, and the fine color of its branches and tinted leaves, were extremely attractive. Its wood is firm and white, and would be most excellent for all kinds of carpenter's work, but for the great many small knots it possesses.

The soil where malley bushes and pines grow is throughout a red sand, producing in a tolerable good season an exceedingly good crop of wild oats. At my visit, the only signs of such a growth appeared here and there in small sickly blades—the weather had been too dry for any thing else.

These malley bushes form on both sides of the river—commencing where the first sandy hills rise—thickets, which are rendered more impenetrable, if possible, by the long and hard

porcupine grass—a most excellent name for this plant—which grows nearly always in peculiar shapes, in long rows, or half-moons, or round beds, or wreaths, or garlands, every where through the bush, and must be very disagreeable to the barefooted blacks.

Some particular species of this malley attracts thousands of blacks to live in the interior, for without it they would not be able to exist in those places. It holds, even in the most barren soil, a supply of fresh water in its roots; these the natives dig up, break into small pieces, and put into a trough or hollow bark; and a large quantity of water oozes out of the roots which is, in fact, the only supply of this liquid they can obtain. This summer, as I was told by the settlers, the weather had been so exceedingly dry, as even to rob this bush of its juice; and those blacks who had lived on the malley, and were called Malley Blacks or Worrigels, by the other natives, were forced to go to the river banks; and were as a matter of course attacked by the other mobs, through whose hunting-ranges they had to pass. The settlers told me that this should be another reason why I ought to keep a sharp look-out wherever I went, for the mobs on the banks of the Murray had by these additional tribes, become much more numerous than they were; and it would be a good plan for me not to have intercourse with any of them, as not one was to be trusted.

Some days afterward I reached Logan River, so called from the union of the Wakool and Edward—both coming and going out and into the Murray or Hume. The Logan is only, I believe, forty miles long, and was at this time perfectly stagnant. When the water in the main channel rises, the flood overflows the banks, and fills all these river-like beds, and thousand of lagoons and billibongs, which were now only small ditches of filthy water, poisoned by hundreds of dead cattle.

When I reached the Hume, or Murray, as they call it here—though by the maps it takes the name of Murray only upon its junction with the Murrumbidgee—the water had risen considerably; but the character of the river was the same as it was farther up; only the turns it made were not so short, and the woods on its banks not so thick. The depth of the river seemed considerable, and but for the frequent bends, which make a journey by water exceedingly long, I really think the river could be made, at some expense, certainly, navigable.

The only question for consideration is—can the banks of the Murray, bottom and hilly land, with its pastures, be ever able to pay the cost of river navigation and the maintenance of steamers? Can those woods, can the soil produce enough to induce a larger population to settle here, and create new wants, to be supplied by boats which would take back their produce?

I am not able to answer this. I have not lived long enough in the country.

There is hardly any where a better country for sheep than Australia; and the Murray Scrub, with its salt-bush and pig's-face, and immense runs, is considered the best part of it; therefore not a doubt exists that a large quantity of sheep could be raised here. Nothing is used as yet except the wool. The boiling down of sheep has commenced in some parts; but it is always an unnatural branch of industry—a dreadful waste of animal life for a disproportional profit. At present the communication with the nearest ports—from here to Melbourne, and from farther below to Adelaide—is too expensive; and in such a year as *this*, perfectly impracticable, as there would be no fodder on the road for oxen. Nothing but the most urgent necessity will sanction so long a journey. A communication by steam would alter this materially; for the settler would then even breed cattle in hopes of a good profit, to salt and dry the meat; and most excellent meat they have for the market. This seems so much more practicable, as there is a perfect mine of salt through a vast portion of the country. On a long stretch of the Murray there are large salt ponds, with a thick crust of salt on the top, where the wagoners go with shovels and bags, and load as quick as they can shovel the salt into the drays.

This salt looks white, and the shepherds—in fact all the settlers on the Murray—use it to salt their meat; but from other quarters I heard that the men who told me this, were living on the Murray and had runs there: and that the salt would not keep the meat for a long time; experiments having been made, and the meat having, after a certain number of months, become spoiled. Others denied the truth of this; but the salt is found over such a vast surface of the country, that there may be a difference in the quality. That which I saw, tasted to me exactly like salt in general use; I could detect no difference

Should this salt prove good, hides and sheep-skins would form

very large articles of export; and the gum trees would supply excellent material for smoking mutton-hams.

I question whether agriculture will ever flourish in this part of the country. The soil of the bottom land seems well enough, and no doubt would bring excellent crops; but just when the grain ripens, the river overflows its banks, and sweeps every thing before it. Experiments have been tried, but all with the same result. Corn and wheat were standing very well, when one night's rise placed the fields under water, and the next cleared harvest and fences away. On the shores of the Mississippi they had, it is true, to work against the same difficulties, and at last to build a dam, to keep out the mighty stream; but a much wider, and more fertile bottom than is found here, promised a more certain success; and a rich soil, with cotton and sugar plantations, paid well the cost of erecting the dam and keeping it in order.

But it is nearly impossible to say what such a new country as this is able to do. A new impulse given to an immigration to the shore of this Australian river—as it may be called, for it is the only one Australia has to boast of—would call a perfectly new population to that part; and if this gold discovery draws more and more emigrants to the antipodes, I have not the least doubt a part of them will press toward the Murray, and the navigation of it must follow as a natural consequence.

I now approached those territories where the blacks are said to be particularly "jolly;" and meeting one day two bundlemen in the road, they told me the most discouraging tales of the mobs they had passed a little while ago. Though coming only from the other side of the Murrumbidgee, they had been met by a mob. The blacks were camping not far from the road, and seeing the two white men approaching unarmed, they sent out two of their number, as I was told they always do, with spears and boomerangs, to ask the travelers for some smoke (tobacco). The latter had no tobacco, and told them so; but one of the black rascals laid down his spear, and, after taking the blankets from the shoulders of the two men, searched their pockets, where he found a few shillings in silver, and two small pocket knives; in short, they were robbed of every thing they had except the clothes they had on; and the other thief was standing by at the time with his weapons, grinning and laughing. A few days before that, this mob had taken from another man his knife and tobacco;

and these men told me they had inquired all the way up for one of their friends, who ought to have passed here about six days ago; but nobody had seen him here, and he could not have taken another route.

It will be necessary here to say a few words about the native weapons, though I shall give no description of them, since the English reader is most likely already acquainted with most of them.

The tribes here are certainly the best armed of all the Australian blacks; for they carry the short spear, which they throw with the boomerang, of which last weapon they have two kinds —one with a sharp bend, to come back after the throw; the other, much less curved, as a kind of war-boomerang, to go only straight ahead. The last they can also use in the woods, while they must have an open place for the other.

Farther down the Murray, the blacks carry no boomerangs, only a spear, at least seven or eight feet long, and of course not half as dangerous as the short weapon, which they throw with an incredible dexterity a distance of from sixty to eighty yards.

Besides these, the Murrumbidgee and neighboring blacks carry a short club of a different shape. The most common is that with only a knot to it; but they have also another kind—half boomerang, half club, which they also throw. To ward off the blows of these weapons, they have a small and long shield, with a guarded hole cut in the middle, for the hands to hold it. Nearly all of them go perfectly naked, and many have a thin cord tied very tightly round their waist. I was told by some shepherds that they intended this for a kind of medicine, to stop the free circulation of the blood; and this seems in so far probable, that I have found several other blacks who wore strings, tied in a similar way, round an arm or a leg, also round their heads. The latter they told me, was to prevent headache.

The bundlemen left me finally, glad, as they said, to have reached a more civilized part of the country, though they should not feel quite safe till they arrived at Albury, or at least its neighborhood.

On the Logan I shot a black swan. I wrapped the skin in my blanket, to take it home with me.

The night of the 20th I staid in a station, which I reached just at sundown, and started next morning very early; but I felt

to-day a most singular swimming in the head, as if I had been drunk, though the strongest liquor I had tasted for several weeks was tea. The idea of being taken ill in the midst of these treacherous tribes so far distant from a station, made a cold perspiration break out all over me. Still I wandered on, wondering at the same time at the singular symptoms I experienced. If I stopped, and raising my gun, took aim at a distant object, straining my sinews to keep straight and steady, I did not feel the least inconvenience, and could hit a mark as well as ever. When I shouldered my gun again, and made five or six steps forward, I felt the weakness returning. Through the middle of the day it left me a little, but toward evening it got worse; and looking out a place in the malley bushes—for I did not dare to lay down close to the river, on account of the blacks—I lit a small fire, and laid down beside it.

The next morning I felt a great deal better, but rather weak and extraordinary hungry; my stomach telling me plainly that it preferred a good piece of meat to pig's-face and Murray water that had satisfied it the preceding day. Fortunately, I killed that morning a walloby—a small kind of kangaroo—and stopped at the place where I had shot it, for I really was not able to travel that day; still I felt not in the least uneasy about my appetite, which proved plainly enough that I had seen the worst of the malady.

Next morning nothing remained but a weakness in my limbs, which I knew would not last long.

By entering the malley bushes I had lost the track which I had followed to this time; but taking a direction that, running with the river, would restore me to it again at the next bend, I thought I could see the high gum timber on one of the malley hills; I therefore traveled on, reaching the river that afternoon, and just opposite I saw on the other side crowning a steep and pine wooded sand hill, a small hut, out of which the smoke curled up beautifully into the air. Close by this hut there were about ten or fifteen blacks. They had two of their bark canoes in the water, and seeing me—for they know they can always get a piece of tobacco from a white man—they came over quickly, to take me to the other side. That night I stopped with the stock-keeper, who lived in this hut, and received me as hospitably as if I had been his brother. Damper and beef, and a good cup of tea, with

plenty of sugar, the best they have, did a great deal toward my perfect recovery. That night I slept gloriously, under a warm opossum-rug, while the rain poured down upon the roof for at least six hours.

The 29th of May, with fine weather again, I wandered along in a tolerably beaten path; there were twenty odd miles to another station, which was somewhere in the bush, off from the road in some bend of the river, where I was not likely to find it, as I was told. Not far from the mouth of the Murrumbidgee here, which emptied itself on the other side of the river into the Murray, there were several jolly mobs camped; and the shepherds on the road had warned me not to have any thing to do with them, and to keep them at arm's length.

I walked briskly on, keeping a good look-out. It was late in the afternoon, and I had not met one black, not even a fresh track. Just as I had made up my mind that they were on the other side of the river, I suddenly observed something move in the bushes before me; and a few seconds afterward a dark body slipped away from out of a little thicket of lignum into the tea-tree shrub on the other side. Going about thirty or forty steps farther on, where I reached a little higher spot on the road, as I had reason to think that I was watched from one side or the other, I stopped, cocked my gun twice, to let the noise of the springs be heard, and put on new caps, partly for fear I should want them, and partly to let any hidden rascal see that I was ready for him. Then leaving the path which led through thick scrub, to the spot where I had seen the black,—a most unfavorable place for making a good defense—I turned to the right toward a low and open sandy hill, with thin shrub, where an enemy would have found it difficult to avoid the effects of a gun; while I gained at the same time, a fair prospect of the ground behind.

But here I came, as it seemed, from out of the frying-pan into the fire; for I had hardly reached the top, when I found myself before a whole mob of blacks, who had most certainly been watching me, for only a portion of them were looking at me, while the rest were carrying on a very loud and lively conversation, arguing some point, which I could not have a doubt concerned me, more than was agreeable. They were most certainly bound upon some war party, for they were painted with red

and white clay and armed to the teeth. Each of the men carried, at least, two boomerangs; some had four, besides three or four small spears; and on the wrist of the right hand hung the little war-club—and a long small shield was thrown over the back. They had also a few gins, or women, with them, who carried immense bundles; and though I felt certain that this party had never been undertaken to wage war against the whites, or they would have attacked me without much ado long ago; I did not feel as sure that they would, at the very moment of going to war, let an opportunity slip for possessing themselves of a gun, with powder and lead, which a great many of them knew very well how to use.

But there was, at any rate, some party among them against hostilities with the whites; or they might have feared treachery among themselves. The younger population, however, were not likely to care much for the revenge of the whites, feeling sure of being able to take to the bush, and be out of reach of retaliation.

Two of these parted from the rest; and while watching them, I accidentally turned my head over my shoulder, and noticed another native gliding his dark body over the path, and disappearing in the thick bushes behind.

The case grew rather too exciting to be pleasant; and I began to think that should I have to fight my way through them, or find myself staked down somewhere in the river in the course of the evening—Billy-the-Bull fashion. I did not know whether they only wanted my gun, or my "butter;" but I was determined they should have neither. To avoid walking right up to them, I turned to the left again to reach the path, wondering at the same time what could have become of the two blacks, and why some of the rascals slipped through the bushes and hid, while the rest collected in such a large mob. But I had not made more than about two hundred steps, when I saw the two young fellows who had left their mob a little while ago, and had seemed uncertain which way to turn, pass over now to where they must meet me in the path, and stopping, they seemed to wait for my coming, without, however, showing any hostility. By leaving the hill I had almost lost sight of the mob; but when I turned my head that way again, I saw that they had collected on the top, as if to see the sport—any how to watch the success of their embassadors.

I did not feel quite easy at these preparations; but having been too often with Indians, I knew very well that I should be a lost man if I showed any fear; therefore, taking down my gun quietly, cocking both barrels, and letting it rest in the bend of the left arm ready for use, I walked leisurely up to the two rascals waiting for me.

"You smoke?" said one of them (smoke meaning tobacco), when I was close to them, and thinking of course I would stop where they were.

"No!" I answered quietly, and without altering my step, only turning a little to the right, to have my knife free; taking care at the same time to keep on their side, not to turn my back entirely upon them; and passed on. A few seconds, seeming rather to be taken aback, they stopped and let me go on—maybe fifty yards; but after a few words quickly exchanged they followed, and I was obliged to turn toward them.

"You smoke?" repeated the one again, but no longer with a friendly sound; and to my short and second "No," he rolled the white of his eyes toward me, and cried in an angry tone: "that dam gammon you smoke!" Gammon being, in their way of speaking English, their expression for lying, cheating, or teazing.

I had, in fact, tobacco with me, but did not want to show it, for fear of making them more greedy; but now, rather angry at their daring, I determined not to show the white feather; so, pulling a piece of tobacco out of my pocket, I held it up, and told the black he should have that, if he'd give me one of his boomerangs, for it. The effect of this proposition upon the two was really ludicrous; first they looked at me, then at one another, and at last the speaker, jumping with a perfect burst of delight, cried: "Well, well! I give you boomerang," and running a few steps back, whirled the weapon round his head as if going to throw it at me; but he did not throw.

Perhaps the whole was only intended for a joke; but it showed me how differently these fellows behaved when they were going on a war party, having a single white man between them, half as they might have thought, at their mercy, to when they came into a settlement of the whites, begging, and with every assurance of good fellowship.

But whatever he meant, I had only one way to act; and as quickly as he made any motion toward hostilities, I raised my gun.

and making the spring of the lock sound, observed how rapidly both the blacks left off playing and grasped their spears. They fear fire-arms, particularly double-barreled pieces, and pistols, and long knives still more; therefore, a well-armed white man has always a great advantage over even a mob of them, if he only knows how to keep it. The two looked at me—they knew well enough that war or peace depended upon themselves—they had to give the first blow. Suddenly a loud cry broke out from the hill; I had enough to do to watch the two nearest me, though I felt convinced that the cry was a sign of attack. There I was mistaken, for my opponents turned away from me and left me; and looking round toward the hill, I saw three of the blacks raise their spears and run down the slope in the direction I had come. Something was going on far more interesting to the whole tribe than my own person. I saw how they all turned the other way to look; and taking advantage of the movement, and not in the least curious to see what was the matter, I turned on my heel and followed my path—no further molested by any of the mob.

That evening, more by accident than any thing else, I reached the next station. There I told the man what I had witnessed, and how singularly the blacks had behaved, and he gave me the following account.

These blacks belong to the Murrumbidgee tribe. A short time ago, one of the Swanhill blacks had come over to the Murrumbidgee, and, while alone, had met two of the other tribe, one of whom carried a gun, and the other a shield, war-club, and spears. They asked him whence he came, and what was his name; which having learned, they told him to come with them to their camp. He did not like to go before them, but the Murrumbidgee black gave him his own loaded gun to carry, and he walked on. Reaching a suitable place, the black who owned the gun, took the club from the other, and giving the stranger a blow on the head, knocked him down, then finished him with two or three more blows. After cutting him up, they took out his "butter," and covered him with bushes. But the tribe of the murdered man hearing of this deed, declared their intention to have an exterminating revenge; and large mobs of the Murrumbidgee were now moving forward to protect their friends, or, if necessary, to give the enemy battle upon his own hunting-ground.

Their behavior toward me, the old shepherd thought not at all strange. There was a possibility that the black, or the two blacks I had first seen, were spies of another tribe; and the Murrumbidgee blacks thought a great deal more of getting one of them into their power, than of molesting me—white men having brought them into trouble often enough. But it might have been also one of their own mob, and they had only wanted some excuse to get away from me, seeing that they could get nothing from me without force, and with the risk of being shot.

When I asked him how he could live here with only a hut keeper, in the very midst of those blacks, he laughed and told me the blacks took very good care not to kill a white man, whom they knew would be missed directly; and would set all the police and other whites after them. Their game was only some poor bundleman who, as they knew very well, would not be missed for a month, if at all; by which time they had little or nothing to fear. They also do not like to attack a white man in the presence of the whole mob, there being too many witnesses, and too many sharers in what little they get by it. Murders are therefore committed by two, or at the utmost three of them, or by a single native taking advantage of a careless traveler.

I had now entered that part of the country where a fabulous animal, the bunyip, had been seen. It was said to live in the bed of the Murray, and in the neighboring lakes. I saw a drawing in Sydney, which represented it as a monster in the shape of a horse, with teeth like a tiger, or some other beast of prey of that kind, and a long flowing mane; the claws of the fore feet long and sharp. The hinder parts no one had seen as yet, so as to be able to give a description of them; and it was even unknown if he sported a tail.

I have crawled down the steep banks of the Murray in more than a hundred different places, and searched the sand-bars or mud-banks of the stream, wherever there was a place convenient for his exit from the river, if such a monster existed in it. The blacks, found camping at every hut in hopes of getting tobacco and bread, for carrying wood and water, call it "devil-devil;" but to my inquiries they answered that it always lived in the lakes, and there I should find it at night. Once a black showed me a place in the Murray, making a sharp bend, assuring me that devil-devil was there; for a little while ago it had pulled in one

of his brothers, who wanted to cross over in a bark canoe. I could discover no signs of such an animal, though I hoped to find the track of it around the lakes, which had never been so low as at present; and if such a monster lived in them, it must leave traces of its passage on the bank.

I had to pass several mobs of blacks before I could reach the Darling; but it would fill a volume to relate all the dodges I had recourse to, to get round the mobs, or if seen, to keep the fellows at proper distance. Once I had to take one of their bark canoes to pass a large mob, holding a wild corrobery on the banks of the Murray, while the dogs were out in the woods chasing opossums; and I did not dare to cross their track. I was obliged to glide afterward down the stream in the dark, under the very bank upon which they were dancing.

I also got lost once—that is, I had left or lost the track in the dark, and traveling on through the malley bushes, up and down hill, was obliged at last to take a straight cut to the river; and meeting on my route some camp-fires of the blacks, had to lay out in a bitter cold night, without a fire, in the bush. These were the natural perils of a bush life, and I never complained of them. There is a singular charm in a little danger in traveling; it keeps up a man's spirits, and makes his time pass quickly, especially in a country where the scenery is not likely to attract his attention. I should not like to travel without this sense of danger; it is exactly the same feeling which makes hunting so attractive—the earnest watching here for a hidden enemy, there for the expected game, makes the hours pass with the speed of minutes. The nights are disagreeable. If one could always lay down one's head after dark by a good fire, eat one's supper if one has it, or do without it if not, I should not mind living over this time again; but having traveled through the day with a spirit irritated by a danger you can not see, and therefore know not how to avoid, your limbs tired, your eyes heavy with the sleep they sought in vain the previous night, hopelessly striving to sleep with one eye, and watch with the other; to have to kindle a fire, cook your scanty meal—maybe an old, tough, dry cockatoo—always the cocked gun in your hand, or ready to grasp; then to leave the warm flame, lay down half a mile from it, in the dark and cold bush, in the hope of escaping having your brains knocked out before you awake in the morning, by the prowling and cowardly enemy—forms a

state of existence that I must acknowledge is not so very agreeable.

In this way, traveling through the day, and bushing it through the night, if I could not reach a station, I crossed the Darling, a tolerable wide river, but only a chain of water-holes in summer, and now fed by the rising Murray.

At the Darling there is a public-house, where I staid all night, and had supper, bed, and breakfast; but even here, the landlord would not take any thing. I was perfectly welcome, he said, and he did not want to be less hospitable than the poor shepherds in the bush. And this was not the only public-house where they refused to take money, though I had to pay at some. I wondered at first how they could exist, knowing that they cultivated nothing, but had to bring up every pound of flour, tea, or sugar, from Melbourne or Adelaide by drags, and pay enormous sums for freight, if they did not send their wool to market themselves (the returning carts almost always bringing provisions). They told me afterward that their public-houses were for the cattle-droves that took the land route to Adelaide from the eastern states, or for those neighbors and passers-by, who liked a dram; eating and drinking (that is tea) they did not count upon; a man must have that, and they were not going to take advantage of a poor devil who had to carry his bundle through the world; but if a gentleman traveled on horseback, it was another thing.

There are exceptions to this really unbounded hospitality; and they are pointed out to the traveler by the neighbors, as men of a contemptible character; but these are really very few. I was only once refused a night's lodging, in spite of my offering the full amount in money, by an old woman, the wife of a shepherd, who was absent from home with his sheep, because she had hardly enough flour in the house, and could not bear to see a man leave her roof hungry; therefore she preferred giving me a refusal. But I did not blame her for it; and she rejected payment, because, she said, she had never taken money from a traveler, and never would as long as she lived. I was, therefore, obliged to bush it, and it rained nearly all night.

About thirty miles below the Darling, the character of the river-banks changes entirely. The shores had hitherto been low —a continuation of flat box-wood and gum-bottoms, with num

berless lagoons and billibongs, rising gradually to a higher and sandy soil, on which the malley bushes commenced, the intervening lands being filled with salt-bush, and the other, never-changing vegetation. I have traveled through many a country, but had really never seen scenery more monotonous than this Murray River down to this place. From here, however, the flat shore runs out suddenly in high limestone cliffs, of a peculiar shape, forming a steep and abrupt bank of the river, which had a valley here, varying from one to two miles in width, the river runs in a zig-zag, sometimes washing close under the right hand shore, and leaving the bottom on the left side; sometimes crossing over to that side, forming a large and wide flat of box and gum-timber on the right, which runs out still farther below, like a swan-hill, into long and thick fields of reeds and rushes. In July, August, or September, all this low land is a perfect sea, the Murray overflowing its banks regularly every year. The soil is here, as it is farther up, a gray, heavy loam, which sticks to the feet after the slightest rain with a pertinacity scarcely describable. I had sometimes for days to carry my heavy knife unsheathed in my hand, to free my heels from the lumps that stuck to them, growing longer and heavier at every step. Scarcely is it dry, when it forms a crust, about half an inch thick, which cracks open after the rain has ceased a few hours, giving the soil a hard and dry appearance, corresponding with the dull and monotonous-looking gum trees.

These cliffs, therefore change the scenery entirely. There is a valley below, where the stream now no longer winding as before, but generally spreading into a long and broad sheet, deep enough to float the largest man-of-war; while high on the very edge of the limestone cliffs, of which huge pieces are sometimes broken off and thrown in the dale below, the malley bushes, with their pleasant foliage, commence throwing their shade upon the gums beneath them.

A new kind of salt-bush commences here; the leaves, little tiny things, are thick and juicy, and crusted as if with the sugared anise seed you buy at the confectioners. There is also another salt-bush with deep green leaves scattered through it; the two different colors contrast beautifully.

A fine lagoon I saw that day; far down below the cliff, on the edge of which I was standing, I obtained a view over the low lands.

Below me the river had formed in a large bend a kind of lake or pond, perfectly *white* at this time, with innumerable swarms of cockatoos; large and single gum trees were standing scattered around its borders, and here and there, through the water, and sometimes right in the midst of some noisy flock of cockatoos, were standing long-legged cranes, looking wistfully down into the clear element for their "daily bread." The native companion, a most beautiful bird of the same species, but attaining a height of upward of four feet, was among them, walking about with the utmost gravity, his neck and head thrown back, and the shape of his body in that attitude looking for all the world like a gentleman in easy circumstances taking an afternoon's walk, with his hands behind his back. I laid down a little, to have a fair look at the birds and the open country around them and feeling particularly interested in these native companions. I had been watching the largest one some minutes, when it raised up its head, and looked over to the nearest gum tree; the next moment it lay fluttering on the ground. While I rose in mute astonishment, the figure of a black appeared round the tree; grasping his spoil by the neck, and throwing it over his shoulder, disappeared amidst the deafening cries of the cockatoos, circling round the disturber of their peace.

On the 6th of June I reached Victoria Lake. I had heard a great description of the beauty of this water, but was grievously disappointed. The whole day I had to travel through a flat and low country, bearing hardly any thing but salt-bush; with no sign of life, except here and there a noisy flock of black or white cockatoos, a few emus running with lightning speed through the plain, or an old kangaroo, sitting under a bushy tea-tree, in the warm sun, and taking to his heels directly I made my appearance, in long and slow bounds. The lake, when I reached it, was, after the long drought, nothing better than a large water-pool, with a flat mud-bank running round it for miles. I reached it in the dark, and there were several fires burning around it, the signs of so many camped blacks, who had come to fish, or were living here. So I thought I might risk kindling my fire among them, not in the bush, but on the bank, as they had done—they might take me to be one of themselves; and knowing that they do not like traveling in the dark, especially if there is no moon, I had not much to fear; and I slept unmo-

lested the whole night. It is said that the blacks do not travel in the night at all; this may be true with most of them, but further up the river, and even here, I knew of several cases where they did travel, in spite of night and its ghosts. They seemed friendly in this place. Next morning, after daybreak, while I was roasting a wild duck I had shot, three of them came with their spears round the edge of the mud where I lay, and appeared very much astonished to see a white man quite by himself camped among them. They showed me also, in the distance, the hut of a white shepherd; but being out of my route, I did not want to approach it that morning. So one of them, who spoke a little broken English, offered to go with me to the banks of the Murray, several miles off, where there was another station of white persons. I, however, did not want to leave the lake, but gave him a large piece of tobacco and some fish-hooks, which made him perfectly happy. I told him I wanted to hear something of the devil-devil, and wished to see if there were any traces of him along the borders of the lake.

The devil-devil seemed to be a very particular acquaintance of his—he knew all about it, and assured me it was living here in the lake as well as in the neighboring gullies and river bends; but he never had seen it himself, and only said it had once killed a member of his family. I asked him if it devoured its victims, but he said no. I now tried to find out its haunts and what it fed upon, but he evidently did not know much about it, for he only shook his head mysteriously and looked rather anxiously over his shoulder, as if going to say "better don't mention it."

I proceeded round a great part of the lake, principally that part opposite the camps and the hut, nearest to the uninhabited wilderness, where it was connected with a very large and now half-dry lagoon, called the Rufus, leading, as it seemed, toward the Murray. Sir Bunyip, therefore, could not have selected a better place on the whole shore of the lakes or rivers throughout the entire wilds of the interior; and the black assured me it was the monster's favorite spot; yet I could not see nor discover the slightest trace of any thing but the wild dog, the kangaroo, and emu, though the mud was soft enough to take the print of the foot of a kangaroo or wild dog, which it had preserved most certainly for a very long time. I mentioned this, therefore, to the black, and assured him I did not believe there was any devil-

devil living here now, for it must have left at any rate a sign upon these banks; but he shook his head at such an idea very earnestly, remarking: "Devil-devil no track; butchery jabon devil-devil, but no track;" meaning, "Devil-devil, though very large—butchery jabon—thinks it much below him to leave a sign of his having been any where."

I ought to say here a few words at least about the English of these blacks. It is the most barbarous stuff I have ever heard in my life spoken by any wild nation. The English are, in fact, the most singular people in the world in their treatment of foreign languages. They travel through the whole known and unknown world without even thinking it necessary—with exceptions, of course—to learn any language but their own. Trusting to fate, and, where they can get him, to a man they hire to run about with them, they mingle with every nation, whatever language may be spoken, observe the scenery, notice the inhabitants, and for the rest, trust to "Murray's Hand-Book" and their interpreter. It is nearly the same thing with those who *settle* in another country; they stick to their mother tongue, disdaining any other; in the course of years, perhaps, they contrive to catch a few phrases of their neighbors.

It is the same thing here in the bush. Though I do not blame the English for not troubling themselves with the barbarous lingo of these tribes, I am surprised at their learning so little of a people with whom they are in constant contact, while the latter are obliged to learn English, if they want any conversation at all. The settlers have formed for themselves a most extraordinary language, which with certain modifications, answers with all the tribes. A few words, about three or four, the blacks have persuaded their English masters to accept; for example, "butchery," very; "jabon," (spoken cabon), great; "charyman," horse; 'bale," no; the others they have formed after objects brought to them by the strangers. White they call "flour-bag;" to see "make a light;" living any where, "sit down;" appearing, or coming, "jump up," &c. The reader may think what a language they compose in this way; and the English, who live among them, instead of teaching them the proper words for such objects, when conversing with them talk the same nonsense, persuading themselves, apparently, that they are using another language—and another language it is in fact.

Walking along with my black he related to me—seeing, I think, that I liked to hear some of those stories—in his horrible English, how devil-devil had attacked a woman, not long ago, and had taken away from her her butter, though there had not been the least outward sign of a wound; and the poor woman died in "twice sleeping"—two nights. And then how it liked to slip on the sleepers in the night—if the fire did not burn bright—and blow upon them its poisonous breath, making them blind, or stealing away the flesh from under their skin, that their arms and legs might wither away.

Many other things he related to me walking along the borders of the lake, with his light and elastic step, his dark and restless eyes wandering over the ground; but while I listened to these tales of a monster I had longed to hear something about, I was satisfied that it existed only in the imagination of these savages, since one of them, living close to the animal's supposed haunts, confounded it with the Marralye of the more southern tribes—a monstrous black man, who slips about at night watching for places where the fires have burnt down, doing there exactly the things devil-devil was said to do here. The bunyip vanished into air, like the blue smoke of yonder camp of shell-diggers on the flat shore, and my pursuit of it was over.

This night I slept at a station, with all the comforts of civilized life—that is, with mutton-chops, damper, tea and sugar, and a roof over my head. Close to the house a small mob of blacks camped, and to please them I colored all their noses with some vermilion I had with me, producing a most beautiful effect upon the black faces. They looked admiringly at each other, but the little boys were forced to wipe it away, much to their discomfiture: they were not thought worthy to bear such a distinction. When they were grown-up warriors they might carry a red nose, but not yet. Is there not much the same nonsense with us? The customs of nations differ; but we in Europe are not more proud and grave with our stars and orders, than these honest black fellows with their favored noses.

Leaving this station, I again met several mobs of blacks, some of whom, as usual, wanted smoke; but I was determined not to have any conversation or dealings with so many while alone. Once friendly with them, I could not hinder them from getting around me, and I should then be at their mercy. I refused,

therefore, to have the least talk with them, always getting my gun ready as soon as they showed any disposition to be saucy; and I passed unmolested through all. Once I was very near getting into difficulties with them, but I must acknowledge I was to blame, though I did not mean any harm.

Coming one day to a camp of blacks, who wanted smoke, I refused at first; one of them threw, while I was with them, his boomerang at a little walloby that jumped up close to us, while we were opposite each other. The weapon missed the animal but coming back to us with arrow speed, I had just time to dodge away from under it. Even then it grazed my arm, leaving, as I afterward found, a deep blue spot for a remembrance. While the blacks laughed and jumped at the fun of the thing, I turned to the little black fellow—as ugly a black as I had ever seen—and offered him tobacco for his boomerang. We soon made a trade, and I followed my road unmolested. Next morning, I met another tribe, but refused to have any thing to do with them—they were too numerous; and having traveled on a while, I came to a burial-ground of the natives.

The tombs consisted of three rude hillocks, over which were raised as many harbor-like huts of branches, covered with bushes, to make each nearly dark inside. It is a fashion with these tribes, as a kind of tribute to the dead, to throw, when they pass their graves, little branches or bushes upon them. I had never seen the interior of such a place, and some white objects I could faintly discern in the dark, awakened my curiosity, though I knew very well that the blacks hate nothing more than a white man profaning the graves of their dead. Therefore, throwing down my packet and blanket I looked to my gun, not to be surprised by some prowling native, and first scanning the wood around me attentively, to observe if any one was watching, I crawled in.

There was a most disgusting smell in the hut, the blacks seeming to bury their dead not very deep; but not minding that, I looked before all other things to the white objects I had seen, and found them to be large things like bowls, made of some white earth, mixed up with grass and hair, as it seemed, to make them consistent. As I afterward learned, these were the so-called "soul-caps," the women wear at the death of a relation; they plaster these things upon their heads, as our ladies wear mourn-

ing bonnets, and walk about with them a certain time, after which they are deposited upon the graves. I should have liked very much to have taken one away with me, but it was too heavy to carry—ten to twelve pounds—so I left it. The hill consisted, apparently, of a kind of framework, covered with soil and sand.

Making this examination as rapidly as I could, I sometimes glanced through the branches to see that no unwelcome witness was approaching; but the place lay in perfect quietness; and crawling out again, I lifted my things over my shoulder and walked on. Just when I left the hut, I thought once I had seen a dark shape behind some salt bushes; but I might have been mistaken, for watching a good while after that, to see if any thing moved, I could discover nothing.

Having followed the edge of the sandy malley hills this morning, I thought at last their ridges were turning off too far to the right; and, leaving the malley, I took a straighter direction through a lower flat, covered with scarcely any thing but salt-bush and scrub. Not knowing whether I should be able to reach the river that afternoon if I kept the direction I was taking, and not being quite sure that I had been unobserved in the graves, I thought it best to look out for a good place to watch, and lay down about half an hour to see if any one was following me.

I had not lain five minutes, when I saw a black coming along quickly and carefully, exactly in my track, and much to my astonishment I recognized the same black little devil of whom I had bought the boomerang the other morning, and now thought about twenty miles distant. After him there came another black, and my heart beat quicker when I asked myself what business these rascals could have in following my track? They were most certainly bent on mischief; and though I had made it a rule on starting not to shed human blood, nor hurt a native in the least, if I could help it, I was fully determined not to let them get any advantage over me. I felt curious to know what they would do, as soon as they discovered me watching them. They might have been a hundred yards from me, and the discovery could not be far off, when suddenly a small flock of black cockatoos came rushing over the bushes, and alighted on the trees above me. I turned my head, without thinking of it, half round to them, and the wily birds dispersing suddenly, as if a blow had been struck between them, darted screaming away in

every direction. Wonderful was the effect of this upon the natives; they know well every sign in the bush, and judging, as I thought, directly from the screams of the birds of the cause of their disturbance, and knowing me to be close before them, they as quickly disappeared as the cockatoos; when I turned my head again I noticed them to the right and left, dodge into the bushes, and they were gone. I kept my place for an hour, but nothing disturbed the uninterrupted peace of the spot. That night I lit a fire, roasted a couple of pigeons I had shot in the course of the day, then left the fire to lay down somewhere in the bushes, as a precaution against surprise during the night. This had not been useless: next morning, when I went back to the place where my fire had been, I found the tracks of the two rascals in the ashes, and knew now that they intended mischief.

Keeping as straight a direction as I could, but looking out at the same time for the most open places, not to be attacked at a disadvantage, my march began to be rather too exciting. With watching and listening and lying in wait for the enemy, and walking on again, I at last got perfectly nervous, and determined if those black devils showed themselves again in my track to give them something by which they might remember me. It must have been nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I came upon sheep tracks, a certain sign that you are between three and four miles of a sheep station, when I again saw the black body of a native glide across the path, about a hundred yards before me. They must have thought me further ahead—for I had lain about half an hour behind a tea-tree, waiting for them—and looked at the path to find my track. But I was tired of being chased like a wild animal by these devils, and raising my gun a moment, I sent a load of duck-shot right after the rascal, just as he disappeared in the bushes. At the same moment, scarcely leaving me time to jump out of the way, I saw one of their long spears approach, and it stuck in the sand behind me. It must have been thrown very far, for it was weak, and would not have done much harm, except through its own weight; but though the bushes in that direction were thin and scattered, I could not discover the hand that had thrown it, neither did I find any blood in the track of the black I had shot at. I hope he was more frightened than hurt; but from that minute they gave up the chase. I saw no more of them, and reaching the shepherd's

hut the same evening, he told me there was not the least danger of those thieves following my track next day, for I was entering the territories of another and more friendly tribe, by whom they would never dare run the risk of being caught.

From here I had no more adventures—at least, none worth mentioning. Near the northwest bend of the Murray, the blacks consist principally of tribes that go down in the rainy season to Adelaide, to procure their provisions and clothing, and very rarely commit a murder, though they will rob a poor bundleman, if they get a chance.

The northwest bend, as the large turn is called which the Murray takes in reaching the higher land of the Adelaide country is really a remarkable place. The large river has kept to this point—with the exception of some bends, in its whole distance—a straight course from east to west, for more than a thousand miles; but there it suddenly, and for the distance of half a mile, turns straight down to the south, forming a perfect elbow, keeping this course nearly straight down to Lake Alexandria, or Victoria Lake, as the Australians call it now, though having Lord knows how many Victoria Lakes already. The English are indifferent hands at giving names, especially in Australia, for the same name occurs every where; and if you strip Australia of the appellations Victoria, Albert, Bathurst, Melville, and Van Diemen, there will be few lakes and capes possessed of one.

Lake Alexandria or Victoria can hardly be called a lake; it is a wide lagoon, with the channel of the Murray running through it into Encounter Bay, and small vessels wanting to cross the lake have to keep this channel throughout, or they will run aground.

The soil of the country and the vegetation retain the same features, throughout many hundreds of miles up the stream. In some places the settlers have tried to sow and raise wheat in the sandy hills, since the river swept their harvests away in the bottoms, but it was not possible; and the sheep and stock-holders down the whole length of the Murray depend for their bread upon the ports or the settlements nearest to them.

Reaching the lower part of the Murray, below the northwest bend, the traveler finds boarding and eating-houses, and from that time he may say he leaves the bush, for he steps into civilized life, and every step has to be paid for.

Wood's eating-house was the first I came to; the second one, Morrunda, whence a road leads through the scrub in a straight direction, away from the Murray. It was, however, a tedious way—thirty-four miles in one stretch, without a drop of water, except what a good rain had deposited as a cooling drink in little pools. And there is really no water to be got through all that distance, several men having in vain tried to dig wells there. They found water, but it was brackish and not fit to drink.

I camped that night under the malley bushes, but I could see the far-off Adelaide hills—a pleasant sight for me, for I knew that I had left the worst of my journey behind. That whole night there was thunder and lightning over the distant hills, but I lay comparatively dry; only a little shower once in a while reaching here.

Next morning with daybreak I was walking through an open plain, only thinly grown over with salt-bush and malley, and beheld several kangaroos. I had afterward a real kangaroo hunt; partly for the sport, partly for the meat. But I *have* no room to give the reader a description of it. With part of the meat of the one I killed I went back to the fire to have a good broil. I noticed many more as I walked on, scattered through that wide plain, apparently very little disturbed by human beings. I reached in the afternoon, about two o'clock, the Adelaide hills, and with them a green sward. The ground was covered with a short but good-looking grass; but gum bushes and little gum trees, with afterward here and there a few casuarinas or cheoaks, formed again the chief vegetation. If I had to paint the escutcheon of Australia, I would not take a kangaroo and emu by themselves, but place a gum tree between them; and every body could form by that for himself a good idea of the country.

I was glad enough when I had to climb the first hills. The Murray bottom with its wide desolate shores, with all its blacks, all its dangers and hardships, lay behind me; behind me, in fact, lay the most tedious part of my whole journey, and I should soon, after several months' privation, reach a civilized part of the country, and with it find my trunk in Adelaide, with clean, dry, and complete clothing. The reader must know that I had lost every thing of that description, and had made the entire journey with one shirt on my back, washing it over and over again on

the road, with my cocked gun lying beside me, and walking up and down while it dried; my "oh no, we never mention them" were also rather the worse for wear, and I really did not know how I could appear decently in the streets of Adelaide. But there was no help for it, and forward I went in as good spirits as a pouring down rain which had commenced that morning at ten o'clock and lasted several days, would let me.

I met several people here on the road. There was a copper mine not far off, somewhere, but as yet I had not seen a house. The rain continued to pour down, and I was thoroughly wet when I reached the first houses; and the first public-house, Norton's, as it is called, and then a warm room and a hot toddy worked wonders with my inner man.

I met here a gentleman of the name of Scott, who had a run not far from the northwest bend of the Murray, and was going to Adelaide on business. He was on horseback, and left me next morning far behind. We, however, enjoyed a very pleasant evening together, the first for a long time I had passed with a "swell," as my mates on the Murray would have said; the first in which I could be permitted to hear of something more interesting than cows with crumpled or straight horns, oxen marked on the shoulder or off-hip, blacks, runs, sheep and cattle.

CHAPTER V.

THE ADELAIDE DISTRICT.

WHEN I entered the house, I saw a number of people pressing round a small chimney in the bar-room; and while the landlord kindled a fire in the parlor, I stopped there a little while to learn the subject of what appeared to be a lively conversation.

"They have found a nugget of seven ounces, in the Ophir Diggings," says an old man, wiping his spectacles. He had been reading out of a newspaper he held in his hand, while the others looked, with glistening eyes, over his shoulders.

"California again!" I thought, with a low-murmured malediction, for I had been tired, during a long residence in that golden land of hearing of nothing but lumps, and ounces, and claims, and all the incidents of life in the diggings, to which I preferred even oxen and runs, though far from desirous of having too much of them. But "Ophir?" They must have discovered another mine in California I had not heard of. In five minutes I was in possession of the whole story: gold discovered in Australia. I knew then too well I had to go over again those never-ending relations of small boys lifting up large lumps of a hundred and fifty pounds weight, &c. But "nuggets"—I had not heard of that word before. On inquiring, I found it was a real Australian appellation found with the gold. Who had invented it, I could not discover, nor could any body in Sydney afterward tell me the origin of it. There was no joke about the gold-finding, for the inhabitants of the district soon felt it in a practical way—the ton of wheat rising from £15 suddenly to £30. I was glad soon after to enter the quiet parlor, and get rid of the, to me, intolerable stories of nuggets and lumps.

I think it necessary here to remark that it was not my dress that procured me the honor of a supper in the parlor, and a bed

in the state-room. I looked far worse than any of the teamsters or miners in the tap-room; but the landlord had found out—for I did not look like a common bundleman with my gun and knife, and the way I carried my blanket—that I was the man who had started in a canoe down the Hume, the Sydney papers having mentioned it; and he seemed to be very much pleased to see me in his house. He had been once a sergeant of the police, and gave me that evening some very interesting accounts of some of his former skirmishes with the bushrangers.

The next morning, a single black swan came over the hills, and alighted in a little channel formed by the rain-water. Such a bird had not been seen there for many a year, and the people were quite astonished. I went out and shot it, and took the skin with me. I had a rough march that morning; plenty of rain and wind, and the latter driving against me, particularly when I reached the tops of some of the naked and round ridges, so as to make me lean forward with my whole body to resist its force. The vegetation here was real Australian gum trees, nothing but gum trees, and good grass; and at about eleven o'clock, I reached the first fences, the first plowed land, saw again long and straight furrows through brown and fertile soil, and over there, on the slope of that low hill where the little straw-thatched house was standing, a man was plowing with his six oxen, a woman leading the whole. I was more than a thousand yards distant, but I would have sworn to his being a German.

I had reached the outskirts of the so-called Angas Park—a rather large district a Mr. Angas has let exclusively to Germans, and done very well by it. Each farmer has his little house in some corner of his own section; and, without being in a village, the traveler finds himself in a perfectly cultivated district, and amidst an industrious thriving population. Most of the Germans rent this land for fourteen years, with the right to buy it after this time at £4 an acre; and they do very well there. But Mr. Angas does better: he gets a certain part of his property—and he owns there an immense stretch of country—well cultivated, and sees an industrious and thriving population grow up in it, while he is able to sell part of that land at a very good profit, getting the seed he sows paid for, and bringing his other lands to a good price. At the same time, it is a blessing for the poor people who are settled on these estates. A great many of them

came over to Australia without a penny in their pockets—ay, in debt for their passage—and they find here a way offered, not only to get work and merely to exist, as they had done in the Old World, but to secure a provision for their old age, and render their children comfortable, without doing more than they had done at home—maybe not so much.

I entered several of these houses, and what astonished me most was to see the inside of them. I had once or twice to step to the window, that my old friends, the gum trees, might convince me that I was in Australia. I knew well enough already, from the United States, how my countrymen like to carry with them what they can possibly bring on board of a vessel, and some are really sorry at being obliged to leave houses and stables; but I could never have thought it possible, without seeing it here, how they had been able to transplant their old rooms from home, with every thing that belonged to them originally, even the smell, to such a far-off and strange country as Australia. Not only their dress was the same—there was an excuse for that—but the tables and chairs, the stoves, the glass panes in the windows, the nails in the wall, the kettles, and pans, and pannikins, ay, even the earthen plates and dishes, with verses of Scripture or Catechism written upon them, and glazed over in the beautiful hand-writing of the potter. If they had taken at home one of these rooms out, packed it up carefully in cotton, and planted it again in the New World, they could not have preserved it better.

A most pleasant feeling it was for me to hear, so far away from home, the mother tongue again, wherever I turned. I did not hear a single English word that whole day; and, what is more extraordinary, I did not see a single English face. I reached Tanunda, also a little German town, that evening rather late, stopping also there in a German public-house; coming as it seemed, with one bound out of the mobs of the blacks into an entirely German life. That night a whole crowd of my countrymen collected round the fireside of the large parlor, and I sat quietly in a corner, without taking the least part in the conversation, and only enjoying by myself, with a feeling it would be impossible to describe, the full consciousness of that moment.

Next morning I started very early for Gawlertown, only sixteen miles distant, but with the determination to return to Tanunda, and see some more of the life and doings of this little place,

of which I had heard very much some time ago, on account of a religious sect of old Lutherans, that had settled in the immediate neighborhood.

The same evening I reached Gawlertown, and started the next morning with another "royal mail"—what extraordinary conveyances the Australians are pleased to call royal mails—to Adelaide, a distance of twenty-six miles, which we made in four hours and a half, passing at the same time a part of the way what is called by poor back-broken travelers the "nutcracker road," where, it is said, no passenger could bring, even in his pockets, a nut across the place, without getting it cracked on the road. No word is spoken during the whole distance, while the royal mail is in progress, for fear of getting one's tongue between one's teeth, and having it bit off.

On the cart, I met a German who went to Adelaide on the rather delicate mission to recover his runaway wife. I never have heard, by-the-by, of so many runaway women in my life as here in Australia. It seemed to me rather an epidemic than any thing else. From three stations I touched on the Murray, I heard of a runaway woman, and had the happy widower pointed out to me; and in Tanunda I heard mentioned that night I staid there, three belonging to the neighborhood. It is really a dangerous thing to take a wife in Australia; and how will it be when they have railroads? I believe this is one reason why the married Australians do not like the idea of having railways established among them.

The country between Tanunda and Gawlertown is exceedingly fertile; but, having passed this little place, we entered the Gawler plain, and agriculture seemed to be cut off here at one blow. There was nothing but a wide plain with a good pasture.

Some minutes past ten o'clock we reached Adelaide, a far out built and quite new place, as it seemed, with fine houses and a good site; and a long time before that, we could see the masts in the harbor of Port Adelaide five miles beyond.

I felt a little bashful as to entering Adelaide in such a dress, or rather, undress, as I had upon me; but there was no help for it. I knew I had money in the bank, and my trunk in the storerooms of Messrs. Naltenius Meyer and Co., in Adelaide, to whom I had also a letter of introduction from Sydney, and that I should soon be another man. The reader may judge of my surprise,

when I entered the store of those gentlemen, and found that they knew nothing about my things having received neither a letter nor the trunk from Sydney. There was I exactly in the same situation as two years ago in Valparaiso—in a strange place without any thing, uncomfortable in the extreme, and obliged to run about town and buy a new dress, literally from top to toe. I had nothing with me except my gun and knife, that I would have touched again; and all I could do was to write directly to Sydney, and ask Mr. Kirchner what had become of my things; for the little vessel that should have brought them had arrived here in safety.

At the same time, I had the most unpleasant feeling of new clothing all over me. I hate to put on a new coat or any other part of dress. I despise new boots, particularly if bought ready-made in a store; they never, or rarely, fit me. I do not know how it is, I am in no way extraordinarily formed, but I never have bought a coat ready made of which the sleeves were not too narrow, or there was something else the matter with it; and now I had to slip—and glad enough to have the chance—*into* every thing new, not excepting cap and handkerchief; and the first fortnight I felt as comfortable as a dog in a jacket, or an Indian in a pair of shoes.

To say much respecting Adelaide would be useless; the English reader has had many books about the place, and I could only tell him something he already knows. Adelaide is also a very young town, and though laid out for a city, is not quite finished. The public buildings are scattered every where, and will stand in very fine situations, if the spaces between them and the other streets are filled up; but the main thing in Adelaide missing at present, is the paving of its streets, and gas, or even oil lanterns. The streets are floating swamps in time of rain, and what is very singular, the whole town is only lighted up by public-houses. I am not partial to dram-shops, and have noticed in Australia, often with disgust, that those places are to be met every where, licensed to sell spirituous and fermented liquors; but I blessed the very sign-posts, with their one or two blinking lanterns, when I went home after dark, or better in the dark, diving with any thing but a blessing, out of one mud-hole into another, and only gaining a kind of survey over the dangerous ground where government had licensed a man to keep a lantern before his door and a

bar behind it. This is a very wise calculation of government; for not only do they avoid spending a penny for illumination, but get paid by the people for permission to provide their own.

The situation of Adelaide, though books for emigrants have given such glowing descriptions of it, can only be excused by the scarcity of harbors in South Australia. Adelaide lies five miles distant from its port, and is connected with it, in the rainy season, by an almost impassable road; and I have heard it said frequently, that goods having kept well during a sea-voyage of four or five months, had been spoiled in coming the little distance of five miles from the port to the town. But lately I have heard that they have agreed to build a railroad down to the sea-coast —one of the greatest improvements to Adelaide that could be made.

His Excellency Sir Henry Young, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia, who has interested himself very much in the navigation of the Murray, hearing of my arrival in Adelaide, sent for me when I had been only a few days in the town, and seemed to be well pleased to hear his own observations—having himself been, I believe, as far as the mouth of the Darling in a whale-boat—agreed with me as to the possibility of making the Murray navigable up to that place, since there are only a few bends—the northwest bend excepted—and comparatively very few snags to be cleared away, though a throughout cleaning of the channel will be necessary on account of these snags; of water there will be plenty every where. In the lowest place, at the lowest level —for the river had not risen at the northwest bend when I reached that place—I forded the Murray, and the water was at least two feet and eight inches in depth.

I had also the pleasure of meeting at the Government House Mr. Sturt, the enterprising traveler of the Australian wilds, who had done his best, provided with all possible means too for the undertaking, to enter the interior of Australia, but in vain; the blacks could or would not enter a wild sand and salt desert; and I hardly think the interior of this vast continent will ever be brought to any account, not even for a passage through it, from one shore to another.

Just at the time I reached Adelaide, there was a kind of crisis for the working classes, and one not to their advantage. The extreme drought of the summer had destroyed all the pastures of

the country; the necessary oxen for the carting of sand and wood could not be kept any more round the Burra Burra Mine; and hundreds of workmen lost their employment. They nearly all flocked to Adelaide, when provisions rising to an unprecedented price, the poor laborers were really badly off. Meetings were held to prevent speculators from sending wheat and flour away to Sydney, and some strong speeches were held, but all ended peaceably.

Amusements, Adelaide has none; for you can not call a theatre an amusement where you spend a half-crown or crown to see a company of actors the smallest town in Germany would not suffer to play out a piece. The lessees of the theatre, Mr. Koppin and Mr. Lazard, are good performers. Mr. Koppin, in fact, being excellent; but they are not able to keep the thing afloat by themselves; and after I left Adelaide, I was not astonished to hear that they had been obliged to shut up.

The only pleasure people have there is, if they can not stay at home, to go to some public-house; and if they call that a pleasure, they may have plenty of it.

A short time ago a French coffee-house (*café Parisien*) was established here, but it woudn't do; there are too few Frenchmen and Germans in the place, and John Bull never was made for a *café*. The poor Frenchman after having spent a large sum in his establishment, had to give it up for a bad job.

But I wanted to see Tanunda again, and requiring a place once more upon the royal mail, I had to pay my money down before I started. Mr. Chambers keeps this establishment of the royal mail; and if he was to get his money only when he delivered his passengers at the right place, and in the right time, it would be a hard case for him, and a good thing for the passengers. It is really a shame for the magistrates who have the overseeing of these things, to suffer an imposition on the public to go on under their eyes in such a shameless manner. They most certainly know why they suffer this; and similar jobs are common throughout the country. This time we had an interesting trip—we were nine persons holding on tight, not to be knocked off from the narrow cart; four miserably poor horses pulled us in a gallop over the nutcracker road toward Gawlertown: I would not book myself further, for fear of accidents.

Our coachman having been once, as he told us, a captain of a

small schooner on some coast, tried his best to persuade his poor beasts in a most mixed kind of sea-lingo, to keep a little longer in the gallop they had fallen into at starting, as it seemed by mistake. The horses possessed very singular names, such as—Morning Star, Flying-fish, Beauty, and Rifle-bullet. They got worse and worse. The man did not know how to handle his whip, taking sometimes the one and then the other end to play upon the horses' backs; and Morning Star, as well as Beauty, got an impartial flogging. Seven miles further we changed horses, and had now Jenny Lind and Red Rover, Robert Peel and Kangaroo. Upon Robert Peel he broke his whip (but he had a spare one inside) during the first quarter of an hour; and if it had not been for Jenny Lind and Red Rover, we should never have reached the next station. Kangaroo in some respects deserved his name, instead of jumping, however, he broke down in the hind legs; but it looked the same. At this station we had to walk between two and three miles. The third station all went well; but the fourth and last was destined to show us the advantages of an Australian mail. Our little captain seemed also to have a kind of foreboding; for when the groom, a sour-looking fellow with a bald head, led out to us the four poorest beasts I had ever laid eyes on, he said, scratching his head: "Now my troubles begin—stand by the halliards."

He was right; up and down we went from the cart; for every minute the horses would stop, even upon the best and straightest road. At last we got tired; this impostor of a mail-contractor, who was known never to feed his horses, but to turn them out whenever they reached a station, to seek their meal upon a plain where a kangaroo would have starved, had taken our money, and wanted us to walk, only to get his cart up to Gawlertown in time to cheat another cargo of dupes into a passage. We therefore determined, much as we pitied the poor beasts, to keep our seats till the horses would go no further, and leave the cart to take care of itself. We had not to wait long. At first, when we gave the captain our declaration of independence, he stopped the horses, and declared that he would stay there all night, for he did not want to kill them; but when we assured him it was all the same to us, and commenced to settle down in the cart as comfortably as we could, he caught up his whip again, and away we went once more, about a quarter of a mile, when we came to a dead

halt. He wanted us to get down again on an open, level, and hard road; we told him we would walk the whole way if he only acknowledged he could take us nor futher; but he would not do that, and we kept our seats.

Half a mile further on, the shaft-horse broke down, and the captain, not sufficiently on his guard when the shafts of the two-wheeled cart fell with the horse to the ground, shot forward upon the prostrate animal, followed by two Chinese and one Irishman I cleared the cart with a bound, and got off free.

It was perfectly dark, and we had to walk about six miles into Gawlertown, which we reached at ten o'clock.

From Gawlertown I took very good care not to walk with the mail again, but went by myself, and reached Tanunda about twelve o'clock.

Tanunda is a nice little place, but entirely German. There are German public-houses, a German drug store, German doctors, stores, blacksmith, carpenter, school, church; in fact every thing is German; and walking through the streets, the form of some house alone shows an English character. In every other respect the traveler would believe himself in some little village of the old country between the Rhine and Oder.

As I have remarked before, I felt the greatest interest in Tanunda, on account of the religious sect of which I had heard so much. A party of old Lutherans had come here to enjoy perfect liberty of religion; at the same time forgetting that they taught the most intolerant religion imaginable—even damning every thing in the world that did not belong to their sect; and assuring "the heathens and Turks" that they had not only a particular place in Paradise, but the exclusive right to these blessed regions, with rooms to let at discretion. Mr. Ravel had had in former times, I was told, a very large community; but believing in the millennium, he unfortunately prophesied the end of the world a year ago. I have forgotten the exact date; but he went with his whole congregation to a little valley about two or three miles distant from Tanunda, to await the coming of the Lord and the destruction of the world. A very heavy thunderstorm and a drenching rain came down from heaven; in the end, these exclusive inheritors of Paradise went home safe and sound, just as wet as drowned rats, and the millennium was a failure. At that time a large part of the believers, or the holy ones (Hei-

ligen), as they called themselves, to distinguish them from the world's children (Weltkinder), separated themselves from Pastor Ravel, and formed a new congregation, sagaciously putting off the millennium to some uncertain time; while Mr. Ravel would only defer it to a certain number of years, fixing it, I believe, at 1899.

I shall not give here a minute description of the intolerance of this sect, or the foolish things they preach and do. The English reader has only to put his head out of his window at home, in merry England, and he can see much the same folly at every corner.

Nearly all the Germans here live in religious communities, and are doing exceedingly well. They came out without any thing; in fact, most of them in debt for their passage; and Mr. Ravel, their corporeal and spiritual leader, did not even pick out the best land for them; for they could have found better sections for less money; but in spite of that, by constant industry, and by leading a temperate life, they gradually advanced. At first they paid their debts, then their rents, and now most of them have paid for their land also, and are doing well in this world; while they hope to do better in the next.

It is a singular fact that large societies, or companies, who emigrate to another country, in quite another part of the world, never keep together. They may be friends, relations, neighbors at home; it is all the same. They hold on awhile, then feel uneasy and uncomfortable; at last quarrel with one another and separate. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of such parties come over to the United States, or to California. All had the same result, except a religious despotism kept them together. Such was Rapp's colony on the Ohio River in the States, the Mormons in California, and these old Lutherans in Australia. But wherever a certain number of souls could be kept together, their bodies have fared extremely well by it; they lost of course, perfect freedom; all their ideas were turned to one point only, and their spiritual leader had to care, and did care for the rest.

Of political affairs these men know nothing—they, with a few exceptions, understand only enough of the English language to drive their bargains and inquire their road. As to voting for the legislature, or other offices, why Mr. Ravel will tell them who to vote for; if not, it is a matter of indifference—people will be elected if they do not vote at all.

It was the same thing in America, where old Mr. Rapp, at a presidential election, sent in the votes of his followers; the governor, however, rejecting them all, except his own, giving him notice at the same time, that his congregation could not be considered free men and voters because they had no free will, and were therefore not allowed a vote.

The soil round Tanunda is tolerably good, though not the best in the Adelaide country; which lies principally in Lyndoch Valley, Barker's Hill, and some other places; and there are stretches which would be unsurpassed by the Mississippi bottom, only the harvests are so exceedingly uncertain, and no average of the produce can be easily given. I have spoken to farmers there, who assured me that they obtained one year forty bushels of wheat from one acre, while they had barely fifteen the next from the same piece of ground, owing to the uncertainty of the seasons with hot winds and very wet winters.

The hilly places, as Barker's Hill, Macclesfield, and others, are better protected against the hot winds than the flats and plains, and therefore give a more certain harvest.

The Adelaide district is, though, a fine country for grain, and will, with Melbourne, remain the corn magazine of Australia; producing also a wine that few countries in the world can surpass. Not far from Tanunda, in fact belonging to it, there lives a German, August Fiedler, from Prussia, who is turning his whole attention to the culture of the grape, and with extaordinary success. He has been planting seventy-two different kinds of grapes, to see which would thrive best; and is of opinion that wine-planters will always be obliged to raise various species, that blossom at different times, as heavy rains may destroy their whole year's crop, if they should all blossom at this period. Having only commenced with this experiment a few years since, all that he has done as yet is comprised in having pressed some of his grapes, and produced a most excellent wine. I tasted here exactly the same kind I had found at Mr. James King's, in Irrawang, except that this wine was not so old; but the most singular and excellent tasting wine he had produced out of some Muscadine grapes, which had the exact tatse of pine-apple punch. If I had not been assured that it was the pure juice of the grape, I should have thought it Rhine wine mixed with the juice of a pine-apple and some sugar. I took a small medicine bottle of it

with me to see how it would keep; I had the bottle with me on my voyage for about a year, three months of that time in Batavia; and tasting it afterward in Germany, it was as good and strong as ever, and equal to the best port wine, though far sweeter, than I had ever drunk—but the pine-apple flavor was gone.

The land in Australia is much easier cleared than in the States, there being not so much underwood to work out; but America has an advantage in the wood, which brings a profit. In the States, when clearing a certain quantity of ground, the trees are nearly always left standing, or the small ones are cut down and burnt or used, and the stumps left in the field will rot away in the course of ten years sufficiently to allow of their being taken out by the plow; but the stump of a gum tree will never rot. It will send new shoots out every year, and you have to take it out of the ground as it is, or you can never get rid of it. Nor will all gum trees split well to make good fences; but they manage to get enough rails out of some of them.

But enough of these things; the English reader, if he wants to hear any thing about emigration to Australia has plenty of such books at home; books, too, which paint Australia as a Paradise, and cover it with all the charms and beauties of nature, all the riches of the world, and all the advantages man, the most dissatisfied of his sect could ever require. I will do no such thing. I have no notion of inducing the reader to emigrate to Australia, or to any other country in the world; I shall only tell him how I found those countries I visited, how they appeared to me, and what I have seen there new and interesting.

So I think we may just as well go back to Adelaide, leaving the sects in Tanunda to take care of themselves; and dive once more into the gold excitement of the city, which spread more and more. No more vessels were advertised for Sydney, nor for the Ophir and Turon diggings; offering quick passages to the land of promise.

On the royal mail, going from Gawlertown to Adelaide, we had two interesting characters. One was an old fellow who went directly to the "goold," as he called it; he did not want so much of it; indeed would have preached to us, even on the dangerous seat of a royal mail. He told us, and the man was in earnest—a lady in Sydney has since written a whole volume about it, and proved it by Scripture, too—that Australia was really the prom-

ised land of the Lord, promised in the Revelations, and given to us now by the goodness of the Lord. He was going now to get his share; and those who believed, had only to strike a spade in the ground—he would say no more.

The other was a stout lady from Gawlertown. When she came to the post-office, and it was a dark raw morning, she asked if the bar-keeper, had any hot water. "Yes, Ma'am," said this sleepy personage, "and boiling hot coffee, too, all ready, if you'll only step—"

"Thank you," she said, "I don't drink coffee; give me a glass of brandy and water, hot!" and she took a good stiff one, too, treating the coachman to another, telling us it was medicine to her. The doctor must have prescribed for her a dose every half-hour; for wherever we stopped, the lady and the coachman were sure to take a nobbler, as they call it here. "Bless my soul," she would say, when she got down from the cart, to follow her doctor's prescription, "it is a raw morning, and a drop does a body good." She was the butcher's wife from Gawlertown.

From Adelaide I visited Macclesfield and the surrounding country, taking a pleasant ride over the lofty range, through one of the most fertile parts of South Australia. There are also in that neighborhood several very large German settlements—as Hahndorf for one—and the farmers belonging to Ravel's sect of the millennium are doing exceedingly well. They have paid very high for the land; but they raise most excellent crops, and are fast making fortunes with the high prices of wheat and flour at the present time. They are a quiet, industrious class of people, plowing and looking to their crops in the week, and reading the Bible or going to church on a Sunday, and not caring a straw about the rest of the world. The English are perfectly right in thinking them most useful citizens. They do well in Australia; but we have too many of them in Germany. They are good citizens; but are rather too good for me.

In Tanunda I had got acquainted with the captain of a German barque, bound for Sydney and Manilla; Mr. F. Smith and I determined to go with him, first to Sydney—for which port he had some freight from Antwerp—and take a trip to the gold-mines of the Turon, or some other gully of present celebrity, and then go on with the vessel to the Philippean Isles, to start thence to the Cape of Good Hope, and then home.

The "Wilhelmine," took passengers for the mines, some in the cabin, and many in the steerage. There were also several German families on board, that had been some years in the Adelaide district, and not liking the country, intended to go to New Zealand. There being no vessels bound to any of the New Zealand ports in Adelaide, they hoped to find a passage from Sydney.

Passengers for the mines we had of every kind; shepherds, sailors, farmers, laborers, men and women, all in most excellent spirits for the undertaking. But vessels do not sail as they are advertised, and our's was detained a few days before we could weigh anchor; so I made the best use of my time I could, and was so fortunate as to get acquainted with Mr. Moorhouse, the protector of the Australian aborigines, to whom I was indebted for a visit to the school-rooms of the children of some of the southern tribes.

The Australian black has the black skin, but not the woolly hair of the African negro; his profile is, however, sometimes entirely African, sometimes more so, as if belonging to the Malayan race, yet occasionally it is perfectly European. He, therefore, like many of the animals and plants of this singular country, puzzles the naturalist extremely. But savage and uncultivated as he seems, without any religion, except the fear of some evil spirits, who might do him harm—without habitation, except the temporary shelter of a piece of bark, stripped from the tree and set slanting upon end, to turn the rain—without clothing, except in a very cold season, sometimes an opossum rug or mantle—ay, without truth or honesty, except when you can keep him within the range of your gun—deficient of every thing we, in a civilized state think necessary for happiness—even for life, and without seeming to want it, he possesses abilities and talents, for which we are not at first disposed to give him credit. Still, the germ of something better lies unfolded in his brain—never in his heart—perhaps to burn up brilliantly once, like the dying flame of a lamp, before he is swept from the face of the earth.

On the Murray and Murrumbidgee, I was astonished to see the dexterity with which these savages handled their rough and seemingly harmless weapons—especially the most singular of all, the boomerang; and to notice the facility with which they learned to express themselves in the English language. In this school

there was ample evidence that it was not want of abilities that was the cause of the savage state in which they continued, in spite of all that government or the settlers could do to alter it. The reader shall walk with me through the school-room, and judge for himself.

The teacher, I did not learn his name, was so obliging as to pick out some of his best scholars, three boys and one girl, from ten to fourteen years of age. Asking me to let them read something out of a New Testament he handed to me, I accidentally opened the first chapter of St. John; each of the children had a New Testament, and soon found the place. "In the commencement was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." The boy read a verse with astonishing facility, and after him the other three. They had taken the English accent perfectly, and in fact, read with a great deal more expression and emphasis than children commonly exhibit in English village schools.

I asked the teacher if the children understood what they were reading; I had no idea of asking if they understood *this* verse. He, however, turning to his pupils, desired them to explain the meaning of it. I must acknowledge I felt curious to learn their ideas. Their explanation, very likely, would not have satisfied an expounder of Holy Writ, but it proved the excellent memory of the children. The word was with them, which was Christ himself; not the idea suggested by that name, but another appellation. He was called the Saviour and Son of God, in other places, and the *word* here.

While one explained what he had read, another took up a slate which was lying before him, and commenced drawing a white swan, a picture of which was fastened, with many other similar representations, on the wall. The little fellow had as yet, of course, not sufficient firmness of hand to give the outline of the bird correctly; but his eye caught every deviation from the original, and there was no doubt that with some study he would be able to draw well. They all seem to have peculiarly the talent of imitation, and this has most certainly assisted them in learning to write; for I saw the copybooks of several boys who had been at school only a few years, and for a few months at a time, and they wrote a better handwriting than I did, at least, one more regular and accurate.

They also had to cipher, which was taught them in a simple and practical way with several pieces of wire upon which small beads were strung together, ten and ten.

A perfect picture-gallery of colored drawings, which were hung round the room, seemed to interest the little fellows, particularly the most uncivilized. They represented animals, landscapes, and different handicrafts and trades, and had printed explanations below. The children knew not only what they resembled, but their different colors; and while some were answering questions, others were standing apart copying them. The conclusion of this was an examination in geography, in which I of course expected them to be very imperfect, but was surprised to find how much they knew. They had a map of the world, giving the outlines of the different countries; these they knew, east and west, north and south. They could tell where Adelaide was situated, harder it seemed to them to find Sydney; but nobody could expect more from them; I was astonished to find them do so much.

But what has been the result of these attempts to civilize a race which, in spite of its faculties, seems the most stubborn on the face of the earth? I am sorry to say, a very limited success. Whether the experiment has been made with boys or girls, they return, as soon as they attain a certain age, to their old life. The missionaries have given up the work of conversion in despair; and in fact, all attempts with adult blacks, only proved that so much labor and expense had been unprofitably expended. To commence, therefore, in another way, children were taught, and the parents enticed by every thing that could make an impression upon them (not arguments and persuasions, but woolen blankets and peas and mutton) to bring their children to school, and, a still more difficult thing, to keep them there. Even this seems to be in vain, as some very discouraging cases have recently shown. Boys have been known to stay a long time with their employers, though they are never to be depended upon, and are always sure to abscond when you least expect it; but girls will never stay beyond a certain age, and the cause of this lies in their old superstitions—the fear of their evil spirits, still more of their old men, or sorcerers, and they will always abandon every comfort they have enjoyed, than risk their anger. Girls, when yet babies, are promised in marriage, and when they gain the

proper age, generally twelve years, they must go to their husbands, and the whites can not detain them.

A most extraordinary example of such a case happened here only a very short time ago, destroying all the hopes the teachers of the blacks had entertained up to that moment.

The protector of the aborigines had taken a little girl into the school, which she frequented for four years, learning perfectly well to read and to write, and every thing else that was taught her, becoming also a Christian, and wearing the warm and comfortable dress of Europeans. After she left school, she remained two years with the missionaries, and two years in the Governor's house—in fact, seemed perfectly civilized. After eight years, and the girl was then about sixteen, one morning she threw off every piece of clothing she had upon her, and leaving town, ran into the woods to her tribe, and was never seen again.

The Europeans have as yet discovered no sufficient inducement to make the aborigines quit their savage life; the new experiments they are now making, may possibly answer, but I doubt whether they are justifiable.

Government has the children of both sexes taught and educated. After they are grown up, they are married—not in accordance with the laws of their tribes, by which a young man is not allowed to marry till he has reached a certain age, and then does not select a young girl for himself, but some old lady, one of the burkas, chooses one for him. They are then brought over to Port Lincoln, where they get a house and some land for a garden or field, with every thing they require, except their liberty—for should they desire to leave that narrow strip of land, they have to pass a hostile tribe, which none of them would dare to do, except in a case of utmost necessity.

The children in school here are all decently dressed, the boys in jackets and pantaloons, and the girls in long cotton frocks; they are also obliged to keep themselves clean, that is cleaner at least, than they were in the woods—but their noses—oh! their noses!

Speaking of the dress of the black girls, I must always think of a young lady of the Mouleman tribe I saw in that region. It was a raw and cold morning, and in the tavern where I had staid all night, they had a glorious fire in the chimney—breakfast was ready, and on the table—that is, some mutton chops

were broiled, the damper set on end against the wall, and the contents of the tins, pint and quart cups, were smoking hot beside the tin plates, and sugar had been put into the kettle, when a young black girl, in one of those long blue frocks all those women wear who are employed in the white families, or households, entered, and looking round, walked right up to the fire, to warm herself. First she held her outstretched hands open over the flame, turning her face from the heat; then, after having been warmed on that side sufficiently, she turned round, and, taking up her frock behind, continued standing before the fire, and looking at us—just as a gentleman might stand before a fire-place, with his coat-tails under his arms, and his feet apart. I do not like to appear unpolite toward ladies, but I really could not help bursting into a laugh—the position was so extraordinary —but the others seemed to be perfectly used to it, and the girl kept looking at me, perhaps offended, but wondering what I saw to grin about.

The English reader who desires to know more of the aborigines, may find, at least about the Southern tribes, two small tracts which contain very valuable information. They are written by German missionaries, but in the English language; the one by the Rev. Mr. H. E. A. Meyer, is called, "Manners and Customs of the Aborigines of the Encounter Bay tribe, South Australia," and the other by the Rev. Mr. C. W. Schürmann, of the Lutheran Missionary Society, Dresden, "The Aboriginal Tribes of Port Lincoln, in South Australia; their Mode of Life, Manners, and Customs, &c."

I have seen a great many different tribes, but having just come from a country where the Indians were surrounded by the beautiful and luxurious vegetation of their islands, they had either made such a favorable impression on me, or I had contracted a prejudice against these before I entered their territories, hearing such dreadful stories of blood and murder about them, that I must acknowledge they did not please me at all; particularly their disgusting uncleanliness made me loath them from the first. By a ride through the Pampas, I had got used to similar ways, and when out in the woods and wilderness, a man must not be over nice, or he had better stay away; but I have seen families and groups that really, figuratively speaking, turned my stomach only to look at them.

The tribes in general do not seem very healthy, especially in the rainy season when they are without any covering, without even a dry place to sleep in, and with insufficient nourishment; sometimes however they have food in abundance, when they gorge themselves to bursting, at other times starving for days, tying cords round their waists, as if they were going to cut themselves in two, which can not be healthy. A most extraordinary feature with them—the reverse is found among the islanders of the South Sea—is a decline in the muscles of the arms and legs, both with men and women. The South Sea Islander's legs they can scarcely travel with, the flesh swells so much under the skin; their neighbors, the Australians, have their flesh shrivel or disappear under the skin, sometimes making one arm or one leg like the limb of a skeleton, merely covered with the black hide. I have even seen in several cases, men with both their legs in this way—a skeleton and nothing else—while the upper part of their bodies were well made and strong. But they could not walk, they had to crawl on the ground, and seeing them there with an opossum rug thrown over the decayed limbs, you would not have had the least suspicion they were so afflicted. I saw one of these cripples on the Hume, and it was a ghastly sight to watch the poor devil crawl on his hands to the river, where he had a little bit of a bark canoe; but once on the water's edge *just such* a change came over him as over the gaucho in the Pampas, who would walk with his clumsy spurs as awkwardly over the sod as possible, till he laid his hand upon the neck of his own steed—the Indian had hardly reached the bank, he was yet within five feet of it, on a kind of steep, sandy wall, when he tumbled himself right down head foremost, as though rolled up into a ball; and a fish could not have seemed more in its element than was the cripple from the moment he touched the flood.

There was also a large proportion of blind men, not so many women, among the tribes—this seems a curse for the poor devils, and must be caused by the heat and dust in summer, which, with the flies, particularly in the Murray plains, are insupportable. The shepherds over there told me many a time, if I had undertaken that journey in the dry season, I must have had to stop all day and travel all night, or I could not have stood it. The most extraordinary and impudent kind of small flies they have in Australia, and if they alight on your face, and they always do that,

you may give up attempting to drive them away—no, indeed, they are not so easily frightened; you must kill them on the spot, or wipe them off, or they will not leave. This matter gets more disgusting when you hear from the settlers that the blacks are the cause of their boldness, because they never drive them away; and you see these dirty rascals walk about with the lower part of their faces completely covered with these flies. It is shocking!

The blacks—and the old ones pride themselves not a little upon a large growth—wear their beards; and some have really a beautiful crop of hair. When they have well-shaped beards it looks well, for their hair is soft and curly—very unlike the wooly crop of the negroes; but if they are deformed, it gives them a frightful aspect. One magnificent specimen of an old man I saw once on the Murray—he was perfectly naked, stout-limbed and well-made; his small long shield, formed of a roughly carved and a nearly canoe-like piece of wood was in his left, and a short, dangerous-looking war-club in his right hand—on his arms and breast were the dreadful marks of Australian tattooing—large scars which are made artificially by keeping the wounds open—but his beard was the most extraordinary thing about him. It not only grew on his face as with the white men, but over the upper part of his breast and down his shoulders nearly to where the shoulder-blades end. It made him look as if he wore a kind of fur-collar. He was the most splendid specimen of an Australian Indian I had ever seen.

The most lively, active, and well-formed blacks I have found on the upper parts of the Murray; they are also the most warlike and murderous; and their weapons show greater variety, and are more dangerous than those of the Southern tribes. Below Lake Bono, but principally from the northwest bend, the only weapon in the hands of these tribes, was a spear eight and nine feet long, which they throw, it is true, with great dexterity; but it never can be such a dangerous weapon as the short spears of the Northern tribes, of which each carries four or more.

Though it is commonly said the tribes do not travel at night, some distance further down the Murray I have noticed them, in moonlight nights, hunt the wom-bat, a small kind of badger, or ground-hog; but probably those night-hunters were sorcerers, who knew better than to believe the tales they told others.

The most numerous tribe left, and they are likely to be undisturbed in their possessions and hunting-grounds, are the Malley blacks, or Worrigels, as they are called by other tribes on the Murray. They live entirely in the malley bushes, chasing the emu, kangaroo, and walloby; and have no water. But the roots of the malley supplies them with all they need for drinking; for washing they never use a drop. It seems grease answers with them as water with us. In hot weather they are said to be perfectly mad sometimes after grease, to rub their skins with. Several whites that had tasted the water from the malley roots, told me it was sweet and cool; in some species it was of a slight reddish color; in another, almost as clear as spring-water.

These Malley blacks are a wild and dangerous mob, and hardly ever mix with the other blacks.

There is no place more notorious for these abominable customs than the neighborhood of the Murrumbidgee, Swan Hill, and Darling, and all over that country; also down to Lake Bono and below it, but in a modified form. At their burials, these Southern tribes have only a kind of ceremony—a sham battle, but with the condition of blood flowing. Somebody's blood must be spilled, be the wound ever so small. Even mothers, when their babies die, receive three wounds on the head, out of which blood must flow.

These tribes apparently have no religion; at least, no God, or powerful Great Spirit, who is doing good to the tribes. They have, however, several evil spirits, who are slipping about in the dark, and playing the very devil with any of the poor blacks they can get into their power. Some tribes call the devil "tow;" which they also call the white men, showing plainly enough what they thought of the latter, when they first entered their country; and as it seems by their continued use of the word, their opinion is unaltered.

Lutko means in their language, as with us frequently, shade and soul. But talking of their language, it is rather a difficult thing to say what they call this or that; for nearly every tribe has a different language; which is sometimes not alike even in the roots. They have some traditions about the reasons of this difference; but these are so confused as to leave it a mere matter of superstition. The Rev. Mr. Meyer has the following account:

"Languages originated from an ill-tempered old woman. In remote time an old woman, named Wurruri, lived toward the east, and generally walked with a large stick in her hand, to scatter the fires round which others were sleeping—[a very dangerous practice for them, as the reader will recollect, since they believed they are given up as a prey to all the monsters of the night, when their fires are out]. Wurruri at length died. Greatly delighted at this circumstance, they sent messengers in all directions to give notice of her death. Men, women, and children came, not to lament, but to show their joy. The Raminjerar were the first who fell upon the corpse, and commenced eating the flesh, and immediately began to speak intelligibly. The other tribes to the eastward arriving later, eat the contents of the intestines, which caused them to speak a language slightly different. The northern tribes came last, and devoured the intestines and all that remained, and immediately spoke a language differing still more from that of the Raminjerar."

They do believe in an existence after death, but seem to think this to be like an awakening from sleep or stupor; returning in the new life to all their old habits. About the place where they go to, they also differ—some affirm that it lies to the west, some above, some below, and some have their souls to stay on trees among them. The milky way of the southern heavens is the smoke of the camp-fires of some of their tribes; as the stars themselves are thought to be the different camps, far, far away.

Mr. Moorhouse has kept a very interesting journal about the tribes which have been around Adelaide, and I hope he will publish it. It contains more information respecting the character of the blacks than could be found in the longest history. He gave me permission to read it, and copy passages, but my time was too short to profit much by his kindness.

Very interesting to me were the accounts of the children who were kept in school. It seems to have been very hard work to make them remain in a close room longer than a very short time —very few have come in—some years more, some less—except on her Majesty's birthday, when good victuals and woolen blankets were divided among them, and then not one was absent. On the contrary, they brought their parents and acquaintances also. Formerly ten, fifteen or twenty children frequented the school (when I visited it, between thirty and forty), but on the Queen's

birthday, were present: 1840, 283 blacks; 1841, 374; 1842, 400; 1843, 450.

In 1845, the intelligence of such a festivity must have spread extraordinarily through the country, for this day 1041 Aborigines were collected in Adelaide; 384 from the Adelaide tribe; 207 from Encounter Bay; and 450 from Wellington.

"Hundreds of blankets were divided among the parents of the children who had come to school. On an average only nine boys and ten girls were frequenting school at that time; these also only for a short period, when others took their place.

"To keep the children at the school, they receive some rice and biscuit; and when they can speak and read correctly, a blanket and a dress. Soup, with meat and peas, is their favorite dish.

"In 1840, a law was passed to prohibit the whites firing guns in sport to frighten natives. For their dread of fire-arms diminished when they frequently witnessed the discharge of a gun without seeing any harm done.

"In 1845, in December, Nancy, a girl in Government House, left with her husband, and could not be persuaded to stay any longer. The latter would not even take an employment in the black police. The girl was nineteen, the man twenty years old.

"In 1846, the Protector tried to induce some parents to send their children to school. When he was out on the Murray for this purpose, the parents hid their children in the reeds, or took them over to the other side of the river. Only two he persuaded to come along with him, and they followed him five miles—further they did not want to leave their homes, and dodging away into the bushes, soon disappeared.

"In 1848, the 27th of January, a European, Thomas Adams, was married by the deputy-registrar to a girl of the blacks, called Kudnarto, from the Flinders Range tribe. It was the first case of the kind. The woman received a section of reserve land," I expect as an encouragement to others willing to step into the bonds of sweet wedlock.

It is a singular fact that the children in school of different tribes, on account of the difference of their language, are obliged to talk English to understand each other.

CHAPTER VI.

SYDNEY IN 1851, AND THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

Our voyage from Adelaide to Sydney, was, if not very short, for we had much head-wind and about twelve days' passage, very pleasant. Captain Smith, a gentleman in every sense of the word, and not of all captains can you say this, had arranged every thing with the greatest comfort, and with interesting companions, these few days passed so quickly that we landed in Jackson Harbor, almost before we really knew we had started. It was the most pleasant trip I have ever made on sea. But how did Sydney look?

When I left this town, about three months before, Sydney was a lively and busy, but in every other respect quiet and perfectly reasonable place, in which I could not discover the least sign of any concealed fever or madness. Every thing, as in large, well-arranged machinery, went regularly; and if occasionally some ambitious speaker at an anti-transportation meeting, agitated or incited some small part of the population for a few hours, by tea-time that evening, or by the next cool morning breeze in the worst case, all was right again.

When I landed and walked up George-street, I first thought that the place was on fire—people walked no more, they ran; before almost every house on the landing—and the most of them are boarding-houses—some drays were standing loading—the most conspicuous parts of the luggage being a box of tea, and a "cradle;" and round each vehicle a crowd of persons pressed, looking at the things, and "the happy coves," who were about to start with them (the others would not be ready for a day or two), and talking and arguing about the last nuggets found.

Further up in the street, before the office of the "Morning Herald," the largest crowd was collected. The Robinsonean lump —or I had better say nugget—of three hundred and twenty, or one hundred and six pounds of gold, troy weight, had just been

discovered. It was as if that piece of gold had been a door, which, rolling away, suddenly opened to the astonished multitude an illuminated Paradise. Such as had been irresolute what to do, "to be or not to be" one of the diggers, now shook off every doubt, bought a pickax and the other instruments necessary for their future misery, and it was a settled thing.

Before the office, the people seemed raving mad; the last paper had been pasted up before the door upon a large board—rather too low down, and the crowd pressed around to read the account—each of the mass—careless to the extreme what became of the rest of his body, if he only brought his head into the pyramid of skulls which had formed itself around this glorious account.

Nearly the same groups collected before the different jeweler's stores to see there the nuggets lying behind the large panes as a kind of bait for the multitude. "Look ye," they spoke as plain as print, "where we came from, there are plenty more; and you stop here before the window, your mouth wide open, and stare at me? Do you know that every minute you lose down here, may cost you half an ounce in not picking up the lumps, ready for use in the mines?" Bless my soul! how they run to engage a dray, and pay any thing that is asked, only to get off the quicker.

Iron!—who has said iron was the world's magnet? Gold is the charm now, darting its burning rays over the world—gold is the magnet to which the needles of Christianity and Judaism turn with obedient veneration; even the heathens have caught the fever, leaving home and friends—merely "to see the elephant," as the Americans used to say.

In one word, Sydney was mad; you could not converse with any man in town, let him be as reasonable as possible in every other respect, except on that one topic, gold. You went to a doctor, and told him you were ill; he would feel your pulse and ask you, not if you had pains in the head or any where else—but if you had heard the last accounts from the mines. You met a friend in the street, shook hands with him, and asked him how he was—"they have found another nugget," would be his answer.

"How do you sell these oranges, old fellow?" you inquire of a man who is running up the street at five knots an hour, with a wheelbarrow.

"Any price, Sir—any," is his reply, "it's the last load, God be thanked!"

"Why you are not—"

"For the mines, Sir. God bless you!"

Our vessel touched at Sydney to discharge freight, as well as to repair; the foremast had to come out, and there was at least a couple of weeks time for me, and maybe more, to go up to the diggings and take a look at them. To do that quickly I had again to take to the royal mail, which started three times a week for the gold country; and such a run there was at this time for a conveyance, that they had raised the price to double the amount, and you had to book your place a week, ay, sometimes two weeks beforehand, only to have the privilege of risking your neck. To go up to Bathurst had cost four weeks ago, £1 10s., now it was £2 5s., and the next day £2 10s. Afterward it rose still more. Monday I booked, and for Wednesday week—got a place.

In the mean time, I passed my days in Sydney pleasantly enough. At first I had to finish my correspondence for Germany, and then I got acquainted with some English families there by whom I was received in the kindest manner. So Wednesday came, and in the evening at five o'clock I was on the spot.

Having a good memory, I never again undertook to enter the wagon, but scaling the top at the commencement, I got a tolerably good place. We were sixteen full-grown men up there, and I don't know how many inside, but certainly not less than eight, for I could hear them scream there sometimes. The place around us, at the time was crowded with people who had come to look at the "happy dogs" who were going to start immediately for the nuggets, while they had to wait, poor devils, maybe twenty-four hours longer before they could follow.

This stage-coach went to Paramatta. From there to Penrith we got an immense large ommibus, and from the next station the open carts commenced. Rattling away through night and darkness, up and down hill, at a break-neck pace, with so many persons crammed together in a shaking spring cart, it was a miserable ride; but still we moved along at a very good rate, and did not care much for the rest.

In the night, we passed a great many camp-fires, and saw every where on the road the white covered wagons of the "gold diggers" standing, bound for the "holy land,"—as my old fellow-passenger of the Adelaide mail-cart called it. Nine o'clock next morning

we met four men returning from the diggings; and you may think how eagerly the mail-passengers hailed them to hear the news. But the men seemed already knocked up always with answering the same question, and gave only very short accounts to get rid of them. Of course, every thing was good up there, and the whole cartful was now in the best spirits. Hurrah for the mines—and hard-work! Bah! they had known that before—that was nothing. If there was only gold there, they did not care for the rest. Blessed California! I was in for it again.

That morning we reached Mount Victoria, and here, I found more magnificent scenery than I had ever before seen in Australia. Mount Victoria is a tolerable high mountain, running down steep and picturesque on three sides into deep and narrow valleys, which stretch far out to where other ridges bound the horizon. The vegetation is, of course, the same as every where else; gum trees—nothing but everlasting gum trees; and these, with their same monotonous dull green color, spoiled the look of every landscape; but here, where there was a greater distance to overlook, these mountains forming the background and the side-scenes, had received another coloring, and even the gum trees another aspect: you forgot, while looking at the dark blue and shadowed slopes of the rough mountains in those beautiful varying tints, the vegetation which covered them. There was a pleasant variety in the whole—a difference as if our old friends the gum trees had hid themselves in the transparent mists of the mountain, to paint their cheeks with the rosy hues of the rising sun.

The road, passing here over a large dam-like wall, divides, with a high and steep peak opposite, the valleys in two nearly equal halves; and to your right hand, the eye rests with pleasure upon the white houses and habitations of busy humankind far below you; while to your left, the wilderness lies unbroken and unprofaned.

Unprofaned! The coachman told us a story of Mount Victoria, that curdled the blood in my veins. Passing the highest peak, which rose up from out the dark valley, with its colossal sharp-broken and wall-like masses of rock—the upper point, overhanging the quiet rustling forest—he said, turning around to us, and pointing with his whip to the rock:

"That there is the very point from which that young cove jumped down."

"And wherefore?" nearly every body asked.

"Oh! they said he hadn't been quite right in his head."

One of the passengers, who, I suspect had seen more of the country than he would have been willing to acknowledge remarked:

"It is a good while ago since they worked at this 'ere road. There was among the rest a young chap, who sat always moping by himself, and never would mingle with the rest of the gang. Of course, only the 'Government men' did, at that time, the public works; and none of them liked the young fellow, for he didn't suit them; and the overseer sometimes, if he (the boy) had his 'moping humor,' as he called it, whipped him, so as to strip the skin off his back. One morning, when he had done, I forget now what, and received more than his usual quantity of lashes, he disappeared suddenly; and the men, working right back there on the road, saw him come out on that very point over there, hardly three hundred yards distant from the road. The overseer, of course, halloed over to him to come back directly, and go to work, or 'he'd get another breakfast;' but the crazy one—for he must have been out of his senses—shook his head slowly, then lifted up his hands, and cried so loud, we could understand every word of it—'God have mercy upon my soul—God bless you all!' and then—and then he took the leap, and we could hear him strike the ground below."

"And was he dead?" one of the passengers asked.

"Dead!" the old fellow repeated; and his rough frame shuddered inwardly, as he thought probably of the mangled, crushed body of the unhappy boy.

"Right here from this bridge, two have also tumbled down lately," coachy added, to let us have a second pleasant story, "over the balister! Yes, of course, right here, where them low bushes stand. They were two fellows, who marched together to Bathurst: on the road, they got up a quarrel betwixt them, and just here—they couldn't have chosen a worse place—they commenced to box and wrestle, tumbling down finally, both together into the gully there. One was dead on the spot; and the other, I believe, only broke his arm and his leg; but most probably he died afterward also."

"No," said one of the passengers—a pale, dark-looking fellow; "that was me!"

We all looked at the man; but the coachman, at this minute, gave the whip to the horses. The road led down the steep mountain slope, and away we rattled at such a rate, we all thought every minute something must break; sending us, in that case, down the precipice, which was yawning close on each side of us. If something had happened in that minute to the wagon, I would not have given a penny for all our lives; but a kind Providence watched over us, and we reached safely the valley and the house where we were to take dinner.

The road from here looked as if we were going to a fair—everywhere these carts, sometimes drawn by oxen, sometimes by horses; but all were heavily loaded with all kinds of tools, provisions, and other goods, accompanied by crowds of men, and even of women sometimes. Here and there we overtook caravans at their camp, impatient to start, though the cattle could not be found. The air was clear and balmy, and all we passed seemed in excellent spirits.

That afternoon, going down a steep hill at the old break-neck pace, we broke our shaft; but fortunately, though cracking when we just had passed the top of the ridge, it only snapped off when we reached the more level road, or we should have come down by the run. We had to walk from here four miles, till we came to a place where we could get another shaft fitted in.

This evening after sun-down, we reached Bathurst, in a rather barren plain; there were some cultivated parts about, but in general the land seemed far more fit for pasture than for tillage. Still, we had passed some very fertile, and in fact, well cultivated valleys. Several of us stopped at the Royal Hotel, in Bathurst, the best in the town, kept by a Mrs. Blake; and the only conversation on that whole blessed evening turned, of course, around that one point—gold. The most interesting person in the crowd was an English Jew, who spoke in the most mysterious manner of a place he had discovered, where the gold lay no more in nuggets, no, in layers and solid blocks, and the precious stones any body could pick up around there, like bricks around a kiln! His hearers listened to him with open mouths, as if they considered him a prophet; and a few tolerable good-looking nuggets he had in his pockets and exhibited, completed his triumph. Oh, California!

There was a mail-cart going from here to the Turon, but every

place in it was taken, of course, for the next three or four days. The distance, however, not being more than about twenty-five or twenty-eight miles, I started next morning early with two other passengers, who had come up with me from Sydney, and taking a narrow path, which led through the wood in a comparatively straight direction, we soon left all the wagons or carts behind, which we found working up and down the hills, when we came farther on into the main road again. One of my companions was a stout little fellow, but he could not walk; down hill he went tolerably well, always with a rush and going ahead a pace, as if he could not hold back; but up hill he wanted steam, and was puffing away behind after we had reached the top, sometimes half an hour. Not to leave him behind, we slackened our pace a good while; but it would not do, and we had to give him up at last.

My other companion, also, seemed to me rather a stout portly person; but toward the middle of the day, when the sun came up warm, the sweat stood upon his brow and he told me, at last, he must stop and take off some of his shirts! Some of his shirts! You ought to have seen that man peel: first he threw down two pairs of woolen double blankets he had carried upon his shoulders, then he pulled off three woolen shirts, having left, as he assured me, only two—one woolen over-shirt and an under one. Of pantaloons he only wore three, of which he would not take off any, for fear of catching cold; but a pair of stockings and a pair of socks he pulled off, leaving, as he said, only one pair of woolen stockings and one pair of cotton socks. He also took away a large woolen comforter, tied closely round his neck—I do not know how many kerchiefs he wore below it. He now became quite thin; had he stripped entirely I felt inclined to doubt that there would have been any thing left.

Close to the Turon we camped. Next morning we heard, in some steep gully, the first sounds of the cradles. I could see the miners far below; they had no running water, and were merely washing in little pools. But I could not lose my time by going down; I knew where I should find more of them. Two hours afterward, I reached the last ridge of the Turon; before me I had the "golden valley," and the gum trees only convinced me some evil spirit had not, in a wild and reckless frolic, carried me back, against will and inclination, to California. There was the same life, the same pressing and running, the same efforts,

the same trials, the same results. And there lay the Turon—a small, muddy creek, the golden aim thousands were striving at—the new Australian El Dorado; the place which seemed, for all those thousands who were trudging along, heavy loaded, the long weary road, to possess a golden lustre, that was to shed a heavenly light on all their pains and hardships.

But how about El Dorado? I had thought every body was striving for the place, and I had hardly reached it myself when I saw hundreds, their blankets and cradles upon their backs, turning from it. How was this? New mines had been discovered, dear reader, at some other place; in this case really at the World's End, as the spot had been called rather humorously by shepherds and run-keepers. On the Turon, the mines were said in Sydney and Adelaide to yield extraordinarily well. "Yes, in some spots quantities of gold had been found; but too many came here. There is not water enough in some places, and in others too much. Only to make scanty wages we don't like to work so hard. Maybe it is better at the World's End, and we'll try our luck there. If not, the road back is not cut off." Such were the answers I received from passers by. And with this World's End the same game commenced in Australia, which was played over and over again in California every where. The mines are giving the spectacle of a bee-hive—thousands are coming in, and as many flying out; the one just as anxious to reach the place, as the others are to leave it: the hopes they carry, with exceptions of course, being the same—that the next place they reach may turn out the very thing they have looked for. On the foot of the hill there was a little mining town standing—that is, a small number of store tents, just as in California; only here the Union was fluttering in the breeze, instead of the American Stripes and Stars.

Following the river down, I saw a perfect line of "goers," all heavy loaded and rather downcast, as it seemed to me. The papers had told them that those were not satisfied on the Turon, who found but an ounce daily!—and they seemed to belong exactly to this class. But an ounce! I had lived too long in a gold country not to know what it meant to find an ounce daily. We had had very good days, and how very seldom did we find an ounce a man. But the newspapers are fond of sowing gold, while counting upon just such a harvest. There were many a Thou-

sand and One Night Stories afloat; I had not been but a very short time in the mines, before I recognized the same ups and downs as on the Sacramento and San Joaquim.

Hard labor the miners had—they were sure of that any how, but not so certain were they of the golden reward; and though many of them found very rich placers, the large majority was just earning their living, and a very great many not even that. But single cases were held up to the gold-seekers as the happy results, and they were only too willing to believe. So also on the Turon very good paying placers had been found; and single parties had washed out—on the Golden Point, for instance, and other bars—perfect properties. The Turon is in fact generally rich, and a great many other mountain streams hold, I have not the least doubt, quite as much gold; but the public ought not to be deluded by the quantities that come down from the mines, as to their richness in general. They ought to consider how many hands are working at it to bring that gold up, and how much these thousands had to work out only to pay their living. There were more than fifteen thousand men working in the mines before I left Australia, and if each of these on an average only made an ounce per week, as much as he needed for provisions, tools, clothing, &c.; all this going down with the weekly mail, made of course an immense show—fifteen thousand ounces in one pile are no joke; but even then, none of the workmen would at that rate have made a fortune. But while there were thousands who did not make their living, others did better; and in single cases, men dug out in a few weeks sometimes an independent fortune, encouraging others to do the same; ay, driving them to madness nearly to secure the same luck.

A great many though, who had jumped head-over-heels into this business, soon found out that they were not made for such work and such a life; they could have earned the same, or better wages, if they had stuck to their employment in Sydney; and these "sold their cradles"—as they had it in the mines as a by-word—and took the back track. Others I spoke to, told me they would try it a month or two longer, and if they found nothing in that time, they would quit digging; others, again, rather capricious in their ideas, swore they would have at least back from the mines what the mines had cost them, or die a trying; their expectations had come down a long way.

But luck is the main thing; there is no dependence on any thing else. So I was told by several who came from that region, where a black fellow, like the former "Friday" had found that giant lump of gold in a quartz block, crammed or grown into the roots of an old gum-tree. Others coming after him, and hoping to find more such lumps, had macadamized the whole hill from top to bottom, smashing every quartz block they could reach with their large sledge hammers, and played the very mischief with every thing that looked like a white rock, without finding the least gold, let alone such another giant nugget.

But let the miners make out as good or as bad a case as they can; for Australia this gold discovery will be an immense advantage; for the disease of the colony, the want of hands, has been removed by this gold discovery, as suddenly as thoroughly. It will be a long while before they want hands in a country where there is so much gold; and therefore Australian papers will keep up the excitement to the last ounce, if it ever should give out; though there is no danger of that, not at least for the next hundred years.

But enough of all thoughts of future times; we live in an age when each month brings forth new and incredible things. How can we say what may happen next year, or next week—gold is there, and they will dig for it, and get it out. But who may prosper by it? Who would do well to emigrate there? Who not? Are different questions—and nobody will ever answer them to the satisfaction of all. But this much I should like to tell the reader—and if he will not believe me, I can not help it—let him not emigrate at all, to search for gold, if he has any way of making his living decently at home; let him, before all other things, not believe half of what he reads in the papers about the diggings. The same state of things exists here, in that respect, as in California; those that have good places do not write about them, and those that have made nothing are—if not ashamed to acknowledge it—reluctant to give long accounts of their disappointments. The only persons who in general really send accounts to the papers from the mines, are merchants, who have their goods there, or are going to send them; and in their interest it lies of course, to get as many stomachs there for their provisions as they can.

Still immense quantities of gold have been found in the mount-

ains; and men who are used to hard work, men who have been striving, and striving in vain, maybe, to make a living in the Old or New World, as day-laborers and servants; in fact, all such as can bush it for a time, have good constitutions, and can not lose any thing by it, if they in reality only make their living for a long while, trusting to chance to strike occasionally on a good place—all such may go—all such will also be satisfied, at least for a little while, in the mines, and such in fact are the very men wanted for those places.

The reader may remember at the same time, if he should think I am painting those golden countries in too dark colors, that things are here exactly the same as they are in the Old, and, in fact, in every part of the world. Those, who in any kind of business or handicraft do the common or chief work—the workmen for an architect, the sailors on board a merchant-vessel, the laborers on a farm, the printers in an office, ay, even the writers themselves, commonly—have the least profit by the flourishing of the whole; while those who furnish the material, and conduct the business, are the men who earn the real profit—the workmen only live by it. It is so here with the mines. Those who, in the sweat of their brows, work and toil in digging holes and washing the ground, will, with exceptions though, have the least profit; but the merchants, I mean the traders with provisions and other goods, the sly grog-sellers—for there are no licenses given in the mines—the mail contractor, the cart-men and wagoners, and in fact all who furnish goods, or stick to the steady, well-paid work, will make money; and if they also take a mining trip, they will not stay there long—they know better; but the miners themselves are the tools to get the gold out, and the few who really make something by it, are hardly more than a bait to attract so many more to the same toil and work.

About the mines themselves, as they were at that time, the English reader has heard, as I have not the least doubt, sufficient; I will, therefore, say only a very little more on the subject.

Australia had a great advantage over California, at the first discovery of the gold, to have upon the spot at the moment a regulated state of society. The state could profit by it, and certainly did, by giving out licenses to dig at thirty shillings a month; —that is, to the last of each month; for if you commenced at the 25th, you had to pay the same sum for the last five days, as others

had done for the whole thirty. A great many tried to evade this law, and the commissioner too, as long as possible; so working along the Turon Creek, as soon as the commissioner showed his face in the neighborhood, the alarm was given, they broke and run, hiding their tools, or carrying them along with them; and the officer had many a fine race after them. In fact, they told a great many anecdotes of the Turon commissioner—Green, his name was, I believe—who, instead of behaving as a magistrate, ran after the boys like a constable, if they wanted to get away; he sometimes caught them, sometimes not, but always was laughed at.

There was a great cry in Sydney how honest people were at the mines, and how there was scarcely any case of theft or other crime, but I saw and heard in a few hours, at the Turon, enough to convince me that there were better places in this world than the Australian Diggings, if a man was going to look for honesty. The first night I camped there before a store-tent of a German trader, of the name of Austin; somebody, who knew the exact place where he had his money, cut a hole through the tent, and pulled out of it the blanket in which the storekeeper had wrapped his gold-dust and cash, and disappeared with it in the dark. Some night previously they had broken into another tent; and to leave tools outside in the holes where the diggers had worked, was just about as wise as setting them down in a frequented street, after dark.

Another case, which is against their reputation for honesty, is the transport of gold from the mines to town. The roads are insecure, and merchants taking the gold to Sydney make good profit by it. But the most is transported by the state, on the mail-coach, guarded by well-armed policemen; highwaymen not being of rare occurrence. Therefore the gold has a far higher value in Sydney than in the mines, which is not even the case in California, where accidents on the roads have happened so very seldom, that people never think of paying a per centage to have their gold taken down to town for them.

But, as I said before, I really think this gold discovery an immense advantage to the country, and the inhabitants will not be slow in making use of it, though the largest profit always flows where the largest capital is invested. Diamond can only be polished by diamond, and the poor laborer will give his sweat without much more advantage than keeping himself by it.

I soon got tired of the place. Meeting several fellow-passengers from the "Wilhelmine," I found them much of the same mind; several had left already, others were intending to do so; and not one of them had made any thing yet, but had spent the money he had brought with him. I saw nearly all of them again in Sydney before I left the port. Even from the World's End I had the pleasure to meet several miners afterward in Sydney, who could give me a very good account of Louisen's Creek, as the water-course was called in which Mr. Hargreaves, the discoverer of the Australian gold, found a little private El Dorado.

Next day I wandered around the other little creeks or gullies; and I was astonished to see here, as also on the Turon River, what a different way the gold was lying in, to what it was in California. There, the alluvial gold is found, with very few exceptions, in the lowest parts of the gullies and flats, in the banks of the little creeks, and upon the lowest layer of rock or stiff clay, covered over with from two to ten and more feet of earth, gravel, sand or clay; but here I saw them take the very top soil from ridges and hills, to carry it to the water and wash it; and if they went, in such high places, farther than six inches down into the ground, they found nothing more. On steep slopes, in the banks of the Turon, they also dug, sliding the ground down to the water's edge in pieces of gum-bark.

The gold lies, in fact, all over these mines, perfectly through the ground, from top to bottom. In California, taking even the richest places, you will not find any of the precious metal till you come to a certain depth, as I said before, on the top of the rocks, or in the first clayey gravel you strike; but in these diggings you may take up the topmost spadeful, and you will find a speck or two of gold—not enough to pay washing of course, but still some gold. So this, in fact, seems a new proof of what is striking nearly every body who is more acquainted with the country—that Australia is a newer part of the world than the rest. As those vast salt plains seem to have risen, at a very late period, out of the ocean—seemingly bottom-land of the sea lifted to light, not having had time yet to alter its character materially—so the gold, which has had time to settle down to the very tops of the rocks in all the Californian gullies, having been thrown out here by volcanic action, must, after the rising of the continent, be scattered through the soil.

The same day I left the mines, I reached Bathurst; coming though in perfect darkness to the Bathurst river, which I had to wade. Being ready to swim it in the worst case, I was not very careful when I jumped in, but fortunately hitting a shallow place, I came into about three feet of water.

The scenery had been far better this day than common—at least the vegetation assumed a more cheerful character by the help of a cactus-like bush or shrub, the wattel, with bright yellow, and even sweet-smelling blossoms; but in general it was the same—gum trees having decidedly the preference.

Reaching Bathurst, I was in fear of having to walk back to Sydney, for the mail-coach is always taken several days before hand, and I did not like to stop any longer in such a dear place, than I was obliged; fortunately some miner upon the Turon had ordered a place though he had not paid for it, and on his failing to appear that evening at ten o'clock, I got permission to pay three pounds, or three pounds ten, I forget now which, for a seat on that tormenting box they call the royal mail, to be rattled down to Sydney.

Royal! If Queen Victoria—but no, I do not wish her any harm; but if some of our gentlemen at home could take such a good ride once in a while, they would entertain other ideas of royalty than those they now have.

Next morning we started, upsetting once only the whole cargo, about three or four miles before we reached Penrith. Fortunately, the spot where we got spilled, being sandy, we did not knock our brains out, as most certainly would have been the case had we been thrown with such force upon a rock; so no bones were broken, though some of us felt very sore. It only hurt my feelings, sticking up so long in the sand, with my feet in the air, like a hyacinth. I also lost a coat, somebody stole from the wagon at Penrith, while I was leading one of the passengers into the house, who felt rather sick after the fall. Very happy to have come off so easily, I returned to Sydney after about a week's spell in the diggings.

In Sydney there was by this time a new commotion; not on account of the gold, but the Californian Lynch-law, which had touched Australia in its most tender feelings. The captain of a small merchantman, having just arrived in Port Jackson, gave a most doleful description, in the "Morning Herald," of how mis-

erable the Americans had used him; and he being an Englishman. There had been a fire in San Francisco; and while poor Captain H—— was kind enough to help to extinguish it, he was suspected, by some mistake, of being one of the ruffians, too common in San Francisco, that had caused the conflagration. He was carried before the Vigilance Committee, robbed on the road of his watch; in fact, had been very badly treated. He kept complaining, through several numbers of the paper, of the insult England had received by this outrage and robbery of an Englishman. California papers arriving at the same time, speaking in very harsh expressions of the Sydney convicts that infested their country, some of whom, after conviction, they had hung, did not soothe the hostile feelings the "Morning Herald" and "Tribune" had excited; there was, therefore, nothing but an invasion of California open to them, to restore England's honor and Captain H——'s watch.

On my return to Germany, I accidentally met a friend from San Francisco, who had been a member of the Vigilance Committee; and inquiring about Captain H——, learned that he had been discovered, after the fire, half-seas-over, in a suspicious place. The Vigilance Committee had freed him from the hands of the mob, on ascertaining that he was the captain of a vessel, and had gallantly assisted in helping to extinguish the fire.

What I think of the California Lynch-law, or of Lynch-laws in general, in a wild, wooded country, I have said already in another place. The Vigilance Committee was most certainly a blessing to the State, and has done far more good than harm; but the Americans fell into the same error as the Sydney people fell into here, in raising a cry against the old convict settlements of England, and throwing every blame before their door. For every crime committed in California, they called Australia to account; or sometimes Mexicans, particularly in the mines, when it suited their purpose; yet they had not far to go to find men more steeped in crime than any Australian convict or prowling Mexican.

I honor the American citizens: I have traveled through their States, and lived in them; I have got acquainted with all their virtues, but also with all their vices. Having come to North America comparatively a youngster, unable to speak the language, I was obliged to take up any work I could get, to make my liv-

ing—for I felt too proud to write back to Germany for money—and I was, therefore, first fireman and deckhand, then cook, on board the "Mississippi" and "Arkansas" steamers; set up cord-wood in Tennessee, and worked at the silversmith business in Cincinnati; farmed in Missouri; was bar-keeper and finally hotel-keeper in Louisiana; stock-keeper awhile in Arkansas; and after having become familiar with the language and habits, hunted four years in the backwoods of Arkansas, principally in the Fourche la Fave and Ozark Mountains, and White and St. Francis River swamps, for bears, deer, and turkeys. So that I have led a wild life in a wild country, and got acquainted there with all the best and also the worst characters in the Union; and am able to affirm, that as there is not a more noble and honest character in the world than those backwoodsmen of America, however rough they may be, there is also not a worse set of thieves and cut-throats in creation than the gamblers and adventurers who were at that time trying their fortune in New Orleans, Cincinnati, or the Indian territory, by gambling, or, if that would not do, by robbery and murder. They formed regular bands in the Western States, those murderous troops in the islands of the Mississippi sending their members up to the northern towns to be hired for pilots on board the flat-boats, to run them aground; they infested the Indian boundary lines, cheating the poor Indians, and driving them often to desperate deeds; they formed that dreadful Morrell Band over the United States, nearly all of whom went to California, at least for a while, to gain money there in any way they could, except by working; and money they will gain, if they have to commit murder for it. All could have gone, for they knew how to get money for the voyage; and these are the very men who travel now in swarms, not only through the towns, but through the mines of California, to gamble; and what they can not gain in this way, they gain by highway robbery and secret murder: in short, a more daring, a more merciless, a more cold-blooded set the world never beheld; and I am sure very few Australian convicts could come up to them in villainy.

These are also the men who raise the loudest cries against Australia, because the name directs suspicion from themselves; and though some felons were caught at the commencement of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, and executed there—they were old convicts from Australia, and deserved their fate—the

honest Americans know better than to throw the whole blame upon that colony, and would have hung these house-breakers and murderers just as readily had they been Americans. San Francisco editors have as little *savoir vivre* in this respect as Australian editors, blaming and condemning a whole nation for what a few rascals have done, and trying their best at the same time to excite hostilities. But Time passes on in his old track, and we keep knocking our heads against his scythe, like flies against a window-pane.

On returning from the mines, I expected the "Wilhelmine" would sail in a few days, but was mistaken, for the vessel had not even her foremast in, and was lying in a rather desolate state close to the Patent Slip; but my time passed, notwithstanding, very agreeably in Sydney, not only in the captain's company, with whom I was continually, but I got introduced to some German and English families, and in such society the days passed rapidly. I never shall forget Dr. MacKellar's and Mr. Rickard's friendly circle; and at last, when taking leave of them, particularly of Mr. Rickard's children, it was as if I had left my own home.

Our stay in Sydney was also prolonged by the gold mines, for the sailors seemed to prefer going to the diggings to sailing to Batavia; and one fine morning, when the steward called the captain, he gave him a list of nine of the men who had run away in the morning watch. None of them came back voluntarily, and only three of them were caught by the water-police and kept in prison till the ship should sail.

The water-police, as there was a good reward offered for each, did its best to capture them again. Every night several of the officers disguised, visited the most frequented haunts of sailors and vagabonds. As there was something new to be seen, I accompanied them several times through the worst lusking-places of the town; and it was partly an interesting though a most disgusting sight. What astonished me most, was the number of drunken women I observed in these evenings, not only in the different tap-rooms, but in the streets—to one drunken man I could always count three drunken women. It was really painful to look at them.

But the mines did not attract the sailors only, the actors made a rush for the gold; and while we lay at Sydney, waiting to get off, the best performers at the theatre announced their last appearance on the stage before they dispersed for the diggings.

The play acted this evening was Balfe's opera, "The Enchantress," under the distinguished patronage of his Excellency the Governor-general, Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, K.C.B., and the honorable and lovely Mrs. Keith Stewart, his daughter.

The performance commenced with the singing of the National Anthem (all the actors and actresses being in their costumes, which looked rather singular—particularly if among the loyal singers a set of bloody pirates came forward—as in this opera). I like a people to have a national hymn—there is something great, something holy in it; and if even it is a merry tune, as the "Yankee Doodle" of the Americans—it speaks the feeling of union of a whole nation. I would hear the Russian hymn with exactly the same feeling—that of envy and sorrow that there is not one for us. Haydn has composed the English anthem—a German had to write those sweet and inspiring sounds for foreigners—we had no use for them at home. We have no union, no liberty, and therefore have no national hymn—none at least in Germany; but if liberty can not give us a hymn, who knows but some happy thought may produce one of those powerful songs that drive the blood through your veins and kindle the fire in your eyes—such a hymn as led the French to battle and steeled their arms and hearts—may give liberty to us? Blessed be the day that hears its first sounds! As it is, they have a kind of national air of Austria, another to oppose Danish impudence—another on the Rhine, and all kinds of melodies in Greitz, Schleitz, and Lobenstein. If they come together ever, they will never harmonize. Strike them up at the same time—bless my soul! what a discord! Poor Germany! you'll have to put other strings to your instruments before you'll get in tune.

The first singer, and the lady who performed the principal part in "The Enchantress" this evening was a Miss Sarah Flower, with a most beautiful voice, who was also a very good actress. She could play with success at our first theatres in Germany. After "The Enchantress," a pretty little farce was played, with the name of "Box and Cox," in which Messrs. Howson and Hydes bade farewell to the public for a while, to pay their respects and licenses at the mines.

At the same time a rather singular occurrence brought the whole harbor, shipping, and shore-people in commotion. One fine afternoon, while a great many pleasure-boats were out in

the bay, and its shores were lined with spectators, a whale entered it, and while taking a look at things in general, was received by some of the boats and the multitude on shore with such acclamations, as to drive him bewildered farther and farther up the bay. Several whale-ships were lying at this time in the harbor, and sending out their boats, they captured the poor fellow.

On the 13th, the papers related the misfortunes of a gentleman, who had been summoned during the last quarter sessions on the same day and the same hour to attend there as well as at the supreme court. Being unable to appear at both places at once, he had to miss one, and the law condemned him to pay the usual fine. He called on the sheriff to represent this peculiar case, but the sheriff could give him no other advice than to bring out the cash. Justice is blind, of course!

We were now getting ready to put to sea, in spite of our deficient crew. Our captain had managed at last to hire three men at exorbitant wages, only to get away from the place and not lose also the few he had left, and our cargo was taken on board that we might get off at once. This was a singular one: cows and dogs. The first were driven to the shore where we lay among other vessels, a noose fastened over their horns one after another, and the poor beast pulled close up to the ship, till her horns touched a block fastened there; another noose then being laid over her horns—or, when hornless, round her neck and one fore-leg, to keep her from choking—the word was given, and up she went, dangling in air till she came on board, and with the same lift run down into the hold. They cost £2 10s. each.

We had also on board a lot of kangaroo dogs; the captain paying about thirty shillings on an average for them. I may as well say here what became of them. The cows brought some profit, but scarcely sufficient for the trouble they had caused, a fifteen days' calm proving too much for them; but the dogs paid exceedingly well, the whole—and there was not a single full-grown kangaroo dog among them—bringing from £5 to £6.

The next day we were to pass through Torres Straits, not to Manilla, as I had thought, but to Batavia; and sorry though I was to leave so many kind friends, I was really glad to get rid of that confounded nugget conversation.

They say it is the greatest bore to hear dreams recounted, but just go to a golden country, and then talk of bores.

CHAPTER VII.

TORRES STRAITS.

MONDAY, the 22d of September, we were to start; just as our flag was hoisted from the main-top—a signal to the water-police—a boat, with the policemen and the three recovered runaways, came on board. The police searched the vessel for concealed sailors, and were going to take one of the new hands because the captain of his last vessel had not given him any papers. It was under these circumstances Captain A——, who had come in, and put part of his hands in prison for refusing duty at sea, was sued by the rest for having treated them at sea in an inhuman and mean manner. He had been a tyrant on board, and though the men were liable to punishment for refusing duty, the magistrates did not order them to return to their vessel; and Captain A——, where even good captains could not get hands, was likely to have a fine time at Sydney before he could get away. He played our captain a mean trick, for having agreed to the departure of that sailor—who would not stay with him on any account—now, through detaining the "Wilhelmine," seeing she could not do without the man, sought to extort from her captain one or two pounds more. He said that the sailor owed him money, which the man denied.

But we got off at last, after our captain had suffered himself to be victimized, and with a splendid southwestern breeze left the port, and soon were out of sight of land. The wind kept well till we came into the latitude of Moreton Bay, where we met with calms and light head-winds; but Friday evening a thunder-storm came on with a southern breeze, and that night we run five knots before the wind, ay, seven and eight next morning, with studding-sails on our starboard, in the southeast trades.

The 30th we made Kenn's Reef; being able to see it from the top-yard, we gave it a wide berth, and were now nearing the

Torres Straits. Whoever has been in these latitudes, knows what dreadful stories they tell about the dangers of the navigation; and, in truth, many a good ship has been lost there, and many a wreck is lying there yet high and dry between the reefs. There were also many stories about the merciless and cunning savages afloat, who inhabit at times the different islands of the group; indeed, our mate was preparing a parcel of cartridges for the two cannons we had on deck, to be ready in case of necessity. I took a more peaceable way to prepare myself for Java, by studying the whole afternoon the Malayian, and reading the Dutch language, and time passed on satisfactorily.

Our cows were at the same time not idle; one calved even in Port Jackson, and others followed the good example so fast, we had more milk than we could consume; and we ate, after being about ten days at sea, curdled milk three or four times each week.

The 4th of October we could get no observation, and being near the reefs on the 5th, in the evening, we tacked ship, and went under close-reefed top-sails half the night, returning, the other half, as near to the place where we had lain last evening as we could guess.

Next morning, keeping straight toward that part of the reefs where the captain expected to find Raines' Island, I was up in the foretop, and saw about nine o'clock the first white line of breakers, bounding the horizon. An hour afterward we could hear them; then some dark object rose in sight. As we approached the place we recognized the beacon upon Raines' Island, and close to it a black brig, being lifted, as it seemed, by the rolling sea, into the breakers and reefs.

This island is only a long sandy spot, without any vegetation, except some low stunted bushes. The beacon looks from afar very much like a light-house; it is high and broad, and easily discernible; but on our coming nearer, it seemed as if constructed of pieces of lath, for we could see the light shine through. On the southern part of the island there were some small and low-roofed huts, erected most probably by the shipwrecked people; but though we held our course farther up than we ought to have gone, to see if there were any signs of living men about, nothing of the kind could be observed. We were near enough to the island to have seen a dog run on the white sand, but nothing

moved; and though the brig looked as if the crew had only just left her, for her fore-topsail was still flying, and the mainsail was loose, there was no one either on board of her or on shore; and our captain not wishing to run too far north, as there is a powerful current to the northwest, we left the wreck to its fate, and made for the entrance.

The entrance at this island is considered one of the best; and vessels run right between it and the southern, or large reef, hugging this reef south from the island. There is a wide passage, as close as possible, for the dangers of it are clearly visible above water, and there is hardly any bottom found to the very edge. This reef takes the vessel in nearly a northwestern direction into the Torres Straits; and on entering, she can drop her anchor on the approach of night, and be out of danger, there being nearly every where around—rapidly as you have run up the great reef, a certain distance—from five to fifteen fathoms of water.

This place, however, must be navigated in a different manner from the open sea. On entering it, the captain or mate must be up on the fore-top-gallant yard with his telescope and chart, trusting to his eye for nearly the entire management of the ship.

Passing a couple of places with very green water—one of two fathoms, and one marked as a rock on the newest chart, probably reaching over water in low tide—we sighted to larboard the Ashmore Bank, a small, short strip of sand, and to starboard the Middle Bank; ugly places in rough and misty weather, of sand and rocks, stretching along in a small light-green stripe, and even visible here and there above water.

Right before us now rose the first higher land, the Hardy's Islands—two small and barren islands, which we left to larboard, steering now for the northern reefs of the Cockburn Isles. I was up in the yards the whole day with the captain, watching the wild scenery of breakers and rocks around us, hoping to reach by the next night one of the islands, where we could land and see something of these far-feared islanders.

The Cockburn group consists of three little isles, surrounded by a long line of reefs, and we could have easily followed the outward edge of these, but for the sun, which was just setting in the west, and throwing such a mingled light of varied colors over the water, as to make it extremely dangerous to proceed. The current took us at the same time to the northward, and suddenly

we were in perfectly bright-green water, with only three or four fathoms below. Quickly we tacked, and reaching deeper sea again, run up as close as we dared to the reefs on our larboard, whence the current was setting, and dropped our anchor.

The mate, after the sails were fastened, loaded his cannons, and prepared every thing for an attack, though I did not see from what quarter it could be expected, at least for this night.

We had caught, during the day, several excellent fish, weighing from about ten to twenty pounds, and, through the entire straits, had as much fish as we could eat every meal. I beheld a most singular creature of the fish kind that morning, just after we had entered the channel. I was up on the fore-top-gallant yard with the captain, and there, where the reefs were closest, I saw a monster of a fish, about five or six feet broad, and two and a half or three feet long, in the shape of a butterfly, or short winged bat, just before our bow, sleeping in the water as it seemed, and flapping away with its wing-like fins, as the broad bow of the vessel nearly touched it. It went toward the reefs, where it disappeared. I afterward heard, from another German captain, in Batavia, that he had met with just such an animal near Samarang, the first he had seen since he had been at sea, twenty-five years. Afterward, I heard a description of a large fish called the diamond fish, which was most likely this monster.

The 7th, with daybreak, we again weighed our anchor, and were setting sail with a light but steady breeze. Islands, reefs, rocks and bars, within sight, affording very little interest, though it is a matter of surprise, how these coral-banks can have grown out of such an immense depth, sometimes rising perfectly perpendicular out from the bottom of a nearly fathomless sea to the surface. So are several places marked in the chart, where vessels run aground—one of them a perfect reef, with two hundred and sixty fathoms just behind, and to starboard and larboard with better than one hundred and fifty fathoms.

These coral formations, are, in fact, the most singular natural curiosities in the world; and though there are doubts existing, yet if the coral is not a real plant, growing, as its form also indicates, from out of the bottom of the sea, inhabited like trees—on which birds build their nests, or choose holes for their habitations—by the small coral insect; instead of being exclusively the struc-

ture of the insect. I think the former the most probable, though there are many things that speak for the latter.

The formation of the coral tree itself, bespeaks an independent growth, and the strength with which the whole mass rises perpendicularly out of the nearly fathomless depths, shows a kind of inward life, which goes through the whole, from top to bottom, and could hardly be expected, if that immense steeple-like mass consisted of nothing else but single insects, if their houses had the strength even of oyster-shells. But this being only a single opinion, I give it as it struck me when I saw those immense walls rise from out the blue deep, while the breakers rolled and dashed vainly against their apparently weak, yet rock-like masses, unable to break them, but rooting them more firmly in the ground.

The scenery around us looked rather unpromising. To larboard we had the small Arthur's Islands, Hannibal's three little knobs ahead, and to starboard, the scrubby bushes grown over Boydong Rays, and a little bushy island behind. Farther on there were the Cairncross Islands, with the background of the northern coast of Australia, stretching out in low undulating hills as far as the eye could reach. Finding there another good anchorage for the night, I had entertained hopes that we should have reached the spot by day-time, so as to have visited the island; but before we had fastened our sails, it got perfectly dark. In spite of that, the mate and I determined to go ashore, and see at least what kind of vegetation there was—the mainland being too far off to fear coming upon the natives.

The small island looked picturesque enough from afar, with the dim light of the moon shed over it; the dark-green bush, and the white sand and coral reefs around, while some red, glistening fires, shone over from the dark mainland rather threateningly. There were cannibals living, and I thought of Robinson Crusoe. But I had no need to go back so far for adventurous remembrances. Here was I, desirous of landing on a dark, unknown coast: who knew not if this little spot was inhabited, and if we were not watched from behind these low, dark bushes, by grim and hostile visages; and if there were not mouths watering for us already? With mingled feelings of delight and excitement, I steered the little boat toward a kind of steep sand-bank, which promised deep water, and had her, a few minutes afterward, safely moored beneath.

We jumped ashore. The mate and some of the men, went to hunt shells on shore, while two remained in the boat for fear of an accident, but I had come more particularly to see the vegetation, and therefore decided to take a trip into the interior—the whole island being, maybe, only a quarter of a mile in diameter. The mate would not let me, saying it was so dark, I could see nothing; but I worked my way into the thicket of vines and briers—the whole outer edge seeming a perfect solid mass of these —I entered soon after a more open, and, as I felt in walking, elevated spot, forming the centre of the island, and bearing on the still sandy, but leaf-covered soil, high and stately trees. But what a noise there was in the branches—hoy—how it cooed, and surred, and whistled, and flapped—of thousands and thousands of birds! They had, as I think, taken their roost on the quiet, hardly-ever-disturbed limbs, and hearing me breaking and tearing through the bushes below, they fluttered upward and sought another, more quiet, resting-place. On the other end of the island some water-birds apparently croaked and groaned, making so dreadful a noise, that at the first outbreak the sailors had thought a whole mob of blacks had rushed forth; but they soon heard the birds fly, and it was evident the entire island must have been alive with pigeons. I had of course my gun with me, for there was no saying what might have been in the thicket; but I could not shoot at a single bird, even against the sky, for the woods were too thick to let light enough through for taking aim at any thing.

After having crawled all over the island, and worked my way again toward the lighter shore, with my heavy knife taking, as I went, of all the different bushes I could feel, some small branches with me. The sailors had by that time collected what shells they could discover in the dark, and we pulled back to the ship in hopes to have better luck next time, and to reach another island before another night set in.

Next morning with daybreak we got ready for sea again; the breeze being very light, we could not hope to make much headway, still the current was in our favor, and weak-handed as we were, we all commenced heaving at the anchor. There were fifteen fathoms of water with about fifty fathoms of chain out, with a perfectly smooth sea; the first chain we took in easy enough, but as quickly as it stretched up and down, there we

stuck, and it was as if half a dozen anchors were pulling at it instead of one. Inch by inch we had to work it up, sometimes straining for two and three minutes without moving a link. There was most certainly something the matter with the anchor, and we began to think that one of the flukes had caught into another chain that some vessel had lost here, and we were pulling, we could not guess how many fathoms of chain in. After an hour's work we had not got in six inches; then we paid away what chain we had won with a sudden jerk, to free, if possible, the anchor from any thing that could have worked behind it. It was no go, and we had to commence again. Inch by inch, and hour after hour we worked and toiled—sometimes as if we should not gain the least stretch more, sometimes securing a link or two at a time. At eleven o'clock we caught sight of a white glare from below of something coming up—what it was, was left to conjecture.

At it we went again, and about twelve we brought the thing to light—an immense shell-block which had got fastened behind one of the anchor flukes, so hard as not to allow a *single* piece to be knocked off, even with a large sledge-hammer. To get it out of the anchor, we had to fasten a chain round the arms, and paying out the chain again right at once, the anchor capsized and the shell-rock fell out. It was not our blessing that went down with it to the deep.

As soon as the anchor had been lifted above-ground, we had dropped our starboard anchor, not to be driven upon some bank; and that little breeze which was blowing in the morning, having died away with the rising sun, there was no chance of our getting under weigh again to-day, so we decided on going ashore again and see some more of the island.

Taking our guns, we soon reached our old landing. There were the prints of naked feet around, but they were not fresh; and entering the wood I now saw an immense quantity of white pigeons, with a yellow lustre on the feathers, as cockatoos have to their crest, and a broad black edging to the tails. They looked beautiful, and I had never seen such a species any where in Australia. Unfortunately, we had very few cartridges with us, and I could only fire nine shots, with which I got eight pigeons, losing ne in the thicket.

The nests of these birds were very peculiar, being only a few

loose sticks put together; they were open at the lower ends, so that we could see through them from below, where it seemed as if the sticks lay too far apart even to hold the eggs; and yet I have no doubt the hot climate requires such a contrivance. Though I hunted over the whole island I could not find a single drop of fresh-water; no, not even a sign where a channel could have run in the rainy season; yet the leaves of the trees looked green and healthy.

There were casuarinas here, as on all the other islands of the South Sea, and another bush, with round juicy leaves, which send branches again into the ground, as roots as it seemed, to stem the force of the waves, if they should dash against the shore. These formed the outer thicket of the shrub; inside grew the casuarina and several other bushes I did not know the name of; and inside these again, on the highest land, there was a fine-looking tree standing, in leaves and structure not unlike the Louisiana magnolia, but with ripe and exceedingly well-tasting, though rather dry fruit.

These fruits covered the ground every where, and had the exact shape and color of our long German plums, though with stones inside, like the Chinese loquat, irregular, some with one, some with two, some even with three, four, or five; the fruit did not become larger in consequence. The color was dark red, the perfectly ripe ones of a deep blue, just like the plums, differing only in taste. They were more dry and sweet, and very much like fresh dates, with a similar kind of peel round the seed.

I collected a good quantity of the seed, taking it with me partly to Java, partly to Germany; but the botanical gardener in Buitenzorg, Mr. Teismann, did not know the seed, and planted it in his garden. I took also a great many eggs of sea-fowl we found in the hot coral sand, always two and two, their points touching their sides, and the sailors collected large quantities to take on board. I planted on the southern shore of the island two oranges and two lemons.

Before we left the island, and while the sun was just setting below the horizon, we took a good bath in the crystal-clear water, swimming about over the coral-trees of the deep, and returning as darkness set in to our ship.

Next morning our anchor came up at once; and with a favorable, though not very strong breeze, we were fast gliding along

through the perfectly smooth water. This day we neared the mainland of Australia more and more, coming near enough frequently to see the rippling of the waves against the shore.

That night we intended to anchor near Mount Adolphus, another small island; and observing with the telescope, at two o'clock in the afternoon, smoke, and an hour later, black fellows upon the nearest hill, our mate got rather doubtful whether to risk a landing there or not. I persuaded him at last; and we provided ourselves this time with all kinds of weapons—for there was, in fact, no knowing what kind of reception we should meet. The island is tolerably large, with a hill of about five hundred feet high; several wide valleys and one large bay formed a kind of horse-shoe with two projecting points or promontories. The vegetation seemed the same as on Cairncross, and nowhere could I discover cocoa-nut trees—but found here on Mount Adolphus, as on the main coast we had passed, the singular formed pandanus. At three o'clock we cast anchor, the sails were furled, and we pulled for the shore.

The nearer we came, we could see more of the natives running about; and some of our men, particularly one, a young English sailor, who had had a fight with the natives, as he said, seemed very anxious to keep out of reach of their spears. But I was determined to have a conversation with some of the old fellows, and steering for the nearest point, close to which an open sandy spot shone out, we saw a small mob of about twelve or fifteen men run down it, and though they had long spears when they were standing on the top of the hill, none of them seemed to have any weapons now, and were all swinging green bushes, and hallooing and screaming something we could not of course understand.

Nearing the shore, I ran the boat along a little, to look out for a good landing-place; and the natives seeing what we wanted, jumped down to one particular spot, motioning us to come there, and waving their bushes vigorously.

"Bless their black hides," cried the English sailor, watching them rather suspiciously; "there is one big fellow carrying a bush in one hand and a club in the other; which shall we trust to?" But they seemed friendly enough; and to assure us, as far as they had it in their power, one old fellow jumped into the water and swam toward us, climbing into our boat as soon as he

reached us, thus offering himself as a kind of hostage. They had no need, for I did not fear them, and with my gun and knife felt sure enough to keep them friendly, without intending them the least harm. There were too many cliffs running close to shore where we were; I jumped right between them into the water, while the mate staid on board till he could step out on dry land. When the natives saw me they set up a wild scream, most assuredly in pleasure, and beckoned me to come upon dry land to them.

What they said I could not understand—not even a word; there being not the least similarity in language between them and the southern, or Murray tribes; but there is always a way to understand each other if persons are so inclined.' As quickly as we touched the shore, they all pressed around us; and one old fellow, the principal chief of the whole mob, as it seemed, introduced us to his entire family, giving us a true description of all their characters and virtues I expect—it was, at any rate, a very long speech.

Some brought those fruits we had found on Cairncross Island, some shells, another touched our guns, motioning at the same time that there was something to shoot in the other parts of the island; and we saw afterward the same white pigeons in the trees.

The vegetation of the island seemed the same as on Cairncross; but the nearest valley was a perfect swamp, grown over with those bushes I have mentioned before, which run their branches down to the soil, forming in this way sometimes a perfectly wall-like thicket. The hills seemed entirely volcanic, with coral-reefs around them.

On the mainland we had noticed, during the day, some rather extraordinary objects—some on the slope, some on the tops of the hills, which looked, through the telescope like broken, or cut-off stumps of trees, only a little too pointed. Here I now saw the same on one of the little hills; so I walked up the slope, followed by the whole crowd, but always keeping an eye on them; and reaching the spot, found what I had thought stumps, high piles of yellow clay, doubtless the work of some large kind of ants. Pieces I broke off plainly showed the cells and walks inside, and the black burnt ground around them betrayed in what way the poor little animals had been destroyed. By their ges-

tures the blacks seemed just as fond of them as their more southern brethren.

They took us also to some small springs on the southern part of the island; they consisted of two very small water-holes, close to the sea-shore too; so the water tasted—through the spray and the foam of the breakers, I expect, with high wind and rolling waves—rather brackish and warm. Close to the spring, as if to drink with, a large shell was lying. Peculiar seemed to me the way in which they were describing distance and direction, kirri, kirri, kirri, being the only words; but the gestures gave at the same time such a full explanation, I could have guessed the distance far better than when asking in our country one of the peasants a direction, when he tells me with a shrug of his shoulders, "about a pipe and a half of tobacco," meaning the time he smokes a pipe and a half in steady drawing. Kirri is a short distance—as far as I learned there, about two hundred yards—the hand showing at the same time which way. Kirri, kirri, is as far again; and each kirri added, increases the distance.

Reaching the first open hill, and in full view of our vessel, an old well-shaped burka (old man) met us, with a young girl and two raw-boned, broad-shouldered boys, as ugly as eye ever beheld, whom he introduced to us, the mate and myself, as his own flesh and blood. The girl, maybe twelve or fourteen years old, was a nice and pretty young thing, and the fairest maiden among the blacks I had seen; she also looked—a very rare case with them—cleanly, but her dress was rather too simple. She wore the smallest kind of an apron imaginable; it was about four inches square, and a thin hair-cord passed over her right shoulder and under her left arm. But I intended to do something here in the way of millinery or dressmaking, so pulling out of my hunting-pouch a blue cotton shirt I had taken with me, to trade with the natives for weapons, I presented it to the fair princess—for she could be nothing else upon this lone spot—and begged her to accept it. The little girl was standing rather bashful before me, and lifting up first one of the sleeves, and then the other, seemed to doubt whether she must slip into this new court-dress with her feet or her arms first. No choice being left me, I had to play chamber-maid—and here was a situation for a married man! But what could I do? the mate being also married, I felt too good a Christian to lead him into temptation, therefore

concluded to run the risk myself; considering myself as a martyr, however, in a very small way. The little girl seemed to be very much pleased with the improvement, thinking herself with that one piece of clothing of course fully dressed. The hair-cord she wore round her shoulder, I exchanged afterward for a fishing-line and some fish-hooks.

The sun was hardly an hour high, and we had to return with sun-down to the ship, therefore I could not think of visiting their camp, which lay upon the other side of the island; but wishing to leave them some remembrance, I took them to the most favorable spot I could find in the neighborhood, and planted there for them—it was on the southern shore of the island—two oranges and two lemons I had taken with me from the ship for that very purpose; and I really did astonish the natives, for they never yet in their lives had seen an orange, or a fruit like it. To prevent their digging them out again, I cut the fruits, mingling the flesh with sand; and only to show them what kind of plant they would raise from it, I gave them a taste of one I had at first intended for myself. Cutting it in small slices, I divided the fruit among them; taking good care at the same time that my little princess should get the first piece. Funny it was to see how they took the first taste of the sweet, juicy fruit—for the Sydney oranges are really most excellent—some of the big fellows swallowed the whole at the first gulp, making rather a wry face when they got to the bitter peeling; but some soon found out how to eat it, and having finished their piece, grabbed at some of the rest.

After this, lying awhile in the shade, under a large pandanus, while the whole mob were squatting around us, making their observations, as it seemed, about the strangers, and being tickled sometimes nearly to death, if they saw something very extraordinary, the second mate stepped out of the boat, and kept shooting at a tree—sailors like to shoot off guns and ride horses to death—and at each crack of the gun all the natives dodged their heads. They did not seem to like the shooting at all; but they laughed notwithstanding good-humoredly, as if intending to say, "Never mind, we know you're not going to hurt us." All these natives seemed, in fact, as harmless as possible, and really anxious to please us. I verily believe in nearly all the quarrels between white men and Indians, the first cause, if blood is spilt,

may be traced to some violence committed by the former. Jealousy has also frequently armed the hand of the native; and the Indian is fiery in his hate, and quick in his revenge. The effect was afterward taken for the cause; and the poor native could not defend himself when white men told the story their own way, and slandered him behind his back.

I carried some of the vermilion in my pocket, with which I had rubbed the noses, gladdened the eyes, and flattered the pride of a whole mob of natives on the Murray, and thought that I could also please these kind Indians a little. Motioning the nearest one up to me, I took out the bright red paint, and commenced rubbing his nose with it. At first he looked rather frightened at me; but being a warrior, I fancy he hated to show fear, and "stood it." The others were now pressing around. Oh, if the reader had seen that scene! or if I had room here to give him an exact description! Every one was taken aback by the shining red spot that sparkled suddenly in his friend's face, and was eager, as it seemed, to be the next to get such an honor conferred upon him. But when I had finished the second, and my first martyr beheld him, his face brightened up, as a summer sky after a thunder-storm, a broad grin stretched over his features, taking station there through the rest of the operation; and his nose, over two rows of powerful grinders, really looked like a glow-worm soaring over a snow-field.

All the old and venerable-looking coves, as my mates in Australia would have said, I finished first; and having some of the paint left, the young ones pressed round, wanting also a touch of the color. I did give it to them. Even the women did not want to be thrown in the shade; and though there were some extraordinary ugly ones among them, I did my best to improve their physiognomies. I painted them all except the little girl I had dressed: I thought it a pity to spoil her friendly little countenance. And bless my soul, how wild and dangerous the others looked, with their firebrand faces. But the poor thing had been standing quite alone, and downcast, under the nearest tree, watching me as closely as she could; and only now, when I did not show the least intention to do her justice, as I had done the rest, she approached the place where I was standing, half frightened, half resolute, and though saying nothing, was poking up her little nose in such a determined manner, and with such a beseeching

look, my heart must have been of stone if I had left her nose black. The next moment my pretty little girl sported the reddest nose among them.

Throwing the papers away, some of the people gathered them up and kept them, as it seemed, very carefully for a solemn occasion.

But the sun nearing the horizon, and while the women and the greater part of the men, retired to their own camping-ground, I took a bath, and went to the boat to return to the ship. Reaching the boat, I found the old fellow there still, who had offered himself for an hostage. I had quite forgotten him; so I gave him some tobacco, fish-hooks, and several other knickknacks I had with me; and while the sailors prepared the boat, raised the little mast, and got the sail ready—for a nice breeze promised to carry us quickly back on board—I could not make out what the fellow wanted, rubbing his face, pointing at the other blacks who were standing on the beach, and looking as much out of spirits as if he had swallowed a hot potato. When he saw at last I really could not make out what he wanted, he jumped ashore, took hold of one of his comrades, led him down, rubbed his nose, and pointed reproachfully at the fiery spot. I could not help myself, I burst out laughing—but there was no cure for the poor fellow, I had never thought of him, and all the vermilion had been given away. So explaining that to him as far as I was able, and trying to console him for the loss by a good, and for him really valuable fishing-line, I bid him good-by. Just as I was stepping into the boat, I saw some of the natives bring forth their hidden harpoons and lances, which they required to take home with them. I had some tobacco left, and wanting some of those weapons traded with them for two harpoons, and one lance and midla. I had also got from the island some very nice shells, and some tortoise-shells; but even while we pushed off the boat, and set our sails, I could see our former hostage standing on shore, rubbing his black nose with his left hand, and looking reproachfully after us.

Next morning, with daybreak, we set sail again. The natives tried to come on board once more, in a canoe they had, with two out-riggers, and a small sail made of some sort of mats; but the current was too strong against them, and before they could reach us, we had our sails down, and away we went.

With a favorable breeze, and holding the middle channel, which is said to be safer than the more southern Endeavor Straits, we made Wednesday Island; and keeping it close to larboard, always in sight of the northern Australian coast, passed one of the most dangerous, at least the most narrow parts in the whole Torres Straits, having the rocks of Wednesday Island close in larboard, and a right nasty bank, the green water of which was easily discernible, on our starboard side. With wind and current in our favor, we had nothing to fear, and soon beheld the key of this wild and rather dangerous place, a small rocky island, from a great quantity of sea-fowl, called Booby Island, right before us. This island is a very interesting place, and I will give the reader, as we bid farewell here to Australia, a short description of it.

Booby Island is the post-office of the straits, and though as barren a place as can be seen any where, is a well known, and, in fact, much desired spot for all those who come from the east; with Booby Island, all the dangers of the straits are passed, and ships are here in deep water once more, not obliged to anchor at night, and feel their way in the day-time. Nearly all passing ships send their boats here ashore, to inquire at the post-office if there are any letters for them.

But who is living on such a barren spot? Nobody, dear reader —not a soul—and still it is the most commodious post-office, only not in the situation you would wish for. There you find paper, ink, pens, and wafers, ready for use; you are allowed to look for your own letters, and yours are taken in directly, post-paid or not.

The little island is about half a mile in circumference, maybe not that, and only covered here and there with single, and low, but thick bushes, bearing leaves something like pear-leaves; a kind of sickly vine crawling at the same time through and over the rocky crevices. The island is about thirty or forty feet high, of volcanic origin, and with such steep banks, as to be accessible only in a few places. The top is flat, whence can be seen the whole of the island, except a small strip of coral at low tide, circling round it, and forming the lower part; and in the centre, a stone hut is erected, the walls about four feet high, the inside, open toward the northwest, I believe, about five feet long, in which a large box, with a coffin-like cover is standing. The whole is

covered with some split boards, and a little square plate on the box has the following inscription:

POST-OFFICE.
PROVISIONS AND WATER
IN A CAVE S.E. END OF THE
ISLAND.

A flag-staff is stuck into some loose stones, and has borne, in former times probably, the English flag, but now only a few discolored rags are fluttering in the breeze.

In the box, arriving vessels commonly put a short account of their voyage, if they come from the east; particularly the time they have been coming, to leave a memorial if any thing should happen to them in the dangers of the straits. It is very much like making a will. Those going out, take what they find, and advertise it in the nearest port they reach.

From here I went of course to the southeastern part of the island, and was surprised to find a large and high cave—the whole island, seeming undermined—perfectly sheltered against any storm and raging sea, and formed by nature as if for the particular purpose of having here, close to the dangers of the straits, a deposit of provisions and water for poor shipwrecked sailors; while the island lies too far west, and looks too barren, to invite any natives to a visit.

The English have the honor of this establishment, and English vessels principally—I believe I may say entirely—have provided the place with every thing needed, in case of a ship getting wrecked in the straits, where the crew is almost always able, at least in the southeast monsoon, to reach this place, and are sure then to be taken off after awhile by some passing vessel. Many a life has already been saved by this charitable arrangement and it will prove the preservation of many more.

Wild enough the place looked though in the dark gloomy cave —barrels and casks were standing and lying in wild disorder; boxes with biscuits, and barrels with meat—some fresh, some spoiled; old opened water-casks, nobody had taken time or trouble to remove; even potatoes, and with other knickknacks, two bottles of brandy.

The word "Harbinger" is written with large characters on the inside; but I do not know if this is the name of the first vessel

which brought provisions here, or that of some wrecked seaman, who was fond enough of his own appellation to have it scrawled over the wall in this way.

There is a large number of boobys, and of another kind of sea-fowl with swallow-tails; the whole surface of the island being covered, in fact, with a thin layer of guano, giving it the appearance of having been whitewashed. I took a slight sketch of the post-office and cave; and returning on board with the boat, the yards were braced square, studding-sails set to starboard and larboard, and we went before a fine stiff breeze into the Indian Ocean.

Our voyage from that date had nothing more interesting; we sighted Timor, and lay becalmed for fifteen days, only drifting with the current and a light evening breeze about half a degree in twenty-four hours. Driving about so long our water ran out, while hardly a drop of rain was falling, and our cows were faring badly by it. Ten or twelve calved in that time; but all brought dead calves, the heat in the lower hold being too great; also five cows died this time—seven in all before we reached Batavia. We were nearly driven to make some part of the southern coast of Java for water, when at last, the sixteenth day of the calm, a rattling breeze sprung up, and running before it, we made the Sunda Straits on the 7th of November. With daylight, we were between the green and balmy shores of Java and Sumatra.

JAVA.

CHAPTER I.

BATAVIA.

WHAT a sweet sight they are, those waving trees, those green and shady groves, after a long voyage; and how carefully do we watch each valley growing as it were, from out of an indistinct mass into existence before our eyes. India! the name already had a charm; and with the dangers of the Torres Straits behind us, those nodding cocoa-nut trees, with their broad and feathery leaves, seemed to wink us a welcome to their homes, while the white-breasted hawk, which came over from the shore and soared around our masts, screamed in pure delight.

With a favorable breeze, hugging the northern coast of Java, and taking the channel between this and Prince's Island, we entered the straits. Next day, sailing round the point of Cape Nicholas, with the whole island-spotted bay before us, we anchored that night, passing closely several islands with their fruit-tree-covered shores, in sight of the outer roadstead to Batavia. Next morning we had to weigh anchor again; but this time made our mooring ground, and running in between some of the farthest ships, while our Prussian flag was waving, our nearest neighbor answered with the Bremen flag—the "Ernst Moritz Arndt."

The same day a watch-boat came alongside; the police are inquisitive every where, particularly in the Dutch colonies—even before this the small boats of the ship-chandlers—the vultures of every harbor—sent their deputies on board to the captain. But this seemed the only life on the water, not even a fruit boat hove in sight; it being Sunday, and the shore lying so far off with its low and swampy coast, nothing was to be distinguished there, except in some places the red house-tops as they shone out from

the dark-green shades of the cocoa-nut tree groves which lined the coast.

A boat with Malays at last pulled alongside, and climbing up the vessel, but keeping along the shrouds, for we had several dogs loose on deck, they stole carefully—with their eyes fixed upon the dogs—to the high quarter-deck, to offer their services to the captain. It is customary here for the captains to hire, while they stay, a boat and crew, which they have for four gulden (about six shillings) a day; for their own men could not stand pulling backward and forward in such a heat, without endangering their lives. I had studied during this last voyage the Malay language most eagerly, and improved very much in it, as I thought; still when I heard these Malays speak I could understand a few words, but was not able to catch their meaning. It is always so in learning a strange language, your ear must get used first to the peculiar sound; and having overcome that, you soon comprehend the rest.

At nine o'clock next morning we pulled ashore, and *if I* had a thousand hands and pens, I could not describe those different sights and peculiar objects which pressed around us nearly at every stroke of the oars. Every thing was new, every thing was strange, and of a powerful interest for me; and I sat quietly in the boat watching, with an indescribable feeling of satisfaction in their originality, the new scenes and characters as they flew by—the Malay himself, in his sharp-pointed prow; the Chinese, upon his high and seemingly clumsy junk; the watch-boats with their small cannons and dark swarthy faces, as we entered the narrow channel or canal, hemmed in by a wall of coral-blocks; with the waving palm-crowns in the background. The fruit boats which we passed, going out; the yawls of foreign vessels with their vari-colored flags and dark-visaged crew, as they were gliding along the smooth water of the channel—if I had seen similar scenes, these at least were new to me; and with the blue-stretched sky above, I felt as happy as if that low channel before me had been the flat shore of the old far-away Weser, and yonder strange and sunny coast my own home.

So at last we entered the town, passing the custom-house, where we had our goods searched, quite in home-fashion, and where an old funny-looking Malay, in a tight and uncomfortable-fitting uniform, was vigorously strutting about.

Taking a carriage here—for hardly any white person walks, even from one street into another—I was astonished by seeing their little things of horses. Coming from New South Wales, where they have such strong and powerful animals, these looked so puny and weak, I thought them scarcely able to pull our light carriage along the smooth and level road; but they are stronger than you take them for. When you have been some time in the country, and you get used to them, they grow, as it were, under your eyes, and after awhile you do not think them so very small.

But though we had entered Batavia, I could see nothing yet looking like a real town. There were some gardens and houses in them; and, following the canal we reached at last a kind of street of large warehouses and old-fashioned buildings of former times; the Rali Besaar (the great river), as the Malays call the small canal, one could almost have jumped across, forming the centre of the street and chief medium of communication, as it seemed. But here the real life of Batavia began. These warehouses were the depositories of the powerful Dutch maatschappij; and those boats here, in the small canal, took out cargoes to ships of all nations in the world. And what a mixed crowd of colors and men! Here were brown, singular figures, in old-fashioned, tasteless uniforms; there dark-skinned natives, with their loads hanging on a piece of bamboo, swinging before and behind—slowly walking along with a light load, and nearly running with a heavy weight upon them—low huts, overhung by the crowns of nodding cocoa-nut trees; small cozy-looking gardens, with broad-leaved bananas, palms, and other fruit-trees; cab-like chariots, with Malay coachmen, taking one of the white merchants to his *comptoir*, or some other business place; long-tailed Chinese, with their paper umbrellas and peculiar hats, bathing natives of both sexes in the muddy water of the canal; small fruit-stands; and now, farther out, splendid villas, with high and lofty colonnades and verrandas—this is the first sight, the first impression of Batavia; and, as the reader may think, it is not taken in all at one look, in the first moment of one's arrival.

Batavia, the old town, is built close to the sea-shore. its site having disappeared once during an earthquake, and is only inhabited by Malays and Chinese. The merchants have their

business-places in it, and leave it in the evening, toward dusk, to return to their country houses. An erroneous opinion is entertained by some people that these country houses in a higher, are therefore in a more healthy region; the difference in the height between Cramat, and the sea-coast can hardly be more than twenty-five feet, nay, not even that; but the ground, cut up here by some running mountain streams, is drier and more open, the air has more passage; and those places, therefore—shaded by the thick-leaved trees and the habitations, singly scattered in wide and airy gardens (compounds)—are more salubrious for the European.

But, after all, Batavia deserves not the bad name strangers have commonly given to it on account of its unhealthiness. A foreigner, who avoids the sun's rays as much as possible, avoids too much intoxicating drinks, as gin and brandy, and takes the ordinary precaution against wet feet or clothing, may live as healthy and as comfortable in Batavia as any where else; and I have seen hundreds of Europeans there who had been many years in the country, and seemed as well satisfied with their health as if they had been in the most salubrious part of the world. But from whence came all those dreadful stories of fevers and tigers, of upas trees, and the Lord knows what else, if there is no truth in them?

Dear reader, the thing is easily explained. Every body travels nowadays, but every body can not have adventures; still every body wants to relate something, and be the hero of it too; and poking his head into a Javanese forest, maybe without leaving the post road, he of course must have seen a tiger, which crawled off most likely when he fastened his eye upon it; or a boa-constrictor, ready to spring upon him; or, if not that, pest and infection are roused into existence, to make a country where such men have lived a little more interesting. Even in Java I have heard of such travelers, who had written about their residence there, relating at the same time a powerful tiger story or two, which had happened to themselves of course, who were known never to have left Batavia or the suburbs the whole time they staid at Java. From such sources the upas tree received its dreadful poison, which kills every thing living around; from such sources five-sixths of all the tiger stories have been related and printed; and he who enters a place of this description, he has

read of, and has filled his imagination with a perfect menagerie of wild beasts, will be astonished to find no traces of these dreaded animals. I believe I shall not be far wrong in saying, that of the thousand Europeans now living in Java, not two have seen a tiger in the wild state, except once in a while at a great hunting party, and with four or five hundred natives for drivers.

The first impression I received of Java was extremely pleasant; that fine ride along the small but lively little stream or canal, between two rows of the most beautiful villas I had seen for a long time, with the fresh green of a luxurious vegetation, the fan and cocoa-palms, the stately waringhis, and casuarinas, and all the busy life of the dark population—the working class is confined entirely to this quarter—for fruit-sellers and carriers, with their then numerous, tempting-looking loads, after a long sea-voyage—offering a cool draught after a quick gallop of the small but lively ponies—all this could not but please me exceedingly; and the lofty and most elegant Hotel der Nederlanden of Mr. Hoger, with its marble slabs, large and numerous looking-glasses and astral lamps, its shady court-yard, pleasant rooms, and yet pleasanter fare which awaited us, did not weaken that impression.

Here I also found German newspapers, but it would have been a blessing not to have seen them—poor Germany!

Thursday, the 11th of November, I went on board of the "Wilhelmine" again, to take my luggage ashore, and I really felt sorry to leave the old ship; I had staid so long on board, and had found in the brave captain of the vessel such a real friend, I was reluctant to part with him—but that had been my fate round the world, to find friends only to lose and leave them again, but never to forget them.

During my first days in Batavia I wanted to get seasoned. I was not only a stranger in town, I was a stranger in every thing respecting the life and customs around me, and the habits of the people—extremely comfortable as they may have been. The whole life, in fact, was too comfortable, too luxurious for me to get used to so quickly; if it had been again a camp in the woods, with a single blanket to roll up in, and a piece of cold meat for supper and breakfast, I should not have wanted a long while to be at home; but here, the sweet and sour, hot and cold victuals, with the complicated contrivances of the Lord knows how many pairs

of knives and forks, finger-glasses and napkins, the continual changing of plates by careless Malay waiters, who will always start off with the best piece upon your plate if you take your eyes or hands off only a moment, made rather a hard trial for me for the first two or three days; but I got used to it in a short time. Man will always accommodate himself to a better life more readily than to the reverse.

Another thing to get used to, was the Malay language, for the entire conversation between natives or Chinese, wherever these come in contact with white persons, is Malay; and though I had studied the language a good deal, my ear had to get used to the sound before I could catch the meaning even of the words I knew by heart. Most singular the Malay language sounds, particularly at such a table, where there are a quantity of things the Malays had no idea of till Europeans landed on their shore, having no names for such things, and being obliged to accept with the object, the strange name it bore in foreign lands. The majority of such words, nearly all in fact, come from the Portuguese, Spaniards, or Dutch; and I laughed excessively on hearing one of the Europeans call to the grave and attentive Malay, "Kassi bottel bier sama korktreek—kassi fricadellen," (give a bottle of beer with corkscrew.)

Most disagreeable sounded to me at first the eternal *calling* for fire, of the colonists—awpee! (api) is the general cry after dinner, as well as before, and a parcel of little boys are employed in such hotels having hardly any thing else to do but to run about with a kind of match, made of the bark of the cocoa-nut, lighted in their hands, dodging with it to wherever the cry, awpee! came from. The Dutch are so used to have every thing comfortable (or lekker, as they call it), and not to touch any thing in the world that a Malay can do for them, that I have seen gentlemen call for the api, while the lighted candle was standing within arm's reach, if they had only raised themselves from their leaning posture; but no, a servant must come, maybe from the further end of the room, or even house, with the eternal spark.

Living in Batavia, is, as you may judge, tolerably dear. Hotel prices are (with only one exception, the Amsterdam Hotel, where you pay four gulden or roopiah daily), five gulden for boarding and lodging; besides that, you must have a carriage every day, which costs three gulden for every seven hours (a gulden or

roopiah being about one shilling and eightpence), and sometimes you will be obliged to take another "carreta," in the evening for another three gulden. Wine, like all other drinks, except gin, is extra. Washing, is in accordance with the low wages of the servants, cheaper than any where else; it is ten doits a piece. One hundred and twenty doits, making a gulden silver, or berak, that gulden silver being also a gulden paper; but only so called to distinguish it from a gulden copper; which is only one hundred doits.

In each hotel there are baths for the free use of every guest, and the Dutch have every thing comfortable in their hotels as in their houses; but the most comfortable thing after all, the type of all ease and commodiousness, is their morning-gown or night-dress, in which they stay, if business does not call them away, sometimes the whole day, till five or six o'clock, for dinner. This morning-gown costume consists of two articles—a wide cabaya open before, made of light cotton stuff, which reaches nearly down to the knees; and a wide pair of pantaloons, fastened with a cord round the hips, and of the same material as the cabaya. Full toilet is made only in the evening, ladies as well as gentlemen appearing in full dress: and as comfortable as the other dress has been, as tight and uncomfortable must clothes fit, which are worn here, as in every large European town, in the Parisian fashion.

Many of the Chinese, of whom there are several millions in Java immensely rich, also wanted at one time to wear European dresses; but as many of them look very much like Europeans, their complexion being often completely white, and the Dutch did not like to be mistaken for a race which is thought far inferior to Europeans, government would not allow them the dress-coat, and they had to stick to their tails. The Chinese though can become ugly customers if they have a mind to, and have shown on many an island their readiness for a revolution. In Batavia they tried several times to subdue the whites, and a place is yet called "bitjara tjina" (Chinese blood), where on their last revolt they were driven by the enraged colonists and slaughtered.

About life and living in Batavia, fruits and similar things, interesting as they were to me at first, I shall say nothing more; all descriptions of Java treat most minutely about Batavia, I shall therefore say no more on these subjects, but try to give the reader an idea of the land and people of the interior, as far as I am able.

But to reach the interior I had first to go to Buitenzorg to get a passport; and if the reader never has been in a Dutch colony or in Austria, he can form no idea of such a nuisance as the passport system is in general, and here in particular. The Assistant-resident in Batavia even refused to give me a passport for Buitenzorg, only forty paalon or miles from Batavia, where his Excellency the Governor resides, and a countryman of mine, a merchant of Batavia, had first to be my security; in fact, every stranger must have two securities here, if he intends to stay only a week an shore. In this particular case, I got a passport for five days, with every thing dreadful threatened should I disregard the orders of the police.

To Buitenzorg, those foreigners who are settled in Batavia, may go without passport, but no farther; as soon as they enter the neighboring provinces, the Treanger Regentschapper or others, they have to ask a passport of government, and then will not always get it, for even Hollanders have been refused the permission to enter those entirely Javanese provinces; particularly if there existed the slightest suspicion that they had any intention of trading with the native "regents," or of tempting them to buy precious stones, which the latter are always willing—indeed, eager to purchase, paying for them, sometimes, enormous sums. Most singularly, Chinese are allowed to remain and trade there; indeed these people enjoy a good many privileges throughout the country; and I think justly too, for they are nearly the only artisans, mechanics, and tradesmen in town; and just such an element is necessary to keep the far more slow and indolent blood of the natives circulating.

Traveling can be accomplished easily in Java, but costs a great deal of money, for you have to go by post, paying one roopiah and a half for every paal, or mile, and find your own coach. Where there are four, this may do very well, but for a single person it requires a fortune merely to take the route through the island, and having undertaken my journey with rather meagre supplies there was no possibility of my following such a course.

There was another way to travel—on horseback; while four post-horses cost one hundred and eighty doits, I could get a riding-horse for ten doits; ay, a "gladdar" or servant's horse, with the man upon it, for five doits, not quite a penny; but Europeans, in Batavia, consider it impossible for a new-comer to take a horse

and ride about in the sun—I was therefore running the greatest risk imaginable, and would be taken ill, without the least doubt in the world.

But there was an easier way—first to go to Buitenzorg, the *Sans Souçi* of the Dutch, for a regular mail was running there three times a week, for ten and a half roopiahs a person; by this I determined to profit, in the first instance.

I wanted to spend a few days in Batavia, previously, to get used to the climate and language, before I ventured to throw myself into the very centre of this new life. Therefore, spending those first days in riding about through the different parts of the town, I visited before all the rest the Chinese quarter, where none but Chinese live, and in houses after the original model.

The Chinese are distributed through every part of the old town, as well as the suburbs, or garden regions, having their shops and stores in every place where there is the least chance of selling any thing, and fruit and vegetable stands, out to the farthest boundaries of Batavia; every where else, they only live scattered, but in this quarter they concentrate their whole force.

As soon as you cross in this place, the short bridge of the Rali Besaar, you are amidst the Chinese stores; crowded upon each other, in their low and narrow stone habitations, the interior invariably fitted up with some of their idol pictures, and lamps, and incense. Tradesman here is the closest neighbor of tradesman; most of them squatting upon their low tables before their doors, or inside in the large and open windows. Their handicrafts are very much divided in this quarter; blacksmiths and carpenters, dyers, and varnishers have certain regions, where they are, if not the entire population, most certainly the majority—tailors and shoemakers alone seeming to have the privilege of erecting their shops wherever they saw fit. Other stores fill up the space, only here and there alternated by an eating-house, to the astonishment of the spectator, when the thought strikes him, who can buy, where every body seems to be selling; but the orang Malay, and orang goenoeng, the natives from the lower and high land—those who live here or in the neighborhood—the country-people and the wagoners, who bring nearly all the produce to town, form a large part of their customers; while the country is so thickly populated, Chinamen too forming a very great part of the wealthy community, promising success to nearly all these

traders, if they are only persevering and industrious, as Chinese almost always are.

Ironware and finery, basket-work and earthenware, dry goods and groceries, drug stores and tobacco stands, tea-shops, and trades of all descriptions, form here one solid mass; every one of these narrow low streets cross each other, while the canal seems to run every where, forming with its small bridges just as many by-lanes and cross-cuts here and there, so that a stranger if he do not keep his direction by the sun, is sure to lose himself.

In this perfect wilderness of houses and streets, or stores and lanes, a busy industrious people are swarming, unwearied in occupation through all the days in the week, from daylight till sunset warns the restless multitude of coming night, and checks the buzzing and clattering, hammering, rattling, sawing, and other sounds that indicate the presence, in this strange quarter of a strange town, of the noisy machinery of human industry and labor.

The Chinese are certainly the most industrious and persevering race I have ever met with, and they bear, as far as their trade and trading goes, particularly in a small way, an extraordinary resemblance to our Jews. A Chinese merchant is never to be put out of countenance: if he asks you a price, and you give him a bid, no matter how low—he has got you—you are done—you must buy something. They are also ready to carry their goods, be the heat what it may, to any place where they expect to sell some, if ever so little, just like our Jews; but they have that extraordinary partiality for work, that where they can not make a good living by trading or speculation, they are just as well satisfied to take hold of hammer or file, of needle or awl, and be as persevering at this work as at their trading.

Principally to find some characteristic Chinese goods, I walked this quarter over and over again. Any thing in the world I could have got here with the greatest ease, except Chinese goods. European porcelain, little knickknacks and fine wares, silk umbrellas, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, Nuremberg wares, French prints and German calicoes were in abundance; but of real Chinese goods there was hardly any thing but tea, some stoneware and porcelain, China ink, paper umbrellas, white paint (for the faces of the fair), and some Chinese household medicines, brought over with them from the old country.

Interesting to the stranger, were said to be these Chinese "pasar malam," or market evenings; and I went there one night with a carreta and some friend to guide me through the different parts. Already from afar a wild, noisy music, with singing, howling, and screaming, struck our ears, accompanied by the sounding of cymbals, the beating of drums, and the striking of gongs. In the middle of the market-place near which we left the carriage to wait for us, a large bamboo scaffold, intended for a theatre, was erected. It looked very much like a large open dove-cot, or an overgrown rice-hut—little buildings they used to put in the rice-field, upon long bamboo poles to overlook the fields and frighten off the birds. This theatre was lighted up by some large iron pans, filled with cocoa-nut oil, in which a couple of thick wicks were burning, shedding a glaring, unsteady light around. The orchestra, a singular band of noisy rascals, each of whom cared only to maintain his own noise, was set upon the scene, wherever this could find room. The theatre had no side-scenes, only two back doors. Upon the scene a kind of table or altar was standing, and a couple of boxes with old costumes, beards, &c., out of which the actors, turning their backs upon the spectators, supplied their wants and altered their characters, even in the very midst of their dialogue or gesticulating. There is a great deal of time saved by such a proceeding; and the ladies in our country, who always want such a dreadful long time for changing their dresses, ought to profit by this hint.

While the actors were playing, and playing in every sense of the word—making the most of the occasion—striking long sticks they held in their hands about them, screaming at the same time as if they were suffering under the most dreadful toothache or other calamity, and throwing about their arms and legs in a manner to puzzle the beholder to guess where were their joints: the room between them and the musicians—a small kind of gangway about two feet wide—was filled with little urchins, who had climbed up the posts, to profit by the spectacle. But it was a difficult position to maintain, between the active musicians behind them, and the raving actors before; now knocked on the head by a careless cymbal, with a "tsching!" and threatened continually by half-a-dozen swinging sticks in rapid motion, with no place to dodge and hide, they were forced to take a rather painful interest in the performance.

Singular, too, seemed to me the turning of the hands of the performers—a motion I subsequently noticed in all the Malayan and Sunda dancers—stretching them out as far as they can, and bending the palms back to the utmost, they apparently twist the joint of their elbows perfectly round, turning and screwing the upper parts of their bodies, as if some part had come loose, and could not be kept in its place any more, under any circumstances.

The dialogue, which they keep up at the highest pitch of their voices, must have been interesting, for the Chinese spectators watch the actors with the utmost attention; while often bursts of roaring laughter mark a happy pun, a stroke of wit, or a pleasant allusion; and they immediately relate the joke, with their broad and laughing features, to such of their neighbors as have not caught the exact meaning, or to others who had just dropped in, and are pressing nearer eagerly to hear the noisy merriment.

These spectators were, in fact, far more interesting to me than the actors; they were, in fact, acting a kind of play themselves —for me at least, though unconsciously to themselves; for though I had seen a good many of the race in California, I had never met such a jovial, happy, and comfortable-looking crowd of them in my life; and sometimes I shut my eyes, trying to think I was dreaming, though the actors were screaming grim reality into my ears at the time. I opened them again, to be pleased anew to find those singular sons of China, we in Europe know principally by the paintings on tea-boxes and trays, with their grinning countenances raised up toward the glaring cocoa-nut flames, standing around me joyously swinging their tails.

The theatre was a riddle to me; standing there by itself, in the middle of the free and open market-place, it had to grant free admission to all who required it. Seats there were none; but the spectators stopped, as their inclination led them, a longer or a shorter time before the scene, where the musicians unweariedly played the same things over and over again. Whence did these men get paid for so much exertion? for it was not to be expected that a disinterested partiality for the art should induce them to play gratuitously about six hours every evening. I, however, soon learned that the theatre was allowed gratis, less for the amusement of the public than as a bait in general, and was kept here with exactly the same intention as those large orchestras were

maintained in the gambling-houses of San Francisco. Not far from the theatre, also lighted up by large cocoa-nut oil lamps, the flames of which threw a red glare over half-a-dozen mats, stretched out upon the ground, and over some low tables, upon which, not round them, a lot of Chinese were squatting, watching eagerly the rolling dice or small cards, and betting not unfrequently heavy sums of money.

These gambling-tables, as poor and dirty as they look, are leased out by the Dutch government, like the sale of opium, for enormous sums; and though I do not see how it is possible for the renters to pay this, as well as the costs of lights, the theatre, and other expenses, they must make a great deal of money by the arrangement; for they are all extremely eager to enter into contract about it with government. The Chinese, as well as the Malays, particularly the last, are madly fond of gambling; coolies, too, who have earned a few doits by the sweat of their brow, toiling for days, are just as apt to sit down by the road-side and gamble away their whole wages, leaving afterward perfectly satisfied that they had spent their money in a gentlemanly way, with the best will in the world to recommence their toil. These men are of course led to such places by a fascination they can not, or will not withstand; and they gamble away there almost every thing they have; filling with their doits the treasury of the state, and impoverishing themselves.

I had a great notion of moralizing about the Dutch government, ruining their subjects in this legal, yet shameful way; but I had not the heart knowing that our German governments calling themselves the most enlightened in the world, and thinking so too, perhaps—lease out hazard-tables and play lottery themselves exactly in the same manner. As long as we, in our civilized Europe, while sending annually so many missionaries to bring to heathens the blessings of our Church, suffer such iniquities, we ought not to grumble about such tricks being practiced upon these poor wretched heathens and Turks.

Passing in the day time through this Chinese quarter, I was rather astonished to see upon a great many houses earthen pots—not unlike our flower-pots, but more rounded at the bottom, and larger—fastened upon the roofs; and I heard afterward, from several old settlers, the reason of this peculiarity. These pots are put upon the roof where a marriageable girl is in the house, and

their situation is said to denote all the particulars. Many of them apparently very old, having cactuses growing in them, as house-leeks grow in our country upon the roofs, seemed no particular recommendation. But if they really possess the meaning they are said to have, they speak very much for the honesty and candidness of the Chinese ladies; for I am sure, if such a fashion prevailed in Europe, the fair creatures whose symbols were braving the storms on their roofs, would find some plan to prevent them looking too old and weather-beaten, or renew them occasionally by others of more decent appearance—at least they would not allow house-leek to grow in them, if only to save appearances.

In Norway there is said to exist a similar custom—but in the interior of the houses—to denote the same thing; copper kettles being hung up, in a rather prosaic way, giving by their number a tolerable true account of the girl's dowry; but this may be only a fable.

I was fortunate enough to witness some time afterward a Chinese marriage—at least the ceremony of leading the bride from her father's house into the carriage, and from the vehicle to the temple—while I was standing nearly an hour up to my ankles in mud, in the midst of a swarm of long and short-tailed Chinese men, women, and children. I could never have had so much patience to wait the coming of the lady under such disagreeable circumstances as soft mud is to thin calf-skin boots, if a band of musicians had not kept up during the time so dreadful a noise, with such dreadful instruments, and in such a dreadful way. I was so astonished, and, in fact, so taken by surprise, that I did not recover my senses till the bride arrived. The violin with two strings, and a squeak instead of a sound, seemed to be the chief instrument; while a large drum and cymbals, gongs, and a certain kind of rattle-boxes, always joined at a time you least expected them. Each of the musicians was playing, as it seemed, his own favorite melody in his own measure, caring not a straw for the rest; and I would have given any thing to have been able to stenograph those sounds, only to let the reader have the benefit of them.

A large carriage, ornamented with all kinds of red silk and plumes, drove up before the door, and then the bride appeared, throwing every thing around her of course entirely in the shade

I am a poor describer of ladies' dresses—still I will try to give

my fair readers at least some idea of how she looked. She wore a parti-colored silk dress, sprinkled over with innumerable small flowers and blossoms, which fell down to the ground, where some bricks had been laid to form a kind of path-way for the lady and her followers. Small feet she most certainly had, for she belonged to the higher class, as it seemed, and was only able to move inch by inch, while a couple of bridesmaids, wading at her side, were supporting or guarding her on each flank. Only now and then could I see the broad tips of her tiny feet (clumsy, I had better say) come forward, but slide back directly, as if afraid of the light. Her hair was made up, of course, *à la Chinoise*, but upon it she wore a kind of diadem, which ran out crown-like, while from its farthest points, thin silken cords were hanging all around; and on the lowest end little trinkets, pearls, corals, and beads, maybe precious stones and jewels were dangling, reaching down in front over her eyes, and striking together, while she passed me with a low ringing sound. She had painted herself white, or rather gray, and never raised her eyes during her passage to the carriage; in conformance with the customary rites which do not allow her to lift her head nor look upon the bridegroom till actually wedded to him.

What ailed the two girls, who had feet large enough to keep any lady steady, I know not, but they were shaking their heads all the time, apparently not at all satisfied with the proceeding.

Close to the door of the carriage, at the moment the bride was entering, two men, most likely some of her relatives, stepped, holding upside down an old rice sieve high over her head, under which she passed. The bridegroom, a thin, awkward, but not bad-looking Chinese, followed; and I liked his feet the least of his person, for he stepped with one of them upon my toes, while passing me. The train now moved off, while some of the violins seemed to have turned crazy, and were scratching away as though to scare the drums and gongs into a softer noise. About ten or twelve wagons followed with the parents, the nearest relations, and several acquaintances; then some girls, most likely dancers or such like, in their shortest dress, waded through the mud after the wagons.

Before the door, and about ten yards distant on the other side of the road, three Dutch soldiers, in their uniforms and carrying their muskets, marched up and down as long as the ceremony

lasted; for what reason, Heaven and these heroes only knew, for as soon as the carriage drove off they grounded their arms, and in different directions sauntered down the street.

During the whole festivity, and as long as the carriage was standing before the door, even while it was driving off, the Chinese boys amused themselves with letting off crackers and other fire-works—a common amusement with them, but one which seemed to me somewhat reckless here among dry bamboo huts, and straw, and other combustibles scattered every where, which, if ignited by a stray spark, would have laid that quarter of the city in ashes in a few minutes.

CHAPTER II.

A RIDE INTO THE INTERIOR OF JAVA.

SATURDAY, the 15th of November, the mail-coach for Buitenzorg started at six o'clock in the morning; and what a blessing this coach was, in comparison to the royal mails of Australia!—(to think of them only, makes my bones ache). Four small, but lively animals carried the easy and comfortable mail-coach toward Buitenzorg, and along the smooth, even road, through a perfect paradise of gardens and flowers. But so much for old habits—I was so used to connect the word mail with an uncertain number of passengers crowded into one small box, that I expected at every turn of the road to see some ten or twelve other passengers rise up, and require to be taken along by the easily-satisfied coachman. But we were left unmolested in the possession of our paid-for places, and after a delicious ride, through fields and plantations, gardens and sawas (rice-fields) taken along the road at about nine knots an hour, reaching Buitenzorg, thirty-nine paalen distant, toward ten o'clock.

These roads, and in fact all the roads through Java, are divided by paalen or posts, which are set up regularly through the whole island. The distance between them is said to be exactly an English mile; for I heard it asserted several times, that the paalen had originated at the time the English held possession of this territory; still, if it could not be attributed to the swiftness of the little animals, these paalen seemed to me somewhat shorter than an English mile, and I really believe they are.

Every four or five miles, sheds are built across the street, to allow the carriage to stop under a shelter, if it should happen to rain, or as a protection against the rays of the sun. Each carriage has, besides the coachman, two drivers—half-naked fellows, who stand on a board fixed purposely for them behind the wagon, and keep up, during the whole time the horses are running, an uninterrupted noise with hallooing and screaming, jumping down

occasionally, particularly when the road rises a little, and the horses seem disposed to run somewhat slower, and passing the wagon at a run, they crack their whips at the animals and yell at them till they cause them once more to put forth all their powers; then slackening their pace for an instant to allow the carriage to pass them, they jump up behind to their old places, and begin again to scream and bawl.

The coachman, who wore the common flat and broad bamboo hat, held the reins all the time in one hand, without seeming to guide the horses in the least; in fact, I do not know how he could have done so, having them all in one bunch, not even divided by his fingers, and sitting there on his high box, as it seemed, far more for ornament than use. My fellow-passengers asserted that they thought he was put up there, only to make the affair look more symmetrical and coach-like; while the two men on the right and left were doing the whole driving and guiding together. These, however, changed with the horses at every post.

The post-road through Java is equal to the best of the kind I have ever seen in Germany, and seems to have been built in spite of a great many difficulties. One of the former governors, sowing a blessing for futurity, though a curse for his time, forced the natives to finish it within a certain period, while he threatened some of the Regents who talked of impossibilities, with hanging them and all the district—in short, executed some as I was told—not only for refusing their help, but for not commencing the work at once in goodwill—and the road was made.

To keep it in this good state, the heavy two-wheeled carts which bring the produce from the plantations to the sea-shore, are not allowed to use it; but have to follow with their slow unhandy teams a road which frequently leads close on one side of the mail-road, following the straightest course, and being always cut up dreadfully by the sharp heavy wheels of the carts and the sharper hoofs of the carbos or buffaloes.

But the scenery?—my heart expanded while I was taken by the wild flight of the horses through these beautiful groves. Above me the waving cocoa trees nodded their feathery crowns, the broad banana leaves rustled and whispered, the blossoms of various plants and trees were streaming out their sweet odors, wafting them with the fresh breeze along the plain, and refresh

ing our nerves while cooling our cheeks; and deep in the shade of the cool and quiet groves low bamboo-huts were standing, half hid in blossoms and fruits, and slender though dark forms moved light and graceful under their palms.

Many of the white inhabitants of these climes would most likely smile, if they read this description of a place which is continually before them, and in which they have found, perhaps, not a whit more of poetry or picturesqueness than we find in our towns or country places. They might call this an exaggerated description, and say I had painted an every-day life with fallacious, and therefore not true colors; but they forget in that case, that a disinterested foreigner is very apt to consider strange people and their strange homes in quite another light to that in which these strange people see it. I, at least, did not consider them in the way of working machines or pack-mules, only good enough to raise the produce for their white masters, and then carry it to town; but as men, as human beings—people in fact that God Almighty must have loved as His best and dearest children, while giving them this Paradise for a home. And this luxurious vegetation, offering with scarcely any labor every thing to man that he requires, or could enjoy, is, and will be a silent but powerful reproach to the whites, who have forced these children of the South to an employment nature never intended for them. But if you speak about this to one of the Dutch, they always maintain that the natives never led a better life under their own princes, having been obliged to work and toil for them as they now do for the Europeans; this I shall not deny; but they were their own natural chiefs, of their own kindred and blood, and an improvement of their situations lay at that time in their power—but how is it now?

But all is not lost yet. Have we not, in former times, felt the heel of the powerful upon our necks? and have we not shaken off, at least, a great part of the burden? These reflections do not blame the Dutch for having conquered and civilized the natives; no, they have done nothing but what England, France, America, and all other nations that have colonies had done before, and are doing now. Our philanthropists of the present time, let them say to the contrary whatever they please, do not look as the final aim of civilization, for the cultivation and felicity of man; but insist on making every acre of ground yield the

utmost: and upon that idea they act. No, I am very far from blaming the Dutch in particular for having subdued these tribes (if they had not done it, the English would have most certainly civilized the country); for, from all that I have seen in this part of the globe, I really and sincerely believe the Dutch to be the best colonists in the world. The natives are not driven, in general, to their work—for exceptions there are every where and under all circumstances—they have certain things to do, which they know, and they at the same time get a certain payment for; they have overseers to secure the performance of this work—for the Malay takes very good care not to exert himself unnecessarily with too hard a task. But one thing lightens their burden, and this is, the Dutch alone of all nations allow the tolerant and reasonable privilege—liberty of religion. They do not rob them of their free will and their gods at the same time, bowing down their bodies, and frequently crushing their spirits, as we have seen only too many examples; but leave all religious matters to God Almighty; and the natives prove, by their behavior, how judiciously they have acted.

But there happen cases of tyranny occasionally: and under a former governor, some residents—as the first magistrates of every district are called—who received a per centage of all the produce for export which is raised, forced the natives to work so much in the coffee and sugar plantations, from which they derived large profits, as entirely to take the latter from their own rice-fields, which they had to neglect. A famine being in that case unavoidable, rice had to be imported from Pondicherry (1845), to a country which is capable of raising enough to supply the whole market of Europe. Many of those poor and unhappy natives fled to Batavia, or the nearest towns, only to keep from starving, and several are said to have died of hunger in this Paradise.

The present Governor, wherever I heard him spoken of, is generally esteemed; but, by many of the old officers, equally feared; for he has taken hold of the reins of government with rather a rough hand, exposing and punishing many an old abuse of public confidence, or act of petty tyranny, without asking who the offender was, or what he had been. He wishes to introduce more humane principles, and intends to do away entirely, or weaken the right which the whites at present exercise, to make the natives work in their plantations whether they like it or not.

He will have a great majority of the planters against him though; for it is not unlike the slavery question. Still, humanity must conquer finally, and millions of natives will bless his exertions.

On leaving the neighborhood of Batavia, and its numerous beautiful villas and gardens, and then the little bamboo-huts, lying in the shade of their own cocoa-nut trees or sirih plantations, that here commenced, the view suddenly opened before us; and out of the far and blueish background those rough volcanic masses rose, that form the backbone, not alone of Java, but of all that long stretch of islands, Bali, Lambok, &c., even to Timor; while farther on, to our right and left, spread open rice-fields. Here I recognized for the first time the real peculiarity of the country.

The rice is to the inhabitants of Java, and in fact all the East Indies, the same as the taro-root is to the Hawaiian, or the bread-fruit to the South Sea Islands. Those fields give at the same time, a most singular appearance to the country, with their small square or long partitions, spreading fan-like around the hill-slopes, and down into the valley; holding in a low brim of thrown-up ground the descending water, which they let out only through a small spout-like opening, for the benefit of the lower fields. The water is divided and used in such an extraordinary practical manner, as to bring it every where, even to the smallest little corner or nook, where it is wanted: spots two and three feet broad, are dammed up sometimes and watered; indeed, every place that would yield a handful of rice is cultivated. And strewn over these fields—like an oasis over a surrounding open plain—over this desert of rice-fields small and shady groves arise, out of whose centre, tall areka-nut palms, or cocoa-nut trees lift their heads, seemingly escaping from out of a wild thicket of mangos, mangistan, shaddock, and bamboo. But these groves are hollow, and each incloses a little world of its own, a miniature Paradise, with every thing free and happy in it—but man.

As well as rice, the Javanese cultivates for himself the sirih, to chew; for all the rest, including areka and cocoa-nut, grow without further aid, if once planted.

The sirih is a vine, not unlike in its leaf to the black pepper, growing upon trees that are planted for this purpose. Of the plant the leaf alone is used; it is to be chewed with lime, tobacco,

and some other nasty stuffs. The lips or teeth are colored red by the operation, the breath smells disgustingly sweet, the cheeks are swelled by lumps of this stuff, while an ugly red juice is always hanging upon the mouth. The natives say that they are obliged to chew it for the preservation of their teeth; but man has, of course, an excuse for every bad habit; and all wild nations have beautiful teeth—even those that never heard of sirih.

Buitenzorg—that beautiful little village, with its splendid villas and glorious scenery, is the principal residence of his Excellency the Governor, and enjoys one of the best—I really believe I may say the best—botanical garden in the world. That of Sydney could surpass it, on account of its situation between the hot and the moderate latitude, if the ground there was not too poor, and if the Sydney legislature took any interest in such an "unnecessary luxury," as they seem to think it. But every thing, climate and soil, as well as the attention bestowed upon it, and the means to do what is required, favor this spot; and the present gardener, Mr. Teismann, has made it a treat to walk through this place, and admire the immense quantity and variety of plants, collected here in this comparatively small inclosure.

Interesting to me, nearly before all other things, was a collection of the spices, which are grown here in all their varieties. Mr. Teismann has even tried the experiment of raising vanille, and making it bear fruit, and has succeeded. What South America, to this time has had the exclusive cultivation of, will, in no distant period, be raised and exported from this most fertile spot of God's wide creation.

Fortunately for me his Highness the Duke Bernhard of Weimar, commander-in-chief of the colonies, was living in Buitenzorg—only a short time afterward he had to repair to Germany for the restoration of his health—and to his kindness, I have very much reason to think, I am mostly indebted for a passport to the Treanger Regentschappen—in short, to the interior. The Dutch Government does not like to have much written about colonies (though I really do not see why); all persons employed in its service are forbidden to publish any thing about them; and therefore why they do not like to have foreigners rambling much about their country is easily explained, particularly when they are known to travel only to write. There I had also the pleasure to make the acquaintance of some of his Excellency's officers, par-

ticularly Colonel Steinmetz, and I was treated by all in the most kind and friendly manner.

That afternoon I took a walk through the botanical gardens with a gentleman of the duke's retinue, when we heard in the neighborhood a perfect Babel of sounds, originating, as it seemed, in a multitude of musical instruments, of which the Javanese have a very large collection, for they call "musical" any thing that makes a noise.

I was beginning to get used to this Chinese misfortune, but here there were some new and even harmonious sounds I had not heard; sometimes it was as if you struck with a pair of snuffers against a bootjack; and then again like the ringing of some far-away bells—sweet sounds you have heard in your youth, and never forgotten. Through this ringing and tinkling, violins and clarionets squealed, and above the rest came thundering the heavy clashing of the gongs.

We forced ourselves through the defective hedge, and entered at once the place where some religious festivity—I believe the circumcision of a child—had given the inhabitants an excuse for this concert; at which two bands were alternately playing and eating, to keep the tune agoing. Not the least pause existed between the two orchestras; and I really believe this was a necessary arrangement, for if that noise had lasted only a while, and commenced again in all its vigor, no human tympanum could have stood the shock.

I can not say I heard that music alone. No, I felt, smelled, tasted, and saw it also; it was a compact mass of sharp-pointed tones—a perfect musical porcupine.

The main instrument of the Javanese—as in fact also of the neighboring groups—is the gamelang, which has some similitude in sound to the glass-harmonica, and consists of a quantity of metal bells tuned together, which are touched, in playing, with a couple of hammers. The sound of these gamelangs, particularly at the right distance—and it wants a good distance too—is pleasant enough; but right under your nose, and sometimes for twenty-four, ay, forty-eight hours, without intermission, only a Javanese ear can stand. These instruments are made most commonly out of metal, sometimes with very lage bells, having, in that case, a value of from two and three to four hundred roopiahs; but frequently and principally among the poorer classes they are

of wood or bamboo, nearly after the same principle as similar instruments in Europe, with light pieces of wood lying hollow upon strawbands; they are also played in the same way, with small pieces of wood.

A perfectly Javanese instrument is the anklong, made in the most simple way imaginable, out of two pieces of bamboo, cut out something like the pipes of an organ, and tuned by this and by the thickness of the bamboo itself. Two such pipes, which only give a sound while swinging at the upper end, when struck with a short piece which is left below the hollow, against the hollow tube of another in which they hang, form an instrument, but twelve of them may be had together, from the largest with bamboo pieces of nearly four inches in diameter, down to one inch. Ten or twelve men or boys are commonly necessary to play this instrument, each having one in his right hand, which he shakes with sudden jerks, keeping time with the rest, taking two of the smallest ones, if they are not musicians enough, one in each hand.

In the court-yard, under an open bamboo shed, there was a long covered table standing, perfectly loaded with all kinds of fruits, cakes, confectionary, and tea; and we had to sit down there to drink at least a cup of tea and eat some cake.

In Buitenzorg there is a very good hotel, the Hotel of *Bellevue*, and the view there from the small back veranda of the inn, a kind of pavilion, is really about the finest that can be imagined.

But my time was limited, and being rather in a hurry to see as much of Java as I could, in the short time I should be able to stay here, I looked round—intending to return to Buitenzorg—for a conveyance from here as cheap and commodious as I could get it.

In former times, government allowed those who had permission to travel into the interior, or their own officers, while living upon the island, a very liberal privilege—wherever they wanted to travel, post-horses free; but this had been abused, particularly as I heard in Buitenzorg, by the ambtenaars who sent down continually extra posts to Batavia, if their wives wanted a few yards of ribbon, or some other trifle. Now, he who wants post-horses has to pay for them; and as they are exceedingly dear, I determined to go, notwithstanding all I had heard about the danger of the climate, on horseback—the landlord of the hotel having promised to provide me with a couple of good animals.

As I had been told in Batavia the price was ten dooits—about one penny—for a paal, or a mile, and I got a guide with me to take back the horse without paying a cent more for him. But if I wanted to get along quicker, I was advised to take another horse for the servant, called a "gladdack horse," upon which my guide could ride, paying for this second horse only five dooits more—always getting the Malay into the bargain. So I had only to pay fifteen dooits, or one penny and a half per mile for two horses and a guide. Getting into the saddle, with my gun before me, and giving my carpet-bag, a rather unhandy load on horseback, to the Malay, I started, with my passport in my pocket, on as fine a morning and with as fine scenery on my route, as heart could wish to enjoy

CHAPTER III.

THE TREANGER REGENTSCHAPPEN.

Away from Buitenzorg I had really no time to look to my horse —a small Macassar steed, full of vivacity, that continued dancing and prancing nearly the whole day—for every paal brought new and interesting scenery. First, the paddy-fields, where some lazy buffaloes or carbos were pulling a small plow through the soft sand of a field not yet tilled, while some of the native women reaped stalk by stalk in another sawa, the ripe rice, or sowed seed in the adjoining one. Ox-carts filled the tracks which ran just alongside of the main and post road; long caravans passing by and squealing on their axles in a pitiful way. The Javanese are said to have a preference for this music, as of course they call it, and would not miss it for all the well-greased wheels in the world.

They tell an amusing anecdote about this—a Javanese heard for the first time in his life the soft and melodious tones of an accordeon, and listening to it a long while, he at last admiringly said, it sounded very much—"like the wheels of his wagons."

To complete the noise, and to have, as it were, an accompaniment to the wheels, they hang a couple of bells on the forepart of their cart-beams, and keep screeching and ringing along the whole of the road.

Nearer and nearer we now came to the chain of volcanoes which stretch across the island from east to west, forming, as it were, the backbone of Java, and we were scarcely aware of the elevation of the road till suddenly reaching a small, but thickly-wooded mountain gully, we entered upon an Indian forest, leaving fields and bamboo-huts behind, in one dark and seemingly impenetrable mass of foliage. Still the road kept the same, as wide and smooth as ever, and only winding up now as gently as the very high mountain would allow, toward the summit.

Higher and higher we rose, where no cocoa-nut or areka palms

could thrive, instead of which, magnificent trees arose from the rich, elevated background. Among these were principally the yamudju and the kihadji, with very high and powerful, but slender and limbless smooth trunks, with a light grayish bark running up, till they reached about a height of one hundred and eighty to two hundred and twenty feet, and then spreading out their strong and mighty limbs, covered with a kind of foliage not unlike our beech trees.

With the higher trees the underwood commenced to unfold new treasures the farther we kept climbing up. At first it had only been a wall-like mass of green foliage, with no peculiar bush or color; ferns had appeared as soon as we had entered the mountainous country, but only low on the ground, their leaves running out from a kind of knob, close over the surface of the earth, but as our path ran higher, these knobs grew larger, first showing a thick stump-like stem, a few inches long, and rising higher and higher, betraying at last their arborescent character; and we had not reached the highest ridge before I found ferns from twenty to twenty-five feet high, rising now out of the lower bushes with their fine and gracefully cut leaves, or shaking their palm-like crowns rustling over the deep cut gullies of the mighty mountain.

The name of this volcano was Megamendong (the cloud-wrapped), as the meaning is in the language of the Indians; and the view to the low valleys of the coast, with the background of the island dotted sea—though a thin vail of mist was stretching over it—held me back, whenever I reached a point, from which I could enjoy that beautiful spectacle.

Here also the wild pisang began with its broad, bright-green and air-split leaves, and the badjangtere, a lovely soft-red flower, which they grow carefully in the old country in hot-houses, here sought the cooler shade of the mountains, rankling over the wild briars, and winding its wreaths round the neighboring bushes.

Nearly with sundown, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, whose name indicates how seldom a traveler can hope to find a fair and open view, upon the lower land, over the Treanger Regentschappen, which we entered here. But fortunately I had hit the right moment, and hardly had we passed a small cluster of bamboo-huts, which are built just where the road crosses the top—the path being furnished also with a large wooden gate

which is closed at night—when the whole panorama, with its wild and picturesque mountain peaks and rugged ridges for a background, the smoking Gedé to our right, and the beautiful plain of Tjanjor at our feet, stretching out to the left, burst upon our view.

It was getting dark, and we had, as my guide told me, a long stretch to travel, before we could reach a place to stay all night; but I could not tear myself away so quickly from this spectacle, and stretching myself on the grass, close to the road, upon a little open patch, I looked silently over that deep and beautiful valley. Even my guide, a dreamy fellow I had never thought would look at any thing else but his horses and his nasi (rice), stopped at my side, and seemed pleased with my admiration of his country.

Not till perfect darkness spread over mountains and dales around, did I leave this place, and leading my horse down the tolerably steep slope, we entered the Treanger Regentschappen. But we had to travel a long while that night, before we reached a place where they thought they could accommodate a white person; they did not know, of course, how little particular I was in such a case; and partly leading our little horses, partly riding where the road was level, it may have been ten o'clock before we reached the second post from the Megamendong; stopping with a kind of justice of the peace in the little village.

Next morning, I had to start again with the *same horses*, for there were no others to be got in this place; and since they had rested, and there was only a short distance left to Tjanjor, the principal place of this district, where I wanted to stay the rest of the day, I thought I could trust to the little animals again.

The Javanese horses are not much esteemed; they are taken commonly for gladdack horses, and sold very cheap. I saw little bits of ponies even in Batavia, offered for six roopiahs, not quite ten shillings apiece (there being though, I believe, thirty roopiahs export duty per head, should any one wish to take them on board a vessel.) The better kind are brought over from the neighboring islands, from Macassar principally, and from Sandelwood Island; and even from Sydney there are horses imported now with a good profit, for Europeans like to have a large breed for their carriages, though I should always prefer, for such a ride as I had before me, a Macassar pony. Horses from Sydney most always bring, only of a commonly good stock, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred roopiahs.

Trotting along, we reached the last ridges inclosing the inner valley of Tjanjor early in the morning, and following the slowly descending road, soon came upon the little town, Tjanjor, which lay nearly hid in a perfect forest of fruit-trees, a high hedge inclosing the place, while the main entrance could be shut up by a large wooden and white-painted gate. We soon entered the town, and found all the streets laid out in regular squares and gardens, each surrounded by a hedge about four feet high, and level-trimmed, of the Ramboug sapatoe (shoe-flower), the Hobiscus rosa sinensis, which has received its rather unpoetical name from the singular property of the dark-red flower for blackening gentlemen's boots. They form, in fact, the only blacking the natives use for that purpose—that is, not for themselves, but for their masters.

Reaching town a good while before dinner, I stopped at a Dutch hotel, from where I sent back my old guide with his horses, to get fresh animals; then took a stroll through the principal streets of the little town, and before all other things, through the business part of it. Here were stores beside stores, from the vegetable stand of the poor Sundaman, up to the dry goods shop of the fat Chinese, who is squatting, his knees drawn up to his chin, upon his stand, watching the stranger passing by, to see if there is any possibility of bringing him to trade.

The dress of the natives had here many peculiarities, particularly that of the women, showing, at the same time, that we had not only overstepped the boundaries of one district, but had entered an entirely different country, with different people from that of the lowlands. This part of the country, in fact, the entire western half of the island, is not called Djava, or Java, as marked on the maps, but Sunda, the whole strait having received the name from this portion. But the Sunda people also belong to two distinct classes, and the traveler will find the great difference between the Malay of the sea-shores, and the Orang goenceng of the mountains.

The Malay is of a far smaller race, the mountaineers being taller and better made; even in their dress they preserve a difference; the Sundaman wearing a piece of cloth thrown round his shoulders, not unlike the Spaniard or the South American nations, while the Malay prefers to dress in a kind of jacket or a cabaya. The women also wear, besides the cloth they have

wrapped round their hips or waist, another piece loosely hung over one shoulder, leaving the breasts free, or covering at least only one with the corner of the cloth. Their hair is combed smooth, and most generally ornamented with flowers, and they go of course barefooted.

The men wear, one and all, even down to boys of eight or nine years, short swords, called klewangs, at the left side; while the large, flat, round hat, frequently seen swinging upon their shoulder, and looking exactly like a shield, gives them quite a warlike appearance, which is not contradicted by their tall and well-shaped forms and dark and lively eyes. But their spirits are, if not broken, at least kept down—those strong and warlike forms, with weapons at their sides, bend to the dust before the white man, and dare not even lift their eyes to him while he passes; they have no friendly nod for you, like the South Sea islanders, with their fair and open countenances; no bright smile parts their lips and sparkles in their eyes when they meet you; they know their masters, know their masters' power; and if a dark scowl sometimes hides under that broad hat, their hand only grasps that hat to pull it down to one side while meeting the European, and not the klewang to revenge many a year's slavery and servitude. Still I could not help thinking that I saw not unfrequently something in those downcast eyes, that was not the resignation of a settled, unalterable fate; dark thoughts were flitting across those bended brows, and darker deeds would be the consequence if they found expression. There are seven millions of natives living upon that one island Java, to, maybe, ten or fifteen thousands of Europeans, and it looks like an act of self-preservation for the latter to hold their vassals with a strong hand.

Tjanjor is the principal town of the Treanger Regentschappen, the resident living here; Bandong, the next, has an Assistant-resident, and in each of these places a native regent is living, who is the chief of all the natives, but under the control as well as the command of the Resident. These Regents are placed though, in every other respect, under the greatest advantages. They have a certain per centage of all the produce raised in their regency, which offers them a fair inducement to do their best, and have as much land cultivated as possible, for their own income increases with it, and the yearly salary of many of them is said far to exceed one hundred thousand roopiahs.

In Tjanjor there were some soldiers drilling and marching up and down. They were all natives except the sergeant, who had to speak to them of course in their own language. The sergeant was certainly a very polite man; when I passed him, he took off his cap. The uniform of the soldiers was blue with red facings, but without shoes; they did not even wear their handkerchief, which is almost invariably tied round their heads in every other situation, but a small blue cap. This fashion, though, is not a voluntary one, and I hardly think they feel comfortable in that tight jacket and pantaloons, after having been so long used only to wear the sarong round their hips, and another cloth, perhaps, over their shoulders.

The sarong is of Indian manufacture, and woven of cotton—except in rare cases, and only for the use of the regents or princes, in silk and gold—but the coloring, or rather printing of the stuff makes even this material costly. The reader will not be tired, I think, to read a short description of the very peculiar way they draw and dye this, which with the head-cloth forms a complete dress.

The workman, or rather the woman, for women most commonly make this drawing their business, hang up the cloth which they wish to dye, upon a low rack, to suspend it before them, and holding it up with her left hand, she takes up in her right a little copper tube filled with hot wax, to draw with it the pattern off-hand, as she wishes to have it. This copper tube has a little bowl, not unlike a small pipe, out of which a very thin tube runs downward; the pipe is then filled with hot wax, by just dipping the latter out of an earthen bowl, kept on coals for the purpose, close by, and in touching the cloth, just enough of the wax oozes out of the tube, to cover the line it is drawn over. Having finished the pattern, by covering in such a way all those places in the cloth, which are to be guarded against the next dyeing—for those parts which are covered with a thin coat of of wax, will not, of course, take the color—they turn it over and follow the same lines upon the other side, and after having finished it in this way on both sides, it is ready for the dyer. When the cloth has been in the dye, the wax is washed out and now shows the drawing nearly in the original color of the stuff, while they have to go over the whole process again if a third shade is wanted.

As cheap as the native women work—for they are satisfied with a few dooits a day—it may easily be imagined that this work must come a great deal higher in price than such sarongs could be printed, in the common way, with machines, in Europe; such pieces of cloth have also become already a very good article of commerce, being manufactured in Switzerland as well as in England, after original patterns, and of course at a far cheaper rate than they are able to manufacture it in India; but the natives do not like it. The poorer classes buy it, it is true, and wear it; but they know well enough the difference between a real baddeked sarong and a counterfeit one; the irregularities in the first, with its peculiar smell of wax and a certain consistence, it seems can not be imitated sufficiently to please them.

The day I stopped in Tjanjor, I ordered fresh horses for next morning, after having given my passport to the landlord (as no man in the whole interior of Java is allowed to give post-horses or even a night's lodging and food to any body traveling without a passport): I made an early start, to pass a part of the road in the cool of the morning. I had again a wild and splendid little Macassar steed, full of fire and life. Even in town he would prove to me what he could do; for making a rush at my poor guide, who followed close in my wake with the carpet-bag upon the pommel of his saddle, he bit first at the carpet-bag, and then turning round lifted his hind legs and kicked—in spite of all I could do to get him away—as maliciously as a mule at the poor devil, whose horse was turning tail to ward off the blows with its own legs, or give back part of them. The fellow, not being able to hold the carpet-bag as well as himself in a right balance, let go all, and dividing, as it were, into three different parts, dropped off from his animal too leeward, while the luggage went to windward, and the large hat flew over the horse's head. He picked himself up after awhile, and having caught his horse again and got somebody to hand him up the bag he followed, but getting thrown twice more, gave it up at last for a bad job. Throwing the carpet-bag over his shoulder, and leading his horse, he followed on foot. By taking part of the contents out, and fastening it saddle-bag fashion upon his saddle, I got him at last into his seat again, that we might follow our road quicker than a man on foot.

The scenery which we passed to-day was as wild as romantic

—steep lime rock, running up straight in some parts from the road—deep gullies thickly covered with the most luxurious vegetation, out of which the waving tops of the beautiful fern-palms were discernible—scattered fruit groves in wide and regular rice-fields, and to our right and left the rugged points of the different volcanoes. Here also began the capital hunting-grounds for which Bandong is famed even in Java—the mountains all around us held rhinoceroses and tigers, and the plains were said to abound with deer and wild boars.

About sundown we again reached a post, where we could stay all night, and having made a good long stretch that day, the sun burning down upon us in his full power, I felt rather tired. So after a supper of rice, cakes, hot coffee, chicken, and several fruits, bearing leaves and seeds I did not know, I was ready to lay down, when the sounds of an anklong, close to the thin bamboo wall of the house, began to give music, and not five minutes later a noise commenced, with bamboo, voices, sticks, bells, and the Lord knows what. I jumped up in despair to see what was the matter, that I might try afterward what I could do in the way of sleep.

There I had it—the neighborhood had got up a real *ronging*, and what would become of me? The best thing I could do was to join in the festivity and see as much of it as I could; particularly as the dancers, which I had never seen in this way, had some attraction for me. They were four Chinese girls, who had collected in a small square and open bamboo shed, in the middle of which a large lamp with four bright burning wicks was swinging. Their faces were painted white, they had their hair combed smooth, and a parcel of brass or such like trinkets fastened upon it. Their many colored dress, of partly silken, partly cotton stuff, was held up by a broad, richly but tastelessly ornamented belt, high under their arms, covering the breast completely. Their feet also were as naked as their arms, but round the arms and wrists they had fastened some golden or bronze bracelets. The natives are very good judges of metals, knowing very well the difference not only between gold and the meaner metals, but also between true jewels and counterfeit stones—they, therefore, do not like to wear any thing but the genuine metal, and do without if they can not get it. The Chinese, however, are not so particular.

The dance of these girls was a slow, not ungraceful movement round the lamp—having some similitude in its character to the Californian fandango—the principal gesticulations seemed to be the turning of the hands, which they twisted and turned about in a most extraordinary manner by bending them back and forward, their arms at the same time almost always stretched downward. In one of the hands, or rather between the fingers, they held a small fan, hiding their faces frequently behind it; but not in bashfulness, far from it—only I think, to give those screams, they called a song, more sound. They sang Malay, and a part of it must have been Sunda, for I did not understand the least of it, while the men in the crowd broke out frequently in a perfect roaring laughter.

Afterward some of the men commenced taking part in the dance—if a movement can be so called, where a parcel of girls and young men slide about without the least apparent regularity, now here, now there. One young fellow, the last who stepped in pleased me most; and the reader can create for *himself* an excellent idea of his performance, if he will only imagine a man entering a perfectly dark room, and feeling for matches, or something else; convinced that there is somewhere there a fox-trap into which he is likely to step every minute, which makes therefore the greatest caution necessary. So the man *stepped*, so he slipped through the dancers seeming to shrink back in horror when he touched only one of the dresses, or the posts of the shed; and the anklong was rattling away in the meantime uninterruptedly.

At last, I could stand it no longer, for the movements continued the same, as well as the noise; and I went back to my couch thinking I would drop to sleep any how, being overfatigued; but no—it was not possible; they kept that anklong shaking into my ears, till I jumped up in despair, threw my blanket over my shoulder, and running to the farthest end of the kampong or village—ay, even farther, where the sawas commenced—I wrapped myself in my blanket, and lying down under a single cocoa-nut tree, though a fine drizzly rain was coming down, fell fast asleep directly. When I awoke next morning, I was wet through; but I had rested, and felt as well as ever.

Bandong, which I reached about mid-day, is even more

beautifully situated than Tjanjor. Surrounded by the high and rough-cut volcanoes, the Malabar, Taneuban Prow, and others —they form a valley really beyond description. Though high in the mountains, the vegetation in the valley is entirely tropical. Cocoa, areka, and aren palms nod their rustling crowns over manga and papayas, over nyaukas, and orange-trees; in spite of which the air is cooler and fresher than in the lowlands; and you do not see only—you feel you are in a higher, and more healthy latitude.

The little town is like Tjanjor very much in its buildings, as well as in its trade and business. An Assistant-resident has the first place in this district, though living under the Resident of Tjanjor.

I stopped at first in the hotel of Bandong; quite a respectable place, with the same prices exactly as in Batavia, though of course not with the same commodities. It is kept by an extraordinary stout lady—the sorrowful widow of, as I was told, seven dead husbands. There I took a bath, a good dinner, and a better siesta, and found myself in the best order.

By the kindness of Mr. Kinder, a merchant in Batavia, I had a letter of introduction to his brother-in-law, the Assistant-resident of Bandong, Mr. Visher van Gaasbeek, and was received by him in the most friendly and cordial manner. I had to bring my luggage to his house directly, and found myself, half an hour afterward, situated as comfortably as I could wish for. That night though, and while sitting with my host quietly at table, something happened to me that had overcome me several times already in the woods, mostly while hunting in North America and in California—I fainted, and without feeling the least signs coming upon me; but my good constitution restored me again, and the next day, a little weakness excepted, I was quite restored.

Next evening, the Dutch doctor of Bandong, who had a patient at the Regent's house, and with whom I got acquainted at Mr Visher's, offered to take me over with him to the Regent's residence, where his bajaderes danced that evening; two other strangers I had got acquainted with in Batavia—an English officer from Bengal, and an American merchant from Hong Kong—being also present there. Already from afar the melancholy sounds of the gamelang struck our ears, and stepping into

the carriage, waiting at the door, we passed over to the residence, only a few hundred yards distant of the Regent of Bandong, and entered the audience-chamber. Audience-chamber !—yes, I may well call the place so, though those Javanese princes have no power now, being merely tools to the European government to hold their native subjects by a cord of their own ; still they are the natural chiefs of the land, deserving, therefore, at least their titles.

The same interest that binds the Regent to government also induces the Resident to watch over the fulfillment of all his other duties. It is easy to be seen how the interest of nearly every officer in the service of government is connected with the produce of the country ; and though such an influence may raise the culture of the land, it also offers all those who have certain districts under their command a strong temptation to overwork their subjects to obtain more profit for themselves by raising a greater supply of produce for the state ; and such a cause it was that forced the poor Javanese, some time back, to work in coffee and spice orchards, without allowing them time to attend to their own paddy-fields, to keep themselves from starvation.

The present Governor has now commenced upon a far *more* humane principle—to leave the natives their freewill as to time and work, only trying to induce them to labor by wages that offer a fair prospect of gaining money, and of *providing* themselves with all those luxuries, indeed necessities, they have learnt to require from the whites. May such a humane and wise law meet every success possible ! But though it speaks volumes for the man who originated it, I hardly think it will answer in the long run ; for the result is easily anticipated. The native lives extremely frugal and temperate, and a few dooits for his nasi are sufficient for him. If he acquired some necessities from the whites he did not know at first, he has also the disinclination—given to him with the climate, the soil, and his own nature—to work much if he can help it ; not to toil and sweat if he can lay in the shade and do nothing ; he at least will not overwork himself, so much is certain ; and while treated as a human being, he will produce no longer as much as unreasonable officers have been able to squeeze out of him. This though does not injure the laborer himself; he has less work and lives easier, while he is able every minute to earn more for extra expenses, if he should feel inclined ; but there will also be less pro-

duce coming to market. The residents and Regent, the merchants in town, will not have so large a bulk of goods passing through their hands, and thus must diminish their profits; the result will cause all these people to set up a general outcry about ruined trade, and the poor native will be obliged at last to carry his hide to market again as before.

It is true, that this compulsory service of the Indians commenced under another intention than to keep them at it during lifetime. When the Dutch government ordered the Javanese to be taken to that work, whether or no, it was only to show them they could work if they only tried, and at the same time to show what they could earn by it if they persevered. Just as you throw a young dog into the water, round which he always has been sneaking as if afraid to wet his feet, to show him he can swim if he chooses. But the result of this system, I mean the forcing of the natives to work, proved so extraordinarily lucrative to government, that former governors who had come over here only to make money, not caring much about a heathen population, took good care not to alter an arrangement which suited them so well. We shall see now if humanity *versus* self-interest will gain the day, this time.

But to come back to the Regent's audience-chamber or saloon; I was rather astonished to see it as it was. Having been in hopes of finding a real Indian palace suited to the dance of the bajaderes, I was grievously disappointed on stepping into a perfectly European saloon, down to the smallest kind of furniture in it. The room, being lighted up by French or English swinging and standing lamps with glass cupolas, was ornamented with the common European furniture, with large looking-glasses, a carpet, and French and English engravings; except on the back wall, in a style not unlike some trophies, four large umbrellas of state, with long silver-mounted staffs, were standing. Upon the table there were cigars in *cigare étuis* of pressed leather.

This looked as European as the Regent himself and his followers were Indian. He was a young, handsome man, with a thin but dark mustache, and black expressive, but voluptuous eyes. Though of the genuine caste of his tribe, he was the natural son of the former Regent, having been made Regent himself after the former Assistant-resident of Bandong, a cruel and hard man, had been murdered under the government of his father—who was then

dismissed and pensioned, though perhaps innocent of the deed. His dress, too, was more Indian than European; he wore, as all good Mussulmen do, the kerchief turban-like round his head, besides a white shirt, white waistcoat, short jacket, and close-fitting trowsers, a fine, beautiful baddeked sarong, out of which the gold and jeweled handle of his crees or dagger appeared, and wore gold embroidered Chinese slippers upon his naked feet.

The Indian princes think very much of these creeses, in the steel of which certain peculiar signs and characters are usually worked while being damaskeened. A chief, if he should find a criss or crees, which had once belonged to his family, in possession of a stranger, would be forced by his religion to get it back again.

Before the open doors of the saloon, the musicians, with their different kinds of gamelangs, sat squatting upon the ground—this being the only position they are allowed to appear in before their sovereign; while some single servants, with the ever-burning matches of cocoa-nut fibres, were divided, in a like position, through different parts of the room, to be ready for the frequent call of api (awpee), upon which they came crawling along the ground just high enough to be able to move forward, and hold out the fire to the person who commanded it. So slavish do these men appear, as if not daring to show the free*will* of the arm they stretch out with the match toward their white lord, they support it with their other hand; behaving exactly as if they expected every minute a knock on the head, and were going to dodge it.

After the first greetings and compliments were over, which consisted in a perfectly European shaking of hands, we all sat down, most of us lighting our cigars; and the Regent, giving a sign by clapping his hands together, the sweet and low sounds of a really splendid gamelang floated upon the air.

In the open door to our left, suddenly the form of a young and beautiful girl appeared in fantastic attire. She wore a close-fitting dress, not too long, and of light, and as it seemed to me woolen or silken stuff; for it was soft and elastic, pressing the form of the nymph-like being, yet green and gold woven must have been the texture, for moving before the lights it glittered with a faint metallic lustre. A broad, curiously-wrought golden belt encircled her waist, and the dress reached up—as with the

Chinese dancing-girls—though Heaven forbid I should compare the two—close under her arms, in front chastely covering the budding breast. But the round shoulders and arms, save the broad golden bands, were left naked. Dark-red pantaloons fitted close round the lower part of her legs, ending, as it seemed, in a golden ring, fastened around her ankles—the small feet were also naked. Upon her breast she wore a kind of star or sun, wrought in very tasteful filigree gold.

Her hair was combed down smooth, as it seemed, and held by golden combs and head-ring; but above these, there was a kind of peculiar-shaped golden diadem fastened, upon which the thin golden plates, bending upward, shook and trembled in the movement of the dance, touching each other with a soft ringing sound. The shape of this head-dress was taken, as the Regent showed us afterward, from old heathen players of former times.

With noiseless and elastic step, slowly turning, and bending, and raising her form, that beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold, and entered the saloon; but hardly had she done so when a second figure, similar to the first nearly in every particle of dress, followed, and after this a third, fourth, &c., till six girls, each more beautiful and graceful than the rest, came gliding in this way into the saloon, and commenced, to the wild but soft tones of the gamelang, their expressive pantomimic dance. Softly they passed each other, without touching even with their dresses; forward and backward they moved, their lovely airy forms, their sweet faces looking all the time serious, even sorrowful; and shaking gently their heads, the gold clasps and spangles nodded, and touched their points with a ringing sound.

My whole sense and feeling were so entirely taken up by the wonderful dance of these beautiful beings, that I felt my temples, to see if I was awake or dreaming. I hardly dared to breathe; and when the girls disappeared, quicker than they had come, at the same door, I felt as if a weight had been raised from off my breast, and for the first time could draw breath freely. "This is pleasant to look at for once," said the American, who was sitting by my side, then with a loud voice he called to a servant, who had been watching him, as he rose from the ground, to light that always going out cigar, and added in a lower tone to me, "Damned nice girls! 'ticulary the first."

I heard his words, but I hardly comprehended the meaning of

them; and as if awakening from a wild and fantastic dream, I looked around. But those European walls, those drawings and looking-glasses, those lamps and curtains, with honest German brass ornaments, annoyed me: they tore me forcibly back to an unpleasant reality. The European furniture did not suit the dance of the bajaderes; and I would willingly, ay, gladly, have changed in that moment the entire rich scene, for the most simple bamboo-hut upon the island.

The gamelang was still sounding, in a low monotonous, but not unpleasant tune, or rather a chaos of tunes. It is singular that this instrument I have listened to for hours, and have felt that there was a certain melody, a tune in it; but never was able to catch it, and follow it out. Here I felt for the first time, what had seemed to me so singular—ay, often ridiculous—in the States, when Americans, at a tune which seemed as simple as any thing to me, used to say, they did not understand the melody; they did not understand it, because they could not strike the time to it with their feet; but here I was obliged to acknowledge that I did not understand these melodies of the natives. Sometimes it seemed to me as if I could retain one theme, one key-note of the whole; but as soon as I was going to follow this up, other passages, wild and irregular, seemingly without time and accord, sounded into it. I was led off first by these, and when I found out the mistake, and wanted to go back to the first, it was gone also. I am tolerably quick in catching a tune, but was never able to keep five notes together of that gamelang.

The pause of the dancers may have lasted a quarter of an hour, when they appeared again upon the threshold. Again they commenced, as the first time, their measure in a slow and bashful way, only gaining life and movement from the dance. This time each of them carried a large fan of peacock-feathers, and while the bells sounded more lively and quick, their dance also grew more vivacious and gay; in friendly play they waved their fans to one another, chased and fled, and again disappeared through the entrance while acting their ballet.

The English officer, who was sitting close to the Regent, had been looking, as it seemed, in the mean time, at the crees which now went from hand to hand; and we all admired the most excellent workmanship of the weapon in blade as well as handle, in gold as well as steel. The owner gave a sign, and one of the

forms cowering every where crawled up to his master, nearly upon all-fours, to receive his commands. The Regent bending down to him, whispered a few words into his ear, and gliding over the floor as a snake, without even raising up his head, he disappeared in the back part of the room. A few minutes afterward, the fine youthful form of another servant appeared at the door, carrying five gold and jewel-sparkling creeses. I did not care much for the weapons, at first; the boy who brought them claiming my whole attention. He respectfully approached the Prince, and handing them to him, crossed his arms upon his breast, and bowed slightly; but there was no slavish obedience in that look, and he did not bow down, like the rest, to await further commands. The face of this boy was really beautiful; the nose straight and small, the mouth finely formed, the eye black and full of fire, while a slight touch of sorrow pressed those cherry lips together. He wore exactly the dress of the men: a headkerchief, with the long dark hair in it, tied up in a kind of turban; the close-fitting pantaloons; the short sarong —only the jacket was not open—and another beautiful-colored sarong, or kind of shawl, lay over his shoulders, hanging down to cover half his arms and one shoulder. I could have sworn that the form was that of a woman; though the daring expression in look and bearing made me doubtful again.

Mentioning my suspicions to my neighbor, I asked him what sex he thought that figure.

"Oh, drat it," he answered, after a short pause, having glanced at the servant carelessly over his shoulder, "he's a boy—he wears trowsers and a headkerchief; but what a splendid knife that is —that must have cost a heap of money."

Upon a sign of the Regent, the figure stepped behind one of the square columns which supported the ceiling, and must have left through some back door, for I did not see it again. During the whole time it was in the room it did not take its eye off the Regent for one minute.

The weapons were passing from hand to hand; they all had the particular shape of the crees, the blade running out to one side, right at the root, in a sharp and most peculiar manner, hard to describe without a drawing, their handles being mostly of gold, richly studded with jewels, and so beautifully worked that no engraver even in Europe could surpass it. One crees had handle

and sheath ornamented with gold and jewels, of a plain-looking light wood, with a dark-brown peculiar broad vein in it. This wood, at least fine specimens of it, valued, as I was told, higher than gold.

After the creeses had been taken away, the gamelang commenced anew, and in the minor key, soft and hardly audible, as far-off sounding deep-toned bells, seemingly without the least connection, and yet so interwoven with each other, that the ear followed doubtingly the soft and even melodious strain.

Now the tune taking a more lively character, altered to a quicker theme; it sounded like a war-song, then as a battle-hymn calling the warriors to the fight; the quick step of the storming, with sharp and monotonous sounds, was given by one instrument, and as in scorn and mockery single sharp strokes rung out between.

I had shut my eyes, not to have my attention drawn off for a single moment from these strains, and when I opened them a little girl was kneeling in the room, and arranging six bows and arrows upon the carpet for the dancers. Soon after the bajaderes re-entered, but this time more slowly than at first, and again and again passing, then repassing each other, and grasping each other's hands for the first time. Suddenly those war-like sounding strains recommenced, and as if driven by some irresistible power each of the maidens flew to her place, and caught one of the bows and arrows. Quicker and quicker the wild, threatening, challenging notes floated upon the air, the bows were raised, the shafts pointed to the bosom of the opponent; but they did not leave the string—those sad eyes turned themselves away, the arrow-points sought the ground, and slowly and sorrowfully they shook their heads. So silent the spectators sat, so softly those scarcely touched bells sent their trembling sounds through the room, that the golden spangles upon the maidens' brows were heard tinkling clear and plaintively.

Again the former dance began, again, and as it seemed more determined, they renewed the combat; but love was stronger in their hearts than hate, no arrow left the string, only, as if compelled, they sometimes kept their hostile attitudes; and often it was, as if they wanted to throw down their weapons to fly into each other's arms.

I have never seen a more noble and chaste, and at the same

time more touching pantomime in my life. The crowd before the doors, held in awe up to this time by the presence of their chief, were evidently moved by the spectacle; and when the sisters—for like Horatii and Curatii of old, sister against sister was forced here to the unnatural fight—raised their bows, a low murmur of pity flew through the multitude; and the swelling notes of the instruments seemed to rejoice that no blood was shed.

But now the excitement of the moment had been raised to the highest point; one party of the sisters flying to their places, raised their bows and directed their arrows, as if at last determined to wound the hearts of their opponents; but the latter lowered their weapons, and offered with averted faces, their breasts to the foe. Then the bows rattled to the ground, and flying into each other's arms, while the crowd outside exultingly shouted their praise, and the gamelangs with thundering strains announced the victory of love, the sisters renewing the dance in a more lively measure, celebrated their reconciliation.

The natives outside the door grew perfectly frantic with excitement, and so extraordinarily well the pantomime was executed, I need not be ashamed to acknowledge that a tear stole from my eye.

The dance seemed to be concluded with this, and thanking the Regent for that really splendid entertainment, we left his residence.

The Europeans in Bandong, and of the neighboring tea and coffee plantations, have every Saturday night a little club; this Saturday it was at the Assistant-resident's house, where most of the visitors had already assembled. Out of a strange fairy-like world, I entered as if carried here by magic, into a perfectly European saloon. Here I found fashionably-dressed ladies and gentlemen, servants presenting tea and confitures, whist and ombre-tables, and chatting, laughing groups; but my head ached too much from the spectacle I had just seen, and heard, and felt, to be able to take any part in the general amusement, so I sat quietly in one of the corners, watching the busy, lively, happy world around me in a half dream.

Next day, still a little weak from that last faintness, I took a ride through the village in the Resident's carriage, with his sister and children. A couple of the oppass, or policemen on horseback accompanied us. It was a Sunday, the weather beautiful,

and the shady little place with its cosey huts, flowery hedges, and sweet-scented shrubs and gardens, the waving palm-trees and its motley population in the wide and regular hedge inclosed streets, was extremely beautiful.

The chief part of the town, the Plaza of Bandong, is the open space between the buildings of the Assistant-resident and that of the Regent; these two taking in the two opposite sides, while the Mohammedan mosque flanks a third, and gardens the fourth —the inner space being planted all around in regular rows with the holy trees of the Javanese, the waringhees, which are always kept before their temples or houses of their chiefs. Their beautiful and mighty growth entitle them to this honor, and I have not seen many trees throughout the whole world which have made such a powerful impression upon me as some of these waringhees. It is also the only tree I know of that grows up high and majestic, stretching over an immense space sometimes, without having any trunk at all. The waringhee is only root and branches.

Around the tree the ground is for many yards perfectly covered, with a net of strong unyielding roots, these rising up form, by their union, a stem or trunk, sometimes for twelve and fifteen feet, which looks like a large fagot spread out; but you can trace the roots from the ground up into its wide and gigantic branches. These send off on their outer tips long and elastic leaf-covered fibres, which hang down in long and beautiful garlands nearly reaching the ground, forming a full and magnificent drapery around the stem, while the branches are sending down fresh shoots to their mother earth, to form a forest in the course of time round the main body of the tree. If these shoots are kept cut off above the ground, before they reach the bottom, they swing in large waving masses in a gray silver color, under the dark-green shade of the garland-like branches.

We went through the main streets of the little villages, principally through those parts where the pasar or market is held, and where were the greatest number of stores and open fruit sheds. Each little spot seemed to be made use of by the traders, mostly Chinese, to spread out their stores and goods; then with crossed legs they squatted inside their open sheds awaiting customers, or praising outspread kerchiefs and sarongs, to a couple of country-girls, who had come from the nearest rampongs to buy their necessaries.

The whole pasar offered a lively and animating spectacle, but for one thing—the slavish behavior displayed every where. As soon as the carriage of the Resident rolled through the street, and passed the stands or houses, the men not only uncovered their heads —I could not have seen any thing extraordinary in that—but they squatted down to the ground, in devoted submissiveness; even the women had their backs turned to the carriage, as not worthy to look upon it; their heads bowed down, waiting till the vehicle of their white master had passed.

The Chinese particularly seemed to rejoice in showing their devotion; even from the backs of their little habitations, where they might have remained unnoticed. No, they jumped forward to cower down in the streets, before their doors. The natives though try to avoid such devotion wherever they can; the women and girls slip by, if the carriage does not come upon them unawares, into little alleys, or into some hut or garden, and the men take another street, if they can find one. A right forward fellow may perchance be found standing up straight while the carriage passes, and only pulling his hat half from his poll; but the police look very angry at such an insult, and assail the culprit maybe with menacing words. This is the extreme left side of the mountaineers—the ultra-democratic part of the population; and the Dutch government may be well satisfied if that is as yet so weakly represented.

Not only in the stands and stores, are goods offered for sale, traders walk about through the streets, with their baskets or calibashes swinging fore and aft from the ends of a piece of bamboo five feet long, or some elastic stick upon their shoulder. They most generally carry fruits, vegetables, cakes, baked and boiled rice, mats, basket-work, foot-mats, &c. Their customers are principally the inhabitants of the neighboring rampongs, that come in here with rice, the produce of their own fields to carry out with them what they need in their little households; or what they need not, but what foreigners and speculating strangers have taught them to regard as necessary. A great many females I saw among the crowds of purchasers; they were mostly fine and beautifully shaped figures, half-naked maidens from out the shady palm-tree groves.

The language here is entirely Sunda; at least, with all the rampong and tradespeople, while Chinese, as well as those who

come in contact with the whites, understand and speak the Malay language.

As the reader knows, nearly all these islands of the Indian seas, have been overrun in former times by warlike Malayan tribes; the mountaineers, alone the original owners of the soil kept their possessions—and in some islands do yet, though the low lands have been occupied and conquered by Europeans—as in Manilla for one; in the mountains, therefore, they have not parted with their mother tongue, to change it for the language of their conquerors. The Sunda is consequently also entirely different from the Malay, and there was no chance of my learning more of it, than the most necessary and simple words, and these only with difficulty.

More difficult still is the Djavanese language, upon the eastern half of the island; for there every body has not to learn one, but three different and very distinct tongues to make use of, even in every day life. They have, firstly, a language for their chiefs and nobles, another for the middle, and a third for their *lower* classes. Each of these three classes converse in their own tongue, but speaking to a lower or higher class, they are bound to adopt their language; a gentleman, for instance, of the first of these classes, or castes, would demean himself to address one of the lower classes in his own language, as it would be an insult to him to be addressed by those of a lower caste, in their tongue.

In the Malay language, something of a similarity is found in single words, as rita, goewa, and saya, but is not carefully observed.

Something similar we have in Germany, at the Courts of our Princes, where they speak mostly French, but to the common people the inferior language, German; we have not come yet, to bring the people to the Court language, and they have only answered once, in French.

CHAPTER IV.

TEA AND COFFEE GARDENS—THE TANCUBAN PROW.

NEXT morning I took a ride to visit the tea-gardens of Mr. Brumstede, at Tjioem Boeloeit (Tjecoom booloeit). Taking one of the oppass with me, and after stopping a little while at a small, but beautiful waterfall, we reached the extensive plantations. We soon entered the extensive tea-gardens, whence we had a most splendid view nearly all over the whole Bandong valley, as also the neighboring plantations, with the occasionally active volcanic Tancuban Prow.

Mr. Brumstede received me in the most kind and friendly manner—and, in fact, I may say the same of all the Dutch gentlemen I have met with, unbounded hospitality being the rule with all. The kind-heartedness they show makes the stranger forget sometimes, in a few hours' stay, that he is domiciled with a family he never knew, never heard of before—in fact, they treat him as if he belonged to them.

After having taken some refreshments, Mr. Brumstede went out with me, to show me over his drying works, every particle there having for me the highest interest.

The preparation of the Javan tea is said to differ from that in China, in some parts, but not materially.

We have known some years that in China the black and green teas are taken from the same plant, a different treatment making the black leaves assume a green color.

The tea bushes are kept short and low—they are not allowed to sprout out too much; but here a great difference exists between the collecting of the leaves and the bush itself between China and here. The colder climate, in some parts of China, only allows one season for the harvest, and the bushes remain untouched the other time, gaining new sap for fresh shoots and leaves. But the hot sun of Java—though all these tea-gardens lie very high, and Tjioem Boeloeit, two thousand five hundred feet above the

surface of the sea—will give them no rest; it works and drives uninterruptedly, and the plucking of the young shoots and leaves is not left off a single day in the year—the Javanese not knowing or caring about a Sunday—rain-days excepted. The laborers pluck a certain lower district, and when they have finished, commence the upper part.

While plucking, the laborers pinch off the youngest three leaves, two together, yet with the heart, and the third just loosened, with the nails; throwing them afterward into bamboo baskets, they carry with them.

Those leaves, destined to make black tea, are placed directly upon flat and open baskets, wide spread in the sun, there, before all other things, to fade or get soft. As soon as they become so, they are taken into the drying-house, and rolled slightly with the hands.

The best black tea, those fine silky buds, are not rolled at all, but are brought into the sun, like the others, and then taken into the house, to be dried right off upon a slow fire.

In the drying-house, a large furnace is placed, which runs out into long hearths into which are fitted slanting metal plates, steel or iron, not copper, running in two different directions away from the fire, and taking more or less heat, as they are placed nearer or farther off the stove. After those leaves, destined to become black tea, have been rolled once, they are placed upon the furthest, and least-heated plate to evaporate. After a certain time they are taken out and rolled again, then they are put upon some hotter plates, and rolled a third time; being now ready for a final spreading and drying, the girls and children take the tea up upon the lofts of the building, to sort it.

For this part of the work, it is necessary to have cheap laborers, for it requires a quantity of hands, since every leaf has to be taken up and examined; the least particle which does not belong to the tea to be taken out, each sickly or imperfectly dried leaf to be laid aside, and the good ware sorted according to its value The women acquire in this work great skill, and the whole is done far quicker than a stranger can imagine, but still it wants time and hands, and where wages are high, the cultivation of tea would be out of the question.

Different from this is the treatment of the leaves from which green tea is to be prepared. These do not come into the sun at

all, but are carried directly into the drying-house, to soften there; they are afterward kneaded in a place where running water assists the process, to press out of them the sharp juice of the plant. This kneading is done with the hands, and the tea-leaves, which are made up in a perfect dough, are squeezed and pressed as much as possible.

After this they are at once spread upon some stoves with iron or steel plates, to dry even to crisping. They are after this only put into the "drums" to be thrown about a certain time while the air has free admittance to them, to keep their original green color, and not blacken as the other leaves do.

In former times, this drying off, as the shaking of the leaves is called, was done by single men, who put the leaves into a flat basket, and threw them up for hours. Only a very small quantity could be done in this way at a time; but now Mr. Brumstede has improved this system so far, as to have the tea put into a couple of large drums or cylinders, whose sides consist of thin sheet-iron with pierced holes like a sieve; the air having a free draught through these, while turning them continually like a spit, is said to give the tea its green color.

As soon as the green tea leaves these drums, it is dried again thoroughly upon iron-plates, with about one hundred and twenty degrees of heat, and is put up then ready for packing into large tea-boxes, set alongside the walls for that purpose.

Mr. Brumstede has, of course, for all the different parts of this business, only natives to watch it, and it is interesting to see, as the missionaries say, how well these dark sons of a hot clime have entered into the spirit of the thing. So in the packing-room they run the lead-sheets themselves, which are used inside the boxes, print the papers for the covers and paint them, and finish off in fact, the tea-chest, from the first plucking of the leaf to the last sheet of painted paper pasted over the box.

The printing is done in a very primitive style—the plates are mostly wood-cuts, the printer gives them very simply the ink, and then presses the paper upon them with his hand. The painting requires more skill—with a cut out piece of paste-board, which gives the first rough outlines of the drawing, he finishes the design at once; when he puts down for instance a rose, or a thing very much resembling a rose, at a distance, with one flourish of his brush, he paints the stems and leaves of the flower

afterward at discretion; finally accomplishing his task, considering circumstances, most commonly to his and the tea-cher's credit.

Some days after this I visited the coffee-gardens of Lembang; four thousand feet above the surface of the sea, and on the very feet of the volcano Tancuban Prow, where I was received by Mr. Philippeau with true Java hospitality.

Lembang has very extensive gardens, and is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Right in the midst of a tropical vegetation, Lembang lies far too high to be connected with it. The cocoa-nut tree like others of a hot climate, ceases to ripen here, and has to be brought from below—the cocoa-nut palm will thrive a few leaves, but not more, and even the pine-apple does not grow well. Instead of these, which can be brought here in quantities from two miles distant only, the strawberry ripens, and in the mountains I even found wild raspberries. As we do here, in our cold and ungenial climes, foster tropical plants into a scanty and poor life, Mr. Philippeau on his garden-steps had, in a couple of vases, a bunch of violets and a crop of hearts'-ease or pansy.

But glad as I was to find such old and loved acquaintances up here in the mountains of Java, the coffee-gardens were still more interesting to me, and I took next day a good ride through them.

The coffee must grow in the shade, and therefore these gardens I should have taken for a forest instead of a plantation, had not the regular planting of the trees spoken to the contrary. The tree most frequently taken to shade the coffee is the dadap, a beautiful looking tree with large and bright red blossoms, which are set off extraordinarily well by the far darker foliage of the coffee.

The coffee bushes, which grow, if left alone, to trees of at least a height of forty feet, and sometimes more, are cut down to from fifteen to eighteen feet; less if possible, and this is high enough, where the ripe fruits have to be taken down by human hands.

The coffee tree must be sufficiently known to the English reader to render unnecessary a more minute description; but it is not generally known that these gardens, as in fact, nearly all plantations in Java, are not kept by land-proprietors, but by government, who give them in charge of certain men to overlook, get

the fruits brought in prepared for the market, and grant them for this a certain and very good per centage.

The planting of the trees, as with nearly all the other cultivations, government or the directory of the cultures sees done; government also forces the natives at certain times in the year to work for a certain amount of money. These coffee gardens are divided into large, regular squares, and the different inhabitants of the neighboring kampongs, have their particular districts where they pluck the ripe coffee cherries and carry them to the mill, getting paid the quantity they bring in by the weight; being obliged, however, to finish the district in a stated time. The coffee-planters have only to deliver a certain stipulated quantum to government for their per centage; what more they are able to raise they receive a higher price for from government, but only from government, for they are not allowed to sell it to any one else; and even the Assistant-Resident in Bandong, the first person in the district, had to send down to Batavia for the coffee he wanted for his own use.

In this system, the interests of all those who have a hand in the business is not considered only, but is the chief feature, and the result has shown how wisely things were arranged. I am fully convinced that there is not a better managed colony, and one which yields, therefore, a larger profit in the whole world than this island.

The poor natives alone suffer; for this practical system of cultivation, though it makes a garden out of a wilderness, makes slaves of its inhabitants. Do not tell me that their condition is improved by this system—that they have many necessaries—ay, even luxuries they never thought of before, and are able to enjoy an abundance they knew not formerly. It is nonsense. When did they need any thing they did not know? Can you call a thing a necessary, if I do not want it? No, the strangers taught them these things; and their condition never can be called improved. If I take the free-will from a man, and force him to work, I have certainly not bettered his condition, though I supply him with the means to wear silk and velvet, and eat turtle-soup or any thing else. On the other side—teaching a man a necessity, is wrong—though you may defend it on the score of national economy as much as you please. Even if I show him how to satisfy it—have I bettered him by that, particularly if I reap the

profit which arises from the sale to him of these newly-acquired necessities? It is exactly this—you shave my head in a severe winter, and then sell me a warm cap. Of course, the cap keeps my head warm, and I need it from that time; but I do not see any reason why I ought to be obliged to you for it—the cap only keeps my head as warm as my hair would have done; but why did you not leave it to me?—only to sell me the cap.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the Hollander leaves the native in his home, and to his gods, and does not trouble his soul as well as his body. Their households and their household gods are left to them; and they are not driven from the graves of their fathers by deeds and contracts, of which they understand nothing, and by persuasion and agreements closed with some chiefs, and enforced finally upon the whole nation, as English and Americans have done only too frequently.

It is true, circumstances alter cases, and I am not certain that the Dutch government would not have acted with the islanders in another way if its own interest had come into question; but we can not judge things as they might have been, but as they are, and in this respect I place the Dutch, as regards their colonies in Java, far over all other nations. How they have acted in the Moluccas, is another question.

The Christian religion also could not make the islanders better than they are in their Mohammedan belief, and in their actions and lives. They are peaceable, hospitable, pious, and honest (and that is more in fact, than nearly all the missionaries can say of their converts); and the result, where some of them were brought over to Christianity, has shown in almost every instance what an unhappy alteration has been wrought in their existence. They became, before all other things, drunkards; and priding themselves upon their newly acquired quality, seemed to think every thing was accomplished by having taken that step. Government, therefore, does not like to see missionaries go among the people; and if it does not prevent their teaching, most certainly does not support it.

Some years ago, American or English missionaries came to the neighboring island, Bali, wanting to teach the islanders the true faith, and asking permission to do this of the Rajah chief of Bali —the Rajah Kassiman. The chief seemed to have no objection, only he wanted to hear first, in what this new belief consisted,

and what they wanted to teach his people, that he might be able to judge if such a new doctrine was an advantage. Then the preachers, with the help of an interpreter, to convince him of the purity of their intentions, made him acquainted with the principles of the Christian religion, and the leading incidents in the life of our Saviour.

Rajah Kassiman listened without the least interruption to the end, then, waving his hand in a friendly way toward the white man, the black and stubborn heathen said: "They were perfectly welcome to preach all that they had just told him, to his subjects —for none of them would believe a word of it."

So much is certain, none of the Bali islanders were converted to Christianity, and the missionaries at last had to abandon the enterprise.

The coffee-mills, where the ripe coffee is freed of its husk first, and afterward dried, are very simple, and not quite perfect; for I heard several complaints about some parts of the machines, which could most certainly be altered and improved. The greater portion of them, in fact, all the improvements made, are English.

The process of drying the coffee-berries is rather tedious, since the coffee is inclosed in a kind of cherry—in size and even taste not unlike our own, only far sweeter—which has to be removed. For this purpose, the whole coffee-cherries are thrown into large stone vats, where they lie a certain time in water, to loosen their flesh, or, at least, to open and soften it. After this, they are taken out, and dried in the sun, large sheds being provided, which run on little wheels in a kind of railroad, to cover those places where the coffee is placed to dry, directly a shower, frequent in this latitude, should set in. The coffee—the shells now partly soaked, partly roasted off—is thrown into a mill, which is provided with a large water-wheel—a machine that will be improved, I am sure, in a short time. As yet it consists of a long circular trough, in which a large stone is continually rolled round by water-power, to crush the dry shells, while a small rake, following the stone, loosens those parts that have been pressed down too hard. The trough is about fifteen inches wide, and set up in a circle, so as to enable the stone, which goes out from the main and upright standing shaft by an arm, from which it is suspended by a chain, to be pulled over the coffee husks. The cherries are sifted afterward; but the stone is not able to press upon all of them with

equal force, since the coffee-cherries are of unequal size; and the consequence is, the small ones are untouched, and require afterward a very tedious gleaning.

But the most slow and laborious work is the assorting afterward the cleansed berries, which has to be done, as with the tea, by women and children; but is far more disagreeable, as the coffee, in its dried and crushed husks, holds an immense quantity of dust. Only where work can be had, as in Java, by commanding a certain number of people to come, and by paying them afterward what wages the employer thinks fit, not what the laborer may ask, or solely by slave-labor, can such produce be cultivated profitably.

Singular is the way coffee is used in the country where it grows wild—Sumatra—by the natives; for they only take off the young leaves from the tree and make a kind of tea of them.

There were two visitors upon the plantation with me at the time—Dutch gentlemen, officers of the army, who had fought through the Balinese war, which they knew how to relate. I passed with them—enjoying the artistical performance on the piano of Mr. Philippeau—some very pleasant evenings in that beautiful spot; and shall not easily forget Lembang.

Being near an active volcano, I wanted to visit it; and one of the officers—the other being up here on the mountains to restore his health, which was in too weak a state for climbing—offered to accompany me. We started on a beautiful morning—and the mornings are nearly all beautiful, as the rains commonly set in only about three o'clock in the afternoon—with five or six Malays and horses, and with as much provisions as if we were going to make a land route to some unknown part, for many a long day, not for a distance of three or four miles walk, to be back to dinner; but the colonists in these hot climates are used to have a perfect retinue around them wherever they move, never thinking of going by themselves; and if the stranger wants to free himself from this constraint, he will find it hard work, for they will not let him.

Tancuban Prow is, in the Malay tongue, the name for "Upset Prow;" for the mountain ridge has from afar the appearance of a boat, or a prow, turned upside down. We soon lost sight of the mountain as we entered the wilderness, which inclosed the coffee-gardens on all sides, except toward Bandong. A small path led into the mighty forest, and our little horses ran briskly along.

having to jump, as we had reached a higher part, frequently over a kind of gully the rain had worn here into a small and open channel. Here I met no more the dead and lifeless wilderness, I had found, much to my astonishment, on coming over the Megamendong—during a hunting trip I had made toward the Malabar side from Bandong, where I had seen neither bird nor butterfly. Here the woods showed life; for directly we entered the thickets, we heard the wild cries and screams of a troop of monkeys, as they chased each other on the hill-sides: now we saw them in a valley on our left, where they were running up and down a large kehadji, chattering and yelling, not a moment resting quietly on one branch or limb. The runcong, the large pepper-bird, opened his voice, and we heard the heavy flapping of his wings, as he flew from tree to tree; and even the ulung-ulung—a pretty red-tinted hawk, with snow-white breast and head—was soaring on high.

We had heard of the rhinoceros being in this neighborhood, but could see no signs of him, nor tracks; not far distant, however, was—as it was said—one of the best districts for these animals, and I determined to pay them a visit before I left the place. We were not hunting now, though I had taken my gun, in case I should meet any thing accidentally. Steeper and steeper the path became, till we had to get down from our animals, not to tire them too much. The vegetation was extremely thick and luxuriant; no sign of a volcanic action could I trace, except the lava in our path, though we had closely approached the place. Scarcely had we crossed the nearly dry bed of a very sandy creek, on the nearest slope, when the devastating effects of the fire commenced, and on the very edge of the fresh and thriving thicket, we found charred stumps and barren volcanic soil, thrown down trees, and here and there sickly sprouting roots—we had entered the region of the fire-goddess.

Climbing up, now about a hundred yards, where even the dried and half-burnt stumps ceased, and nothing but rough and sharp lava remained, we reached the edge of the crater; the scene opened suddenly before us into a wide yawning valley, out of which a thin smoke curled in blue and varying masses.

This being the first crater I ever saw, it made upon me a most deep, and at the same time, a singular impression. As mysterious as the stars on high, which follow their orbits, seen

but not comprehended by us; under our feet lay another powerful world, upon whose threshold we stood, but which we dared not enter.

What an immense power was lying in this imperfectly restrained element, which had been able to create and work up a mountain, throwing out of the bowels of the earth, sometimes as in reckless play, its glowing masses; what mighty power was working and boiling in this abyss, out of whose thin crust the blue sulphur-smoke steamed up in slow, irregular puffs, like that of a slumbering, deep breathing monster, that is raising, or only shaking itself next minute to make the earth tremble and tear the neighboring mountains. Can you blame the poor Indian if he gives to such places the habitation of his bad and powerful spirits? Bring here one of our common laborers, land-laborers, accustomed to toil on through life in his stupidity and fear of God, who has his head full of stories of sulphur and brimstone, and "howling and gnashing of teeth," put him upon the edge of this precipice, let him feel the hot steam of the sulphur, let him hear the deep growl of the unknown power below, and watch if he does not cry in deep horror and fear, "those are the gates of hell!"—the ejaculation which parts his lips, what else is it but the low and quick-murmured exorcism, the Javanese brings to the dreaded power below?

And why shall I deny it? I was really sorry that we had become here on this earth so extremely wise, practical, and prosaic, as to be able to explain all these wonderful appearances so very naturally and correctly—as we think, of course. What have we gained by it?—little except the proof of our own weakness and nothingness; and what lost? every thing; we have robbed our woods and forests of their hobgoblins and dryads, our springs and streams of their nymphs and Undines, our mountains of their fairies and gnomes; ay, our very homes of their household gods, and the cradles of our babes of their guardian angels. All those lovely pictures and fairy tales with which God, who best knew what was good and useful for His children, had decorated our earthly homes, we have torn down and thrown out of the window; and in their place furnished the dwelling with shelves and drawers, that retain the most exact, but also the most prosaical character imaginable. We know now, it is true, to the smallest particle, what each drawer and shelf contains, and

what is the reason it must lie just in this and not in the next partition; we know all the layers of minerals or fossils, and the species of rock and metals by name; we have nearly all flowers and blossoms dried between blotting paper; we have even the ether classified into its different gases, and the water weighed down to the particle of a grain; but have we become happier by this—have we remained as happy as we were? No, the whole poetry of our lives is gone to the dickens, and even the poets themselves—like the diurnal butterflies surprised by night, are fluttering frightened here and there, lighting at last, not knowing where to go, upon the very nest of their enemy the sparrow—and have thrown themselves in pure despair upon the most unpoetical object in creation—upon politics.

But, bless my heart! where have I gone to? My imagination has taken wing with the sulphur-steam and ascended into ether It is time to come back to the edge of the crater, where I was descending, by rather a rough path, to the pit, to watch the boiling and angry element on its hearth.

The crater might have been about three hundred feet deep, forming below a narrow valley, inclosed all around by steep, and only in some places accessible lava masses, while some part of it, and nearly half of the space which could be, called the bottom, was taken up by a small pond, formed seemingly by the descending and collecting rain-water. The centre of the dry hollow was the active part of the volcano, and the hot steam came sometimes in slow puffs, sometimes in a steady smoke, out of several orifices in the lava; the fire having formed, close to the edge of the largest, a perfect pyramid of pure yellow sulphur, the same material crusting the lava all around. Going down I had rather a rough passage on the sharp and crumbling lava-blocks, which frequently gave way under my feet, rolling to the bottom, and making me lose my balance—once even upsetting me entirely, and sending me down into a narrow lava-gulf, with torn hands and pantaloons. But I did reach the bottom finally, and passing some little spots where the steam came freely out of small orifices—burning my hand at one, while trying to break off a part of the lava from its edge—I approached the crater, wishing to get a piece of sulphur from the principal 'scape-pipe.

Here I walked, though upon rather dangerous ground, it being very much like crossing young ice that you do not know to

be firm enough, and fear to hear crack and split every minute. Carefully, therefore, with a large stick I had found on the edge of the crater, I tried the hardness and strength of the crust at every step—for the thing began to look dangerous; and one place—I could not have sworn to it, but I really thought I could see it heave as if the mountain was taking breath—warned me so much to be careful, that I took my stick and thrust it down upon the lava as hard as I could, jumping back the next instant, not slowly you may be sure, for the stick broke the crust, and the steam rushed out of this new orifice, as it seemed, with double force.

Even where I now stood, having retreated a few paces, and feeling my feet getting rather warm, I put down my hand to touch the lava and blistered one finger, while the steam rose out here, as out of a hundred pores, in a thin but suffocating mist.

To go back toward the main crater, or to stay here, became equally dangerous; and our guide related to us afterward, how a young Englishman once had entered this identical crater, broke through the lava, and burned his feet dreadfully. I wanted a remembrance of my visit, and therefore knocked off a few pieces of the lava from the nearest sulphur covered orifices; while below me, the volcano growled, and murmured, and hissed, and worked. The old sorcerer down below—or somebody else—I fancied, was stirring up the fiery pap, upsetting every thing in his way, and seasoning the mass with granite blocks, and broken off cliffs; while each time he threw in a lump, the steam rose up hissing, and the whole ground seemed to tremble.

I stood a long while listening, till I felt rather uncomfortable. Slowly retreating, I left the place; and the thin curls of smoke, following me in the light draught of air, seemed as if the mountain sprite, was reaching out his arms to keep me in his realm.

I found it rather difficult to climb up again, as I had come down one part of the road much quicker than I desired, and by a path where the crumbling lava masses would not allow me to use on my return; but at last, finding a tolerably good place, I reached the edge of the crater again, and meeting there our Malay guide, who could not comprehend what I had been doing such a long time in that sulphur hole. He brought a tray full of

glasses and decanters; and a glass of mild geneva, after having swallowed so much hot sulphur-steam down there, tasted exceedingly refreshing.

From here we were going to have a double, and most beautiful spectacle; first, in the changing masses of fog which had lain upon the valley, and then of the crater itself. Up to this time low-sweeping clouds and mists, if not covering the whole country, had hindered our view toward the districts of Cravang and Cheribon, and toward the sea-coast; these now passed swiftly, the sun came out, and particularly the northeast district of Cheribon, with its coasts and capes, reaching out into the deep blue sea, became visible. We could clearly distinguish, in a perfect sheet of light, the smallest valleys and gullies, the most insignificant peaks and ridges of those green hills, and mountains, sloping down to the sea-shore, the regular coffee-gardens, easily known by the dark foliage of their trees; and the sharp and regular outlines of the gardens; the water in the sun-glittering rice-field; and the irregular beds of some mountain torrents, which had mined their wild path into the valley. Far out to sea, a sail shone like a white speck on the dark blue ocean; and farther back—far, far in dusky distance—an island, maybe a small group of islands, with the white scum of the breakers around, rose, as if out of the deep.

Ten minutes, perhaps, I enjoyed, in this picture—the most beautiful sight I have ever had, I believe—but suddenly, as it had appeared, it vanished again; the mist swept as it seemed, from the neighbouring mountains, and while looking, we were surrounded again by a thick vail of clouds

In that moment our attention was claimed by the crater, which had received by this formation of the clouds, a new and wonderful color. The sulphur smoke was spreading in a light green vail over the lower crater, and round the small sulphur pyramids within it, forming as it were, the centre of the whole; a thin light blue edge circled, opening and closing as those soft and seemingly elastic rims of the medusæ and sea-blubbers. Now and then a full rainbow hue shot over the whole, darting its glittering rays with lightning speed across the whole crater. Now the entire splendor of these lights melted together, as it were, into one glorious emerald-green, stood one moment, shot out its rays, faded, and as the clouds closed over the sun and be-

came firmer, it sank away more and more, taking at last the old steel-gray again, out of which the bright yellow of the sulphur appeared as before.

I would walk with pleasure fifty miles to see that spectacle again—and we stood, when the phenomenon had vanished, a good while as in a trance, speechless, involuntarily awaiting—hoping for the reappearance of the light. Even our guide, who had been up here many a time, assured us, he had never seen such beautiful colors in the crater—the result perhaps of an accidental situation of sun and clouds.

Some dark clouds were rising now in the north, and wanting to reach the plantation before the afternoon's rain, we started down the mountain slope on our back tracks, having been out on the trip about seven hours.

CHAPTER V.

HUNTING IN JAVA.

I DO not think there is a better country for game, even the United States not excepted, than Java, upon the face of the earth. The interior of Africa I have not seen yet. I have hunted a great part of my life, and in the most different parts of the world—from the bear-hunt in the Mississippi swamps, down to the partridge-shooting in our own country—but I never saw such a quantity of game together in one small district, and surrounded by habitations, as in Java; and particularly in the Treanger Regentschappen—a district celebrated for game.

A year ago, his Excellency the Lieutenant-governor had a large hunt arranged there in the Bandong flat, with, I believe, forty or fifty Europeans with guns, and three or four hundred mounted natives; and they killed—shot and slaughtered—something better than nine hundred head of deer, in not much more than three hours' time, after the hunt had commenced.

After I had been a short time in Bandong, having recovered a little from the faint of the first evening, the Regent very kindly offered me horses and men to take a hunting excursion. As I did not know for what use a perfect multitude of servants followed a white man each time he put his feet in the stirrups, or stepped into a carriage, I did not say a word; but started one morning out to hunt, as if going to lead a small army into battle. But if we had began with a multitude—and my guide grinned when I asked him if they should all go with us, nodded and said there were some more coming, for he thought I had not enough —there was at every house we passed some addition to our train; our guide hallooing a few words, and one of the poor fellows, as it seemed, had to follow, whether he felt any inclination for hunting or not.

I am sorry I have not room to give the reader a full description

of the hunt, though there was certainly a great deal of novelty and fun and a fair share of genuine sport in it. The second day we made a trip into the mountains to kill a rhinoceros, and had rather a tedious ride through the wiry alang-alang—a kind of grassy reed—without seeing more than the traces of these powerful animals, and those of an old tiger. I was very much pleased with my party, though I could not understand a word they said; only my chief guide—who was, as I heard afterward, the gunsmith and general factotum of the Regent—speaking Malay; the rest conversed in that dreadful Sunda language. Wanting to ask something of one of them, I had to take the guide for an interpreter, murder, as far as I could, the Malay; and squeeze out of him afterward the answer.

Going out three times for deer, twice in the morning and once in the evening, I shot five stout and splendid stags—two of them with beautiful horns—which I took with me. Wild boars were there also in great numbers, but I never fired a shot at them, though they stopped sometimes half a minute within twenty paces of me. I wanted some pretty deers' horns, and could do nothing at all with the hogs, since the natives, as good Mussulmen, do not eat them; but are very fond of deer's meat.

Snipes—the small kind, and one which on the wing resembles exactly that of Louisiana, in North America—I saw in flocks; while wading through the swamp, they darted up right before me, with their peculiar chirping sound, flew about twenty paces, and alighted again, always in sight, from where I was standing. With a good double-barreled gun I could have engaged to kill a dozen in half an hour.

The country round here, inclosed by the high rising hills on three sides, and only open toward the little town of Bandong, consisted of a wide swamp or reed brake, cut up frequently by little creeks or branches, filled at the present season, and making me wade not unfrequently up to the shoulders in water, to cross them; once wet, however, you do not mind such a trip. Taking up your gun, powder, and caps—it is as well, at the same time, to keep your paper-money in a little pouch round your neck—in you drop, for it can not be more than swimming; and on the other bank you have only to shake yourself like a dog, to be fit for use again.

Still I think I was trusting rather too much to my strong con-

stitution; for not only was I in the wet all day, under a tropical sun—I had once given my white straw-hat to one of the men, to keep for me while I was trying to creep up to an old deer, which not coming within shooting distance, I, unwilling to give up, had followed for better than two miles without any thing on my head, not even a handkerchief, with the sun, in the morning at ten o'clock, shining full upon me. But I never felt the least inconvenience, except maybe a little headache in the evening.

Sometimes the rhinoceros comes down into this level; and the English officer, with the American merchant, who had hunted here a few days before me, came within fifty yards of such an old fellow, without knowing what it was—at least, without firing.

But determined at least to get in sight of a rhinoceros, and see such hunting, after I had killed five deer, I decided on going back to Bandong, and start up to the north, where there was the best hunting-ground for these animals, as nearly every body assured me.

Mr. Philippeau had sent out the day before a couple of men to look for rhinoceros' signs, and these coming back during the evening, gave the most satisfactory account; assuring us there were also some gangs of bantings (wild cattle) over there, and that a male rhinoceros had been frequently seen in company with one of the wild cows.

Do not talk of the scandal of our cities; of slandering neighbors, and innocent people, at the coffee or tea-table—what of that, if the rhinoceros up in the mountains is not safe from simi lar calumnies?

Starting in the afternoon, I had one of the finest rides imaginable. The vegetation of this part of the mountain, it being a neighboring peak to the Tancuban Prow, but more elevated, surpassed in grandeur every thing I had seen. The arboraceous ferns grew here better than forty feet in height, shaking their fine feathered crowns over a world of wild pisangs; while here principally the Orchidaceæ and air plants commence, filling every space with vegetation, frequently up to the highest branches, with their long, juicy, often singularly formed blades and leaves, and flower bunches. The trunks of the trees are completely covered with moss, and so is the ground, where the grass allows it to grow out, so as not to leave sometimes one single spot, be it

ever so small, where the eye could detect the color of the bark or the naked soil. Where we came across the first rhinoceros' tracks, the ground did become visible; the powerful animal having stamped down every thing before it, so as to break sometimes a perfect path through thickets which would have been impassable without.

Tracks and dung we saw frequently that afternoon; the former taking almost invariably the appearance of a small trail, and some of the later being quite fresh; but we could not get in sight of one of the animals, neither rhinoceros nor banting, till we reached the little mountain lake which had been named to me as the central point of all the game up here, where we recognized, but on the other shore, a small gang of bantings feeding upon a green and open sward.

My guide—and I had this time six men with me, though I wanted but one—answered my hurried question, if we could not go round the lake either by one side or the other, for it was scarcely three miles in circumference, with a very determined "trada" (no); but seeing me fully resolved to swim across, if I could get over in no other manner, he promised to lead me to a path or track where it might be possible; and starting now only with two men, leaving the rest at the bank, urgently desiring them to make no noise, and keep as much out of sight as possible, we entered the wild woods of the most powerful vegetation imaginable—pressing on though as quickly and silently as we could.

But it was of no use. I shall not tire the reader with the long search after the cattle. It was raining at the time, and we had to wade sometimes up to our middle in swamps, and through gullies; so that if I had swam that lake, I could not have got more wet. Night was now setting in—and night comes quick in these climes—so retreating as fast as we could to a place where in former times hunters had built a shed, part of the roof of which was lying on the ground, we crawled under, and passed rather an uncomfortable night.

The Malay I had taken with me for my guide, and who was said to be a great hunter, I always called Peter—for I could not remember his name—had not shown himself last night to advantage; choosing, therefore, another out of the crowd, I kept him and Peter with me, sending the rest, forcibly, as Peter pre-

tested against it, home. I always found the greatest difficulty to get rid of such retainers.

Passing round the lake again, and hugging it as close as possible, to keep out of the great thickets—having to wade now and then one of these innumerable sloughs and rain-branches which came gushing continually from all the hills around into that little mountain lake—we looked for a fresh rhinoceros' track and soon found one, where the animal, as it seemed, could not have passed more than a few minutes.

The morn had been clear and bright, no cloud was seen in the sky, but a thick fog lay low upon the woods, sinking down as it were into the ground, the higher the sun rose; but the bushes were as wet as they could be, and the heavy clear drops hung upon them like rows of pearls, soaking us, while pressing through them, just as badly, perhaps worse, than the most heavy rain. I did not care about getting wet, but I was anxious to keep the gun dry while holding the lock under my arm, and the muzzle, as far as the bushes would let me, downward.

We had not long marched in this way—now crawling under some dripping limbs, now avoiding a thicket of ratan, the Bengal cane, with its impenetrable vines and threatening thorns—now jumping into a slough, and wading across, to climb up a steep clayey bank, when we struck another perfectly fresh trail, not to be mistaken, for it looked like a well-beaten path through a thicket. The powerful animal had passed as it seemed, with us along the margin of the lake—sometimes, as if feeding, turning up a short distance toward the hill, and then returning again, till we lost the track into the lake, into which this, as well as the former animal had passed, and was not to be followed among deep water and a large and havy growth of reeds.

Giving it up at last, we looked out for another trail, which we soon came upon, where two of the clumsy brutes had passed through the brushwood, breaking every thing before them. Peter told me (and I have reason to believe it) that the thinness of the bushes close to the lake, was owing to these heavy animals stamping the under-growth down into the ground, without giving it time to grow up again to a thicket.

For some hundred yards these two animals followed the margin of the lake, and I began to fear they would take to it; but presently we found the trail run off toward the mountain, and I was

sure now to come, at least, in sight of a rhinoceros. But, bless my heart! how these two fellows traveled up and down the slopes; crossing cut-up gullies, sometimes fifteen feet deep, by breaking down the soft clayey banks, and following the water-course, till they came to a place where they could leave it again. The farther we came up on the hill, the more thick and wild the vegetation became; and sometimes I crossed places we would not have been able to pass, had not a rhinoceros broken the path for us. Losing the track would have been impossible—unless we chose to leave it.

We followed so long, that Peter at last got tired, and assured me it was useless to proceed any further, we could not come up with the animal; but I told him if he thought so, to stop where he was, and I would go by myself—if he heard me shoot he could easily come up. But he was rather ashamed to do this, I think, and after consulting a few seconds with the Sunda man, while I went on, not to lose time, I heard them coming after me—Peter groaning as loud as he could, evidently greatly dissatisfied with the chase.

The vegetation here was really magnificent, but I had no time now to look at it, or spend a second in any thing but the chase—the vegetation did not run away, but the rhinoceros did; and so passing beauties many a botanist would give his *little finger* only to see, I pushed on, heedless over what ground the animals went, and only once in awhile taking notice in which direction we proceeded, so that if I should lose my companions, I might not lose myself.

I had followed the two monsters for about an hour or more, with not a dry thread upon me; when reaching a little knob, right in the midst of one of the most powerful thickets, I voluntarily grasped my gun—not twelve yards distant before me, I heard a sharp and loud sounding noise resembling the sound a frightened stag gives in the woods, only far, far louder, more like the escape-pipe of a steamboat. While watching the track, I had not looked upon the bushes; and there, so close before me, that I could have thrown my cap upon the huge mass of flesh, I recognized—only half hid in the thick and drooping foliage of the bushes—the immense dark body of one of the old fellows I had been after since yesterday. I could just distinguish the outlines of the huge bulk of this rhinoceros when seeing his head turned

toward me, as if to make out what little creature had been daring enough to follow him to his mountain fastness, I raised my gun and pulled trigger.

So much for percussion caps in wet weather, which have not a little copper-plate over the white substance inside—snap, said the right, snap said the left barrel, as the cocks struck without igniting the caps; and nearly at the same moment, Peter's gun —a double-barreled fowling-piece—at some distance behind me in the bushes, went off by itself, I expect, for I heard the ball strike a tree close by rather high. The rhinoceros, hearing the strange clicking sounds, and the crack of the gun, blew as if with a trumpet, and commenced stamping the underwood down under its feet.

I looked round quickly for a tree—for I did not expect any thing else, after the dreadful tales they had told me about the animal, but to see it come rushing upon me—to stamp me under foot—observing one about ten yards distant, I thought I would reach it, and await the result. But the monster came not; he seemed intent only on amusing itself with smashing the bushes as if clearing out an improvement for himself.

My first thought was to clean the tubes and have another aim at the animal, but remembering that one barrel of Peter's gun was still loaded, I looked around to make him come up to me. But where was Peter, or his companion? Taking the alarm, I think, as soon as the rhinoceros began to rear and tear, they had fled to some place of security. I had no choice but to take out my turnscrew, in sight of the enemy, and use it—always ready, though, at a second's warning, to fly to the nearest tree, should the animal make a motion to have a stamp at me. But the rhinoceros, apparently far too peaceable a customer to have any such ideas, gave me a last look, and dashing again into the bushes, soon disappeared, leaving me pricking away at my tubes, raving mad, to get them open again, so as to be able to pour in some fresh dry powder. I did it as fast as I could, of course; but it took me at least five minutes; and now nothing was left me but to push on after the flying game.

There were two of them, and they seemed to choose nearly impassable thickets, breaking down old logs and trunks like reeds. Away we went, through branches and sloughs—I following in a monstrous rage at not being able to come up with them; the

giant beasts, just rolling along, as it seemed at their common pace to get out of harm's way. Several times I was near enough to hear them blow, when they got the wind of me, but I never halted a minute to ascertain their exact direction, as I had only to keep the trail, rush down the slope, and storm them up. All my efforts were in vain—the ground was so rough I could not get nearer, at least not in sight of them; and only by following down hill, as it seemed, upon reaching a little more open wood, I gained on them just enough to come in sight of the black hide of the hindmost.

I had heard that they rushed invariably upon the hunter if they were wounded; but not in a humor just then to consider what they might do, after I had shot, I raised my gun at the first chance, knowing that the next moment would bury them behind the thick curtain of the bushes; and pulling trigger, this time at least I could hear the ball strike the black hide, penetrating it of course, as I shot pointed slug balls, which go through nearly any thing.

Holding back the second barrel—for I really did *think* the wounded and enraged animal would come and call for it—I stopped a moment; but no—it never thought of turning round, and simultaneously with the shot, I heard the two animals breaking through the bushes like a small hurricane. *This did not* last long—I heard a heavy splash in the water; and, a hundred yards farther, I stood on the margin of the lake I had started from.

To follow into that was out of the question, even if I had not been entirely knocked up. I listened awhile, and could hear the heavy animals in the water; but the reeds were too thick to allow a look; and after a while, all was quiet again. Whether they had gone out on the other side, which, I think, was most probable, or had retreated to some shallow spot in the reed-bed, I know not. When every thing was quiet, I threw myself down in the tracks of the beasts, wet as I was, to take breath again, and rest a few minutes.

A full hour I think I had lain there, before my guide Peter came up, with the Sunda man, and catching sight of my figure on the ground, he stopped at first suddenly; but finding me looking at him and laughing, he rushed up, expressing in the most lively acclamations and gesticulations his joy to find me alive and well. It was useless to assure him I had not been in the least

danger, the rhinoceros having been even more frightened than himself—or at least just as much—he shook his head significantly, and remarked that I owed all to my good fortune, and his not having lost his presence of mind in that deciding moment; for his firing off his gun at the animal had frightened it away from me, which had he not done, the monster would have thrown itself upon me, and most decidedly my life would not have been worth, in such a case, so much as a doit.

The rascal, after having discharged his gun so as to endanger my life, and that from behind the hill where he could not even see the rhinoceros, was now ready to sware that he had saved it with that random shot.

But as it was of no use to stay longer up here in the mountains, as the rain-clouds were beginning to wet every thing—even my powder—I determined to give up the chase as a bad job.

Our path lay again round that lake, and I had time enough now to notice the extraordinary vegetation of these mountains; exceeding even the hot and sultry swamps of the Mississippi and Red River. There was not a single spot to be seen, from the ground we trod, up to the highest top of the trees, uncovered by some vine or moss; the latter in particular, close to the lake, and in some parts of the bottom, appeared in perfectly palm-tree forms, in miniature. The little moss stems rose some four or five inches high, in straight, completely naked, wooden stems, spreading out at the top their moss leaves as beautifully as the fern-palms, and looking, with the mossy underwood, like little fair forests. Those air plants, also, growing upon the trunks and branches of other trees, appeared in inconceivable beauty and magnificence all around. In large clusters their strange-looking flowers were hanging down from the different trunks, their broad, grassy blades sometimes rising from the bend of a tree, straight up, and giving it the appearance of some singular-shaped palm tree, with its feathery crown and foliage-covered limbs, striking out to the right and left.

From some such plants, perfect bunches of flowers, in the brightest red and yellow colors, were swinging down; on others, single blue and grayish blossoms were hanging with a large purple spot, like sparkling beads; and wild vines were stretching over their living and flower-decked arms from one tree to another, hanging down here in large garlands and festoons, or climbing

up there to the highest top of a tree, to twine itself around it like a crown. Not one single spot was uncovered, or bare, except where a rhinoceros had put its foot, stamping every thing down before it; not only crushing the plants or smaller bushes, but burying them into the ground.

That afternoon late, I reached Lembang, to start next morning to the lower lands of Bandong.

Mr. Philippeau had bought a grown tiger lately from the natives, who had caught it in a trap, and kept it in a small wooden cage; but the animal becoming so unruly, and the cage being not over strong, he feared it might break out some night, and wished to shoot it. The caged beast was at the same time extremely wild and restless, particularly at night, roaring and howling, so as to make it almost impossible to reach the place after dark in a carriage, as the horses refused to go near the place. So this morning was to see its execution, and the natives collected around in large numbers, to witness the sport. But when the shot was fired, and we went to open the cage, they all broke in different directions, for fear the thing might be alive—my hero Peter being one of the first.

Peter was, in fact, a character: after having come in, extremely vexed with my refusal to travel with a parcel of lazy and good-for-nothing natives in my wake all the time, and *having* galloped by myself back to Lembang, not wanting a man even to show me the way; he next morning gave Mr. Philippeau an exact account of our hunting expedition, complaining how foolishly and carelessly I had exposed my body to the rage of the animal, and how he, just at the decisive moment had saved my life; he concluded by asking for one roopiah.

It was not dear, it is true, but he did not get even that for such a service—ungrateful world as it is!

While writing this, I have received a letter from Batavia proving the rhinoceros to be not always such a quiet animal. A friend of mine there says, dating from the 28th of November, 1852, just a year after my hunt: "Speaking of Bandong, I must let you know what has happened lately with a rhinoceros, to show you what could have been your fate here. A company of Batavian hunters had found the tracks of a rhinoceros, and determined to drive the animal. A macador, one of the small native chiefs, asked permission to be present at the hunt; and the rhinoceros

coming out just where he stood, frightened him so, that he did not dare to shoot. The monster running up to him, wounded him so badly, that he died a few hours after, and badly hurt another native also. The enraged animal attacked next day an aren-palm, the tree from which the sugar is taken, in which a native was sitting to get his palm wine. The man, frightened, threw down the small fruit of the palm upon the animal, irritating it still more; and there is no doubt it would have rooted up the tree had not the Javanese thrown down one of those immense fruit-grapes of the aren, which, falling upon the rhinoceros, he appeared to think it was the man, for he stamped the bunch under his foot, tore it to pieces, and passed on. But even on the next day a third fell a sacrifice to individual rage, being literally torn to pieces, and at last crushed under his feet."

While I was opening the tiger's hide, to strip him of it, the natives came cautiously nearer, and Peter asked me to cut the animal open, and let him have the heart—he did not want it for himself, he said, only for some of his friends; and as there was nothing to be done with the meat or heart either, I cut the tiger open, and offered him the wished-for piece, But, bless me, how eagerly they all grasped at it! There was nearly a fight about that little piece of meat; and Peter never would have brought a bit of it away, had he not offered to divide it. Cutting half of it into small pieces, he gave most of the by-standers one, and disappeared with the remainder. As I heard then, there is a superstition connected with the heart of the tiger, making those who eat of it, as fearless and courageous as the animal is said to be. That being really the case, Peter was perfectly right to take half of the heart, for himself, for he needed it badly.

They say the best cages for tigers are made of the wood of the aren palm-tree, as it breaks off in splints as soon as the animal takes hold of it with its teeth, and sticks into its mouth.

The same morning, the Assistant-resident of Bandong, with the Regent, was going to pass here, returning from an official visit to some of the neighboring districts. With them I had a very good chance of returning to Bandong; so packing up my things, I was soon ready, and taking leave of Mr. Philippeau, who had received me with unbounded hospitality, and with whom I had passed a very pleasant time, I started in the most wonderful train I had ever formed part of in my life.

The Resident, as well as the Regent, never goes upon any journey without having a train of followers—the latter, commonly, a very large one—and now being both together, they had a perfect crowd of such customers; I never saw a more motley group of courtiers in my life than those mounted gentlemen of honor.

In India it seems people judge their superiors, or men in general—for every native does the same if he gets a chance—by the swarm of useless people he carries with him. We find similar traits in Scottish history, and have a faint likeness to it in the orders and titles of Germany and France; but I had never before seen such a motley swarm as collected round our carriage when we started. Some of them were in sarongs and jackets, some had only their headkerchiefs on; some wore a cap, I shall never forget, but do not know how to describe; it looked very much like a kind that had been fashionable about fifteen or twenty years ago in our country—with a very round and high head, consisting of eight parts sewed with a thick seam, and a flat button on the top, and guarded in the front by a very large screen, which stuck straight out in front about ten inches. They had this cap pushed back, so that the screen was sometimes standing perpendicular, which made them look extremely funny.

At a short distance from Lembang the train, madly dashing on, came to the edge of the mountain, which slopes off here into the valley rather steep, and I thought they would come directly to a dead halt, and go slower—but no such thing. From both sides of the road dark figures rose up I had not noticed till then; and trailing a large and strong rope behind them, they fastened, while the carriage was going at full speed, the end of this behind, and clinging to it, all at once, went dragged down the hill—throwing their legs all the while as if they were going to shake them off, but stopping the progress of the carriage materially. We had run about a mile with this living tail, when we approached some bamboo huts, where another gang of natives came, cowering, half-crawling toward the wagon, as if they were going to stop the horses. And sure enough, when we came near they made a rush at the carriage, just as if they were going to enter it; but their aim being only the rope behind, the next minute they hung on, relieving the first gang, which let go, and went sneaking away in deepest devotion, half prostrate, and even in that attitude dodging the horses of our retinue.

But the most extraordinary specimens of our whole troup were two horsemen, that took, as it seemed, the lead, keeping a good way ahead, and warning, most probably, the population of what was coming, that they might get in time upon their marrow bones. These were two native hussars, in red uniforms, with yellow facings and lace, but in every other respect as wild and dangerous-looking as the rest. Their uniforms were of the coarsest red woolen stuff, with ornaments of light yellow wool; the dress, too, was rather the worse for wear, the starboard one being out at his larboard elbow. They were bare-footed, of course; not with the kerchief upon their heads, but wearing the high shakko, commonly worn by hussars, with a bunch of red-colored horse-hair hanging down in front. In their hands they bore a long unwieldy instrument—I thought a lance at first, but soon found out that it was a state umbrella, with a long, silver-mounted handle; the whole being about eight or ten feet high. These two were taking the lead, the carriage following, while the mounted swarm of all colors of horses and faces, with the long tail of natives at the rope behind, came rushing after.

As soon as we reached the low and flat country, where it was no more necessary to hold back the carriage, they unfastened the rope, and squatting down on their haunches, right in the middle of the road, let the horsemen pass on both sides of them. A few minutes afterward they were out of sight; but to my utter astonishment I saw two more hussars in front, exactly, to the smallest details (even, it is astonishing to relate, to the hole in the elbow of one), the same as the former—only, the color was green, with red facings and lace, this time. Where they had come from, I did not know, but there they were, and on we madly rushed, down into the Valley of Bandong.

The scenery here was magnificent; from the very top of the mountain, rice-fields commenced, and the little bamboo habitations showed at least the banana or pisang, and the shaddok; farther down the more tropical fruits commenced again; and on approaching the plain, the stately cocoa-nut trees rose above the low cozy huts, shaking their dew upon the roof.

My time was too short to stay long in this beautiful spot, though I was invited nearly by every planter there to see his plantation; each treating me with as much kindness as if I had been a near and long-expected relation; not a mere stranger,

dropping as from the clouds upon their fair island; in particular, Mr. Visher, the Assistant-resident, nearly made me forget that I was not at home.

In fact, my short stay in Java I could hardly call a journey; all my hardships, all my privations were over, and my rambles amidst that beautiful scenery, enjoying a life so luxurious, seemed more a pleasure trip than any thing else.

I reached Batavia again without any accidents, visiting only a small lake nearly upon the highest ridge of the Megamendong —an old crater, now filled with water, which was hid up in a perfect wilderness of flowers, fern-palms, and the large beautiful foliage of these regions. But I have no room left for a description of all the beauties I saw; scene so crowded upon scene, I should want volumes to give a minute description of those vegetable riches.

In Lembang I had met an English gentleman, a painter, who had come over here from Bengal, and was returning very sick from a tour over the mountains. He could not bear to ride in a carriage, and had natives to carry him. I overtook *him* in Tjanjor Hotel, and was sorry to find in him another specimen of those Englishmen who travel in the world with a pocket full of money, but not the least knowledge of any language but their own. This traveler had a Bengal servant with *him, who* could make out what he spoke in English, with a few Bengal words except that, the Englishman spoke neither French, nor Dutch nor German, nor in fact any thing else but his mother tongue; while his Bengal servant could not get along with the Sunda, nor even the Java Malay. And with this the man was ill, exposing himself, without being able to make his wishes or necessities known, even in this most hospitable land, to the dangers of a perfect wilderness.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN BATAVIA.

If the reader expects here a description of the high or only common European life in Batavia, he will be disappointed; the life the Europeans lead in the colonies, in luxury and comfort, has been described too often already, and by far more able pens than mine; so I shall say no more on the subject than is unavoidably necessary. On the life of the people I should like to say a few words; and I know that there will be many things interesting to relate.

When I returned to Batavia, I was received in Mr. Kinder's house as one belonging to the family, and had now leisure to look about me, and see as much of Batavia as the short time of my stay would admit. I had decided to go back to Germany from here, in a vessel bound round the Cape of Good Hope, and had several weeks' time, before it started.

I also got introduced to a small earthquake, while I remained upon tropical soil. On the 9th of January, while there was a festivity—a ball—preparing at Mr. Kinder's house, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the ground trembled, the glasses upon the tables knocked together, and the lamps in the different rooms commenced swinging from east to west; a second shake, stronger than the first, followed a few seconds after, and then a third, but very weak—and the thing was over; but the natives behaved so singularly, that I could not help inquiring what was the matter.

As soon as they felt the first shock, they all broke out of their houses, and many of them, throwing themselves upon the ground, cried "Lenoo! Lenoo!" as hard and as loud as they could. The Javanese have an old tradition, according to which in the interior of the earth—that is in Java—an immense animal, Lenoo, is sound asleep, or at least lying as quietly as possible: if that monster rises, the earth will shake, burst and be destroyed; but

it dare not do so till the last of the human race upon the island is dead—then the Lenoo rises, and all other things tumble down.

Now there are two distinct kinds of ants upon the island, black and white ants: the white destroy every thing they come across, eating through what they find, be it what it may, and few things can stop them; while the black ant is perfectly harmless, and is such an enemy of the white, that where they are, the others dare not show their faces. But the black ants want to be respected on this account, and not be destroyed, as if they were doing harm. No native, therefore, will hurt them; but if any person, in spite of this, should maliciously destroy one, the black ant not unfrequently seeks revenge, and the consequence most commonly is, an earthquake. The cunning dead ant goes down directly to the Lenoo, and telling the monster every thing was dead on the face of the earth, expects nothing less than the immediate destruction of the world. The Lenoo though, being a careful animal, only bristles up a few hairs first, to see if every thing is right, and shaking the ground above listens. "Lenoo! Lenoo!" the Javanese then halloo, as soon as they feel the motion and suspect the cause—to make their existence known to it; and the Lenoo, finding every thing is not dead above, smoothes down its hair, and sleeps on; and the black ant, seeing its deadly scheme has not succeeded, sneaks off, and is ashamed of itself.

The Javanese have a good many such traditions; traveling through the interior in particular, you see nearly before every hut one or two, sometimes more, bamboo cages, containing the common small pigeons. These birds are said to become very old, and descend from family to family, in the belief that they lay diamond eggs, when they attain one hundred years of age. They purchase some of these birds that are known to have arrived at an advanced age, sometimes with, for their circumstances, enormous sums, if the owners can be persuaded by such a temptation to part with them.

Taking a walk one day through the Chinese quarters—and I liked to be there, for I saw and learned more in that crowded and busy place than any where else—I met an old wrinkled fellow, in a rather fantastic dress, with a large hook, or a kind of rolled mat under one arm, and a little birdcage, with two rice-birds, called "inseparables," in the other, while that hand, the

arm of which carried the book, held open one of the common paper umbrellas. He was nodding to the shopkeepers around, all of whom seemed to know him; and rolling through the street, striving to get his fat body along in the most commodious manner, yet looking about him searchingly, out of his small gray and lively—ay, cunning eyes. He wore a small black cap, with a black button upon it, and a tremendous tail swinging down behind. A brown-red over-jacket, and light blue and very wide pantaloons covered his outer man, and an enormous pair of shoes were upon his feet. Just when he had passed me, he sat down upon a pile of lumber, lying there, and a crowd soon collecting about him, he put his book beside him, and the cage on the top of it. The two little birds in it seemed very hungry; they were fluttering about unceasingly, and had only some water in their cage, but not a grain of any thing to feed upon. He had not sat there one minute, when a young woman pressing through the crowd, to which I now also belonged, asked him something in the Malay language I did not understand. She most certainly came from the mountains, having the sarong tied round her hips—not over the breasts, as the women of the lower lands, in a very ungainly fashion, have it—and another cloth thrown loosely over her left shoulder.

The old fellow, after listening to her words, sat ruminating a good while upon the wood, with his finger upon his nose, and looking steadily down. The crowd around moved not, you could have heard a pin drop, and the eyes of the young woman glistened in painful expectation. Only a couple of young Chinese—careless young dogs, who do not believe in any thing, neither upon nor above the earth—grinned at each other, and shook their tails. At last, the "wise man" took the book or case upon his lap, and, after pulling out of it a quantity of pieces of pasteboard, with a colored drawing upon one side, he opened slowly one part of the cage (this having a partition in the middle, dividing the whole cage in two equal halves), and one bird came quickly out. Spreading out the cards, upon which the well-taught little creature jumped; the old man spoke a few words to it—I believe in Chinese—and the bird caught first one card and pulled it about half up, and then a second one in the same manner; after which exploit, knowing now it had done enough, it jumped upon its master's hand.

The young woman was standing, in the mean time, in full and anxious expectation of the result; her eyes darting from the prophet to the two cards, which were to tell her the fate most likely of a loved person; and from the cards again to the eyes of the prophet, who, however, seemed not in the least to think of her, but speaking a few friendly words to the bird, fed it with some grains of rice; and only then, putting it back again into its cage, took up the ominous cards and turned them round.

The one picture, with rather coarse colors, represented a dark and lonesome part of some thicket, with the trunk of a broken-down cocoa-nut tree; the other, a man attacked by a tiger. The tiger, standing on his hind legs, opened his jaws at the man, while he holding the creese, ready to strike, in his right hand, stretched out his left elbow, as to ward off with it the rush of his furious enemy.

"Matjan! matjan! kassiang!" the by-standers pitifully exclaimed; and the wise man, after looking a good while at the pictures, pulled an old and much-used book, with Chinese characters, out of his pocket, and commenced turning its leaves, while the woman's eyes hung in speechless fear upon his lips. At last he was ready to translate the decision of fate into Malay; and though I could not understand what he said, as he used too many words, I did not know, there was no doubt that his prophesy had been a fruitful one for sorrow, for while he read, many a low murmured "kassiang"—an expression of the deepest pity with the natives, and really not to be translated in its powerful and heartfelt meaning—parted the lips of the multitude around. The woman did not say a word—apparently she did not even breathe, only with quick and restless hand she held out to the Chinese—who counted the pieces carefully—a handful of copper doits, stepped out of the ring, which opened willingly for her, and disappeared with quick steps, a few seconds afterward, in one of the numberless by-streets; while that rascal of a Chinese, who had filled a pure and true heart with sorrow and pain, out of avarice or ambition, took up his traps and rolled, with a fat benevolent look down the street again.

The American missionary Bingham, in his work about the Sandwich Islands, relates in a holy triumph a little characteristic tale of how a native of the Sandwich group, once a proud—and as he himself thought—happy heathen, had come to his proper

senses by the doctrines of the white Christians, and had even preached to his countrymen in full contrition and despair: "You have heard of the wickedness of the Jews, who crucified Christ. It was *I* who drove the nails into his hands and feet! It was *I* who pierced his side with a spear! By my sins I have consented to all that the Jews did to the Messiah. Formerly I thought that I was as good as others, but now I see that I am guilty of violating every command of the Decalogue. I am ruined by my sins; I hope for mercy only in Christ."

I shall not say any thing further upon these two cases, let the reader judge for himself; but my first thought was of the one, while I saw the other.

Much I had heard of the "evening pasars," and opium smoking-places of the town; but as all these districts lay so far apart, and one has to take a carriage on purpose to go there and back again, I had not seen such a place, till, a short time before I intended to start, I determined to take at least a look at them. One night then, with several of my acquaintances, and two captains of German vessels, we went out to Meester Corneeles, as a whole district—a kind of suburb of Batavia—is called, having been told that we should find there the worst of such places—a perfect concentration of the vilest characters, Malays and Chinese. So there we went, and reaching the place about ten o'clock at night—this life only commencing about nine o'clock in its full splendor—I found that what I had expected at first to be a large house or building, called Meester Corneeles, a little village in itself, formed out of bamboo-huts and sheds, with a large pasar or market in the centre. Here a quantity of fruit-stands were set up, each with a little lamp of its own, burning cocoa-nut oil, and with a banana leaf around it for a kind of screen, where were sold all kinds of fruit, pine-apple slices, or rambootans, bananas, pieces of ngankas, or cocoa-nuts, to drink; and there were rice and palm-sugar juice, cakes and sweetmeats; while the dim flickering lights, darkened by the broad leaves which partly surrounded them, threw a wild and uncertain light over the groups which were standing or squatting near the stands, to quench their thirst with a cocoa-nut, or take their frugal supper with a handful of rice and some ginger-water, or palm-sugar.

Under those sheds which—covered with a matting of pandanus leaves—ran in three or four rows along the market, and

farther toward the main buildings of the place, little one-story huts, of a dirty and crazy appearance, were standing, and there the merry life of the pasar commenced. Four or five gangs of dancers, principally dancing-girls, were acting here, each with a separate band of music; gamelangs, anklongs, and Chinese two-stringed violins; and each with a large lamp—out of which several thick wicks were blazing—swinging in the middle or fastened to one of the main wooden pillars.

The girls, dressed up in the same manner as I had seen and have described in similar dancers while going up to Bandong, moved along in their slow, and sometimes not ungraceful measures, screaming though at the same time, and opening their wide mouths, blackened inside by sirih-chewing, in a most disgusting and dreadful way.

These girls, being all prostitutes, have their domiciles in some of the bamboo-huts of the market, and form a part of it. But I wanted to see the opium smoking; and here I found myself again disappointed, for instead of large rooms, I had expected to meet, where the smokers should lie upon their stools or settees, waiting for the blissful moment, we found a low, dark, dirty hut, with a wooden stool and a large bench, the latter guarded by a low lattice, or frame, behind which some Chinese writing materials and a scale were lying; while several Chinese at a neighboring table were buying the already divided and weighed off portions of opium, or opium and tobacco, rolled up in a banana-leaf. The quantity of the intoxicating stuff they got for half a roopiah—I believe the price of a "meal"—was very small; but still the poorest looking among them brought their few doits, having worked together in the sweat of their brow, to buy the poison and ruin themselves.

Wishing to see these men use the stuff, with which they eagerly disappeared, as soon as the Chinese, taking care to have the money first, had delivered it to them, we were just going to leave the *comptoir*, when a little fellow, an old wrinkled up Javanese, entered. He was really only a piece of a man, consisting of nothing but skin and bones; a perfect skeleton, upon which the brown hide was hanging, with his eyes deep in their sockets, wildly rolling about, and restlessly flying from one to another. He wanted to have some more opium, but not having money enough for the regular portion, wished to get less, which the seller would not let him have. The poor wretch was plainly

under the influence of the poison already; his hands trembled, as in a fever, and the whole figure looked far more like a corpse, come out of its grave on a visit, than a living soul-gifted creature. He never left off begging, till the Chinese gave him the worth of his coppers in opium; and with this little quantum he darted off, in greedy joy, back to his haunt.

We followed him, two doors farther to a narrow kind of room, looking more like a small entry, where some bamboo-benches, about four feet wide, nearly filled the whole space; leaving only about twelve or fourteen inches more for a gangway, alongside the dirty wall. Several groups of opium smokers were upon this bench, but in no way intoxicated; gambling at cards, and singing, and chewing their sirih; every now and then filling their opium pipes with a grain of the stuff, and inhaling it, with a single whiff or two; holding in the smoke afterward, and blowing it out again slowly through their noses.

The place looked as dirty and uncomfortable as it could look: the walls were besmeared with all kinds of colors and materials; the benches never had seen water, since the last rain washed them as bamboo, in the woods; and the guests looked half-intoxicated by the subtle poison—and in an unnatural merriment, which was fading away, finally into a kind of dreamy stupor. They were passing the night here upon these benches: the next morning finding them just able to reel home, and prepare their bodies, by a sound sleep, for new work, or—if they had half a roopiah left—for another smoke.

But not all the smokers were sitting here: the most of them we found in the bamboo-huts scattered about; each of which had five, six, and more beds, with dirty curtains, a mattress, and two pillows; by the mattress stood a "dampat sirih"—a little bamboo box, to keep their sirih leaves, areka-nuts, lime, and other things necessary for sirih chewing, with a small lamp burning for the opium smokers. The sight that met our eyes here, is really not to be described.

A worse place than this, I visited one night with a German doctor, upon "Pasar snin" (the Monday's market), now called "Welteoreden," by the Dutch, where these opium caves consisted of one very large building, under one roof, but divided into innumerable little rooms, hardly larger than the bed that was standing inside, and the walls only made out of bamboo basket-work.

Narrow, dirty, and dark alleys, led through this "opium palace" in every direction, and the bamboo walls were besmeared every where with the white lime, which is used with the sirih; and you could easily trace the fingers which had cleaned themselves of it, on the posts and basket partitions.

I spent about half an hour in this place, watching the smokers, and the wild and reckless girls, who were living in these hells; and when I stepped at last, out of the hot and stifling atmosphere, the dark, scantily lit alleys, and that mass of vice and misery, and saw above me the star-spangled sky, the waving and rustling cocoa-palms, while the sweet scent of the shaddok blossoms, filled the air with perfume, it was as if I had left the cells of a dungeon, to be free, and that first breath of pure air I drew was a blessing. What are the Five Points of New York, or the Seven Dials of London, compared with such a place?—they could never surpass the "Pasar snin" of Batavia.

The opium trade is a monopoly of government, and the wholesale and retail of it is leased out at an enormous sum. The way this lease is given, also, has a peculiarity, which not only insures to government the highest profit for the self-imported opium, but also forces the contractor to sell a certain quantity. The sale is given to the highest bidder, but not to the highest bidder of the value of the opium—for the value is always put upon it by government—but the highest bidder as to the quantity to be sold. Not roopiahs, but boxes of opium are put up to auction; and he who offers to sell the most boxes of the stuff—which quantity he pays the government for, it being his business afterward to find buyers again for it—gets the lease; and, I believe, those lease holders for opium most commonly hold the gambling-tables.

But let not our enlightened and civilized European states shake their heads about such doings, or strike their breasts, and say: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other people," as long as our German states do not abolish those cursed gambling-tables, and penny lotteries—the Devil's own invention to ruin our poor, to whom is held out a chance of becoming rich, of which they have not sense enough to see the remoteness; as long as England does not give up its licensed gin-houses, or ceases to take opium to China, we have no right to blame the Indian government for employing such ways to raise an income-tax. If people here do go a little faster to the dickens, by such a double system of gam-

bling and opium smoking, why it is a tropical climate, and not to be wondered at.

On the 5th of January, there was an execution of a Malay soldier, who was going to be hanged, for having run his crees through a white sergeant. The execution was to take place in the morning, about seven o'clock, near the Waterloo Place, and right close under the walls of the prison. A few natives and Chinese had collected, and while the soldiers were marching up, and forming with the prison walls a square round the gibbet, the prisoner was led out to suffer death.

The man had a short, but strongly-set figure; his face marked with the small-pox, but now ashy-hued, though with a fierce, unfrightened expression. The sirih he carried in his mouth, he was chewing quickly from one side to the other—the only sign by which he betrayed his agitated state of mind; and his eyes glanced swiftly—but as I thought without noticing any body—over the assembled crowd. He wore his uniform, and a red rose in one of his button-holes: I was told it was common with the natives to wear flowers when led to death. And close behind the little procession—for the prisoner was led by six or eight Malays—a Mohammedan priest was walking, rather unconcerned and careless, looking over the collected natives, and the file of soldiers around him.

On the foot of the ladder, on coming to a halt, his sentence of death was read to him; he listened quietly to the whole, but when the speaker had done, the unhappy man lifted himself up to his full height, and cursing the whites and the whole world, cried with a hoarse and wild-sounding voice to his executioners, that he was going directly to heaven where he had got a letter from his priest. If really going to heaven, on earth his time was over. The Malays caught hold of him, and tearing the regimental buttons off his coat, others pinioned his arms behind his back, and dragged him up the ladder by the rope tied round his neck. It was a dreadful spectacle. A few moments afterward, the body of the murderer swung, convulsively shaking, in the air. It was the first execution I ever witnessed with martial pomp, which was appropriate to a festivity rather than any thing else. I shall never forget it, and will never witness another—if I can help it.

Capital punishment is in itself a dreadful thing—the law takes

what it can never restore; and how often are the relations of the culprit, innocent of any crime, the only parties punished by such a sentence! But this is still more the case when we see a man executed, who had most likely committed what was not a crime by his own wild laws, and was executed only because those against whom he had sinned, were the stronger. That Malay had murdered, it is true, his sergeant, a white man, as was said, in cold blood; and I do not blame the Hollanders for punishing such a crime in such a place with death; but who is able to say, how far that unhappy man was really guilty, in spite of having committed such a deed? Who shall know what passions he had tried with all his power to conquer, till he had been driven at last to strike the fatal blow? The victim of it had certainly roused his vengeance by some action or other—by a severe punishment, maybe, or by crossing his love—driving the native to jealousy and madness. Even the custom of enrolling is made to sow hate and revenge in the bosom of the recruit, frequently from the very first hour of his service, which is often nourished there by some foolish and overbearing white soldier; and the blood of those brown sons of a tropical clime is hot!

This enrolling of soldiers is far too singular though, not to deserve mention, for by uniting cunning and force, it brings the natives, seemingly by their own freewill, into the military service of the whites, to be employed there at discretion.

The Dutch government would not have many Malay soldiers, if the latter were left to come or go, and is not willing to press them entirely against their will, and send them afterward into the dangerous and deadly wars against other wild tribes. Their passions are, therefore, had recourse to, to secure to the Javanese the joys of glory and victory.

All being passionate gamblers, are easily led to play with the sergeants, but having very seldom much money, they willingly accept at first small advances to continue their amusement, hoping to win them back. If they do win the money, so much the better for them; but if not they have to come for more, till at last the sum exceeds their own property; they are not able to pay it, and now have to stake their own persons. Does the Malay lose, his debts are paid; he even gets some money to boot sometimes, and is a soldier—and a slave. But the reader must not think that he runs blindly into this fate; he knows very well,

before he takes up the cards, what he risks. No doubt his free-will brought him to the gambling-tables, but here the European counts upon the hot passionate blood of the native, to urge him on to the game, while he punishes that hot blood with a painful death, as soon as it turns against himself.

But away, away from these painful thoughts! Have you a spot upon this wide world, where things are better ordered? Death and destruction are at work, even where nature has spent all her riches to create a Paradise, and man is every where the same blood-thirsty, untamed animal, whether he runs naked in the woods with spear and war-club in his hand, or lives fashionably dressed amid the luxuries of every clime. Wherever we go, we see—sometimes under a golden robe, sometimes under rags—despair and misery, perdition and death. We pass such objects after a while with a kind of indifference, ay, unconsciousness—we get so used to them; but turning eye and mind once with full earnestness upon them, the heart-rending reality strikes us with pity and dread, and we stand shuddering upon the brink of an ocean of misery, we must be more than gods to be able to soothe or relieve.

CHAPTER VII.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE TOKO.

THE Dutch Government sends yearly, as the reader knows, according to a treaty of commerce established with the Emperor of Japan, one vessel to Decima, a small island or part of the main isle of Nipon, connected with, but also parted by a bridge, which the Europeans residing there dare not pass, without the permission of the Japanese authorities. And such a permission is *only* granted every three years, when the regular embassadors travel up to Jeddo, to pay their respects to the Emperor.

In this vessel they have their certain articles which they take to Japan, colonial produce—the chief of it, sugar—and European manufactures—taking back in exchange a peculiar kind of Japanese metal like bronze, Japan copper, and several other articles. This trade is a monopoly of government, which allows, however, the export of a certain quantity of goods, of porcelain and china-ware, varnished goods, silks, bronze knickknacks, basket-works, and other playthings, annually for a very large sum to private persons. They may trade with the Japanese in what they please, except such things as government takes over.

The whole commerce with Japan is an exchange of goods—foreigners not being allowed to take a single piece of money with them; there is indeed a severe law existing, to guard against money being taken to Decima. Every thing they want to buy, while they stay there, is delivered to them, and marked down, and the state pays the expenses for its officers—nobody else being allowed to stay in Decima—in goods at fixed prices.

The Emperor of Japan seems a very independent sovereign; for not even the presents his Majesty the King of Holland sent him, some time ago, which consisted, I believe of a very precious set of plates, would he accept, answering quite indignantly, if he

the Emperor of Japan made a present to the King of Holland he could do so, for he was the Emperor of Japan, but this being quite another thing he would not accept it.

To show his Excellency the Governor of the Indies his continual grace, he sends him annually one dozen of thick-wadded silk morning gowns—very useful for a climate like Batavia—which are put up at auction just as regularly as they are received.

Japan has drawn in the course of the last years the attention of nearly all the civilized nations upon itself; America seems determined to get a foot-hold there, while Holland of course does not like to see such experiments going on. The profit of her trade, confined to one single vessel for the whole year, can not be very great; and it seems more an affair of honor (including the homage every three years); still I have not the least doubt the Dutch will do all in their power to make these experiments unsuccessful.

By love and kindness neither America nor any other nation can expect to get any thing out of the Japanese. I have not the least doubt that the Emperor will refuse to receive the embassadors, or if he does grant them an interview, he will dismiss them again, without even promises; and yet the Emperor of Japan is not so ignorant of affairs as people commonly suspect. He has all kinds—and the best of them—of geographical and historical works translated into his language, and interpreters for nearly every country; and he is wide awake by this time as to what others are about, and what he has to expect. It is also not likely that he should be ignorant of the power of his antagonists; still I do not think he will be persuaded to any thing; and then the question arises if other nations will take what they can not get with a freewill, will it not be necessary to frame a new code of laws stating the certain sum or amount of property, where stealing ends and justifiable possession commences.

It will not be such an easy war with the Japanese though—the richest bees defend their hives the most fiercely, and the Japanese are far better soldiers than the Chinese; their coasts being well guarded by cliffs and rocks, while the unsteady weather and sudden gales of those latitudes, are also in their favor against an approaching or cruising enemy.

The smaller islands may be taken, I have no doubt—at least, cut off from connection with the large ones; but hostile nations

will find the Japanese far better prepared for an attack than they now suspect.

Another difficulty with the Japanese will be the impossibility of half-measures. If the Americans do force an entrance upon some point—and it is as likely as not that they may do so—and do not take the whole island, they will be walled in, in a very short time, and permitted to see little enough of their neighbors. Still the islands are too small to resist for any length of time, renewed attacks; and his Majesty will have to yield, first his country and then his crown, just about as willingly as the Californian Indians, or Sikhs, or Australian blacks, or, in fact, all other nations that have seen their countries overrun by strangers and enemies.

As yet, the Japanese avoid even the least approach of strangers. It is well known how quickly they provide shipwrecked seamen, who are thrown upon their shores—if they do not attempt to see more of the country than they are allowed—with every thing they need, only to get rid of them as quickly as possible. Their own firshermen out at sea are not allowed, under penalty of death, to have the least intercourse with foreign vessels; indeed, if shipwrecked, and saved by one of them, and landed again on the Japanese coast they have to prove first that they could not save themselves in any other way, to be permitted to live—but they are prisoners forever.

Exceedingly severe are also the interdictions of government, to those Japanese who come in contact with the Dutch at Decima; they are allowed to provide every thing which is lawful; if they should dare to help the strangers to such articles as are denied, they would be severely punished. Pictures of the interior, paintings of high or holy persons—particularly of the Emperor—weapons, even drawings of them—any thing having the least connection with their gods, books, manuscripts, or money, are prohibited.

The Japanese are heathens—that is, they have their particular gods; and I was told by some gentlemen, who had staid a considerable time in Japan, that an old law was still in operation, which obliged the Japanese to stamp upon the cross with the Saviour, to show their aversion to such a god. The cross they desecrate in this way is an old stone emblem brought by Christian ministers who had converted a great many Japanese to Christianity. The consequence was, as in many other countries, hate and

dissatisfaction throughout the state, and between individual families; and the heathen party, being stronger than the other, took to their weapons, when unheard of atrocities were committed to rid the country of the new god. Even at the present time, the subjects of Japan have been known to stamp upon an old stone cross, which is said to have formerly borne the figure of the crucified, of whom, nothing is now discernible — the feet of the heathens having obliterated the sculpture.

For the small settlement of Decima, existing under their particular control, the Japanese seem to feel a kind of inclination, which long habit has most likely done much to establish. The Hollanders, like all those with whom they have intercourse, are treated with kindness, and can easily procure goods and things not permitted to reach Decima. The Japanese government also wants to make them comfortable, as long as they are upon their territories; those who are stationed at Decima, as well as those who come over there with the annual vessel, get, while they stay, a wife each, for which he has to pay a certain rent annually. But if he leave the station, he must also leave his Japanese spouse; and if she should have children, they are Japanese, and are not permitted to follow the father.

Prostitution, however, by all I have heard about it, seems to be more an honor in Japan, than a shame for the women; for one of their own empresses of old had to save her lord and emperor in this way, when he had been driven from his throne by a hostile party, and was hiding in obscurity to escape death. An emperor or an empress in Japan can never sin, and since that empress was driven to such an extremity, that sin ceased to be a crime.

During my stay in Batavia, the Japanese vessel returned from this year's trip, bringing a new load of goods, which were to be exhibited before Christmas. So, on the 23d of December, the Japanese "toko," or store—a commonly used Malayan word in Batavia—was opened; at first, one day for his Excellency, the Governor, and his lady, and the higher officers; and the next, for the multitude.

That first morning was really a treat, and I would not have missed it for much; for the new-brought silks were exhibited for sale, and nearly all the ladies of Batavia were of course there, to see what had come, and select what they liked.

Entering the toko—for I shall keep that word, as the place, in fact, is not known by any other name in Batavia—I had to stop first, where I was, at the door, for the whole room was crowded with the fair sex—indeed, the table upon which the silks were spread, I do not think I could have reached with a ten-foot pole, nor its neighborhood; and as for edging a way through, by-and-by—dear reader, the idea was ridiculous. You edge your way through a crowd of Batavian ladies, and see what happens—they are no ethereal beings, tripping along over the dewy ground, and not bending the halms to wet their feet; no, the ladies of Batavia, particularly when they reach a certain age, show in their forms the good and comfortable life they lead; not being permitted hardly to walk outside their doors, but always riding the shortest distance in a carriage, with numbers of servants to execute and command the least wish.

So keeping the outer edge, and seeing only once in a while one of the sweet mass, working herself out of the breakers to secure her booty, I had to be satisfied that morning with the porcelain room, where also a good many bronze wares were exhibited.

The toko consisted of three divisions, or rooms; one of these was entirely filled with the chief article of Japanese manufacture —the varnished wares—the Japanese enjoying a perfection in these, never equaled yet by any other nation; the second part was filled, as I have mentioned before, by porcelain and bronze; and the third or front room, by varnished ware, silks, playthings, and many other knickknacks.

In porcelain, I saw some exceedingly fine goods. Cups, for instance, as fine and transparent as if they had been made from some gelatine substance. Singularly-shaped tea-pots, and cups also were there, down to the most common china ware.

The bronze figures are said to have an extremely high value by their being hammered out, most all of them, and not cast in forms; but if the workmanship in that case was to be admired, the figures most certainly could not be compared with such as the principal French and English artists are able to produce.

The varnished goods, before all other things, claimed my attention; and I went to that toko I do not know how many times, but never left it again without having spent at least full an hour admiring the perfection with which the Japanese had executed

these wares. Large writing-tables and Japanese commodes with irregular drawers and partitions, every kind of furniture, with fire-screens, and ladies' work-tables—in short, every thing you could find here—down to work-boxes, trays, cups and saucers —all of varnished wood, and finished off to perfection. Not the outside only of the different commodes and writing-desks was carefully finished; the lower part and back of the drawers, the bottom pieces, which never could be seen again, after being once put up, were completed with the same care as the front and upper sides; only not ornamented.

This varnish being so extraordinarily composed, allows boiling water upon its surface without injury; and their tea-cups made of wood and covered with it, are perfectly fit to be used for any purpose.

The Japanese are fond of rich drawings and paintings upon all their furniture—at least, upon all that is brought here to market—particularly in mother-of-pearl, which they know how to inlay in the thinnest possible blades, forming flowers or fruits, landscapes or animals, but principally birds. So finely wrought are these paintings sometimes, particularly in the large pieces, that I have thought frequently, and am yet of the opinion, that they have found out some way or other to melt or dissolve that shining and glittering material, the mother-of-pearl, to lay it upon what they please afterward, in a thin sheet without a brush. They excel, also, in their other varnishes, principally in red and black, with gold and silver ornaments; and I much admired some tables upon which the skillful workmen, as you would lay five cards into each other in a circle to show a part of each, had arranged the five different styles of varnishing, all executed in the same perfection, upon one plate.

In painting, however, they labor under the same disadvantages as the Chinese. Concerning perspective, they have an idea of it, and some works of that kind are executed without many faults; but generally they know very little about it, and have plenty of room for improvement there at least.

The next day it was possible to get a sight of the silken goods, the fair half of Batavia having left. There were dresses at twenty-five roopiahs each, all of them in a small squared pattern; nothing extraordinary, the Chinese silk being just as tasteful and far cheaper. But besides this, there were some crape shawls,

most beautifully woven and colored; the large quantity the contractor had brought over this year with him, had prevented the ladies carrying off every one of them the first day—two days afterward not one was left. Husbands have a hard time in Batavia when the Japanese ship arrives.

In this room there were also the playthings, that the Japanese are very expert in inventing as well as executing—little dolls, they had as nicely made as I have ever seen a doll in my life, and at the same time in its true, droll, childish, Japanese character. Little gold-fish and turtles, moving on wire in little counterfeit ponds; regular toys for children, in all imaginable queer forms, besides a quantity of other little articles and knick-knacks; porcelain figures with shaking heads, and in and out darting tongues, ivory figures and gilded statues, two or three inches high, fans, bamboo-boxes, and different kinds of *cigar-étuis*, snuff-boxes, &c. Among the *cigar-étuis*, one kind I felt a certain interest for, as I had been told beforehand the *material* out of which they had been made, was nothing else than the hide of a human body. It most certainly looked rather singular, having besides, a very peculiar, sharp, and unpleasant smell; but others to whom I spoke, particularly Dr. *Mohnike*, who had lived at Decima three years, gave it as his opinion that it was a certain kind of paper, made out of the bark of trees. It looked, though, far more like hide than paper.

A large quantity of paper umbrellas, made of bamboo and oiled paper only, straw mats, in tasteful colors, brooms, catsups, agger agger, ordinary stone and china ware, and boxes full of basket-work formed the bulk of the goods.

The agger agger deserves a closer description, at least in its use. It is a kind of fungus, as I was told, looking very much like the pith of a quill, even tasting like it, if you take it unboiled upon your tongue; but boiled a certain time, produces a gelatine mass, equal to our isinglass The Chinese are very fond of this; they prefer, indeed, all such jelly-like masses, paying for Indian birds' nests enormous sums, and if they can not afford so high a price, preferring sharks' fins and the like. But this agger agger is also relished by the Europeans of Batavia exceedingly, as a cooling and pleasant jelly, particularly if prepared with wine, fruit-juice, or chocolate. They have a similar plant growing round Java, but of a more mossy character—looking very much

like island moss—and not of such good quality as the Japanese, since it will not stiffen to a jelly, without putting lemon-juice to it.

Remarkable, also, is the exactitude with which the Japanese finish off every thing; even the packing of their goods, is without fault, being mostly in nice little boxes of white wood, carefully planed and tied up in a very practical fashion. And even large chests and boxes are never sent out to Europeans without giving them a proof of the accuracy and precision of the first people under the sun. There is not a large chest that is not carefully planed, and lids and corners fit to a nicety—the packers leave nothing to wish for.

The Japanese toko is always three months open in Batavia—after this time, the rest of the goods are packed up again and sent to Holland.

As a proof how excellent are their fabrics, merchants have bought Japanese ware in Batavia, and sent them over to China, where varnished goods are also made in quantities, exceedingly cheap, and the Chinese have paid very large sums for them; so each nation has its peculiar branch of workmanship in which it excels, and as impossible as it is at present for the Chinese to imitate this varnish, equally unable are the Japanese to complete such works in ivory as the Chinese, for an extraordinary low price, are producing.

I was fortunate enough to make, in Batavia, the acquaintance of Dr. Mohnike, who had been three years at Decima, and was one of the embassadors sent to Jeddo the last year. Dr. Mohnike, I am sure, could give many interesting accounts of this singular country, if the Dutch government would allow him to write about such things, but its officers are not permitted even to speak, at least particulars that might possibly teach other nations things they do not want known, at the present juncture of affairs with Japan.

Still there were many subjects we could talk about, and his collection of articles he had brought with him were very interesting. Among other things was a model of the sedan-chair, the embassadors traveling to Jeddo invariably use, which must have been a very comfortable affair, as it was carried along in a perfect little room, covered with silk and soft mattresses and cushions. This sedan-chair, proves the error in circulation at this time, that the Japanese held travelers boxed up in such a convey-

ance, to prevent their getting a glance of the surrounding country. Dr. Mohnike assured me he not only could open or close his jalousies, whenever he chose, but even walk on the side of the chair where and when he saw fit, without finding the least opposition from his companions and guards; but he was not allowed to strike into any road but the straight one.

The most interesting things for me were a parcel of Japanese prints, Dr. M. had fortunately acquired there, as also some Japanese books, among which, a botanical work, with excellent drawings, was the most important.

Others were illustrated novels, and others upon historical affairs; there were also landscapes and views of certain parts of the country—all forbidden things for export, which, perhaps, would have cost the life of the person who delivered them to the Europeans, if found out; for numerous persons were executed, after another German, Seybold, who had been in the service of the Dutch government at Decima, and collected a great many such forbidden things on the sly, had left Japan.

In dress, as in many of their habits, the Japanese, as the closest neighbors to the Chinese, bear most certainly much similitude; only the women have more sense, than to cripple their feet in such a deadful manner, as the Chinese ladies nearly always do. They use their feet and body as God Almighty have given them, and neither cramp their toes like the Chinese, nor their waists like European ladies, into unnatural forms; even going so far as to wear gloves upon their feet, with a division for the large toe, to walk comfortably in their sandals.

Besides this, the ladies wear very broad girdle bands of stiff and heavy silken stuff, and their hair plaited together in the most singular and extraordinary manner, stuck through with long bolts and arrows; but I am, unfortunately, not hairdresser enough, to give my fair readers a true description of it; only so much I can tell them, to keep this hair—which must be very tedious to plait—in good order, they use large and long pillows. Dr. Mohnike had one in his collection—made out of wood, with a small cushion at top, the whole being about ten inches high, and two or three broad, for the ladies to rest their heads on while sleeping—it almost breaks one's neck only to look at such a "fixing."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EUROPEANS IN BATAVIA.—CONCLUSION.

THE Europeans in Batavia are mixed—a few specimens from every nation; but then they are also only specimens, and the chief part consists of course of Hollanders, after these, Englishmen and Germans are the most numerous, and lately the French have come over here. The Dutch have most certainly all the public employments, and a great, if not the greatest part of the trade in their hands.

All the Germans and Englishmen in Batavia are merchants, with the exception of some few Germans in Dutch employ as physicians, or even higher offices, civil and military.

The common soldiers can not be counted here, as they do not come in the least contact with the other European population, frequently are not even considered white men by a part of the inhabitants; being thrown back, in fact, entirely upon their fellow-soldiers, the Malays and negroes.

The French, on the contrary, have chosen here, with only very few exceptions, another branch; there are now actually only two classes of them in town—actors and tradesmen; and the latter, in a singular way, originate the former. There is a very good opera kept in Batavia; all the performers being French, who come here from France. The public knows nothing of them but that they are very good actors and actresses, some even with beautiful voices; but scarcely has their contract run out, their season passed, when having discovered the state of society and business in Batavia, they suddenly display themselves in quite different characters; dropping the purple and crown of the boards, and appearing before the rather astonished public as watchmakers, tailors, coachmakers, milliners, and the Lord knows what.

But this transformation, though natural enough, has been the cause of some embarrassment to the other Europeans and the aristocratic population. In former times, and only a few years back, there existed no such class of European tradesmen in Batavia—all belonged to the aristocracy of the land, which at this moment most assuredly intends to make a difference between a gentleman and a gentleman's tailor. In their families they can, without the least difficulty, do this; but it is impossible in the theatre, which never was built for such a distinction, having only one price for admittance, in fact a gallery only, with a kind of pit in the centre, the latter for gentlemen only, the gallery for ladies and gentlemen too. A natural process at last seemed to divide the different parties, nature always being the best physician for such evils—and such they were held, of course. Those families which did not belong to the aristocracy, had chosen for themselves a certain side of the gallery, where they most commonly took their places; the others soon found this out, and their selection acquired a name, derived from the place where some of them lived, the frikkadellen board. The aristocracy moved over to the other side, leaving though, as droll fate would have it, and as a kind of consolation for the slighted, his Excellency the Lieutenant-governor of the Dutch colonies in the Indian Archipelago, just in front of this same frikkadellen board, where he always took his seat.

The theatre of Batavia is a fine, lofty, and airy building, with good scenery and good costumes, and the opera I saw there was executed extremely well. Rather singular, but perhaps according to local circumstances, is the price of entrance arranged. Inhabitants of Batavia have to pay for a single performance ten roopiahs, while they can have for twenty roopiahs—paid beforehand—admission for the whole month, each week two performances; strangers pay, at the same time, only five roopiahs for a single performance. All the inhabitants of Batavia, therefore, who wish sometimes to visit the theatre, are forced to take an admission for the whole month; and having no other amusements in town, except visiting their neighbors, and for the gentlemen two clubs, they nearly all subscribe.

After the theatre, I think the hospital of Batavia deserves to be mentioned; there is a contrast in the two; a few steps only, sometimes, from the one into the other, particularly in these hot

climes. Still Batavia is far less unhealthy than is commonly imagined; there is sickness and fever it is true—the latter frequently of a dangerous character, arising principally from the low and swampy situation of the town—but nearly all the foreigners I got aequainted with there, particularly Germans, who had been used to a cold northern clime from their childhood, were living, with only few exceptions, in a very good state of health, assuring me that they had been so nearly all the time they had passed in Batavia. The hospital I visited was mostly inhabited by soldiers, and a very great part of these were suffering from a sickness they might have had in a cold and healthy climate.

At first I was rather afraid to enter a Batavian hospital—old prejudices are hard to overcome, and I had pictured to myself a low building with dark clammy cells, and the putrefied air of the sick chamber, with the concentered maladies of the whole district —and this district Batavia; but I was very agreeably surprised, for instead of the atmosphere I had expected, I found the pure and cool draught of free and open rooms, where the fresh air had access from every side, leaving the sick, though sheltered against the wind or an unhealthy draught, in a perfectly cool and refreshing atmosphere; while the spread iron-bedsteads, the sick in clean clothing, and the attendants quietly walking up and down between them to give medicine or what else was needed, made such an impression upon me, that I would have most willingly consigned myself from that moment to the care of this institution, had I been unfortunate enough to become sick, in spite of the different ideas I had entered the place with, hardly half an hour ago.

Each malady, common in Batavia, has its separate rooms or buildings, and these are separated again by small but pleasant gardens. Europeans and natives are also separated here; and several children from out of the orphan's institute, who had been cured here, and were going to be sent back that day, cried and refused to go—a great compliment to the hospital, or the reverse for the orphans' institute.

With the hospital an auditory for anatomy and medical science in general, for the benefit of young natives, has been recently erected; of course, the young students are taught here also some of the other necessary sciences, and the result, known as yet, is said to be promising enough.

The gentleman, who had the most merit, in calling this institution into life, and conducting the whole course and progress of the hospital, having also there the superintendence, is a Dr. Wassing. Having established there every thing quite in military order, he has made that hospital a blessing to the city, and has saved many a poor devil's life, who getting sick in Batavia, only had to thank this institution for ever coming upon his feet again.

But it was time for me to think of home again; though Batavia most certainly did not let me feel I was in a strange part of the world, Germans as well as Hollanders continuing to show me kindness. Of my new friends, I must not forget to mention Lieutenant-colonel Schierbrand, who did not cease to show himself friendly to me. But home is home. The last letter I had received in Batavia from my family being twelve months old, I thought it best to go back, and give up a life I had intended to lead for about two years, which was entering now its fourth. Therefore, I had to give up the Cape of Good Hope, which I had wanted to visit, finding no opportunity of landing there, as vessels, going round it, prefer touching at St. Helena to take in water, than at the Cape, for which they have to run out of their course some distance, with an unsafe harbor into the bargain, while St. Helena, lying in their very track, can supply them in one day with all the water and other refreshments they may want, while they are ready and able to get up their anchors and go to sea again, whenever there should be quick occasion for it.

A trip to the Cape would also have cost me at least six or eight months more; in one word, I was way-worn and home-sick. So for home then, at last, in good earnest; and it was a feeling he can only appreciate, who has once left all he loved upon this earth—all he called his own, to stray far and long away into strange and foreign lands, completely out of reach of hearing of those he left behind.

I found a vessel bound straight for the Weser; and having taken part of my things on board, was expecting every minute to be called, when a sudden gale setting in, the sea broke with such force against the coral channel leading out from town into the harbor, as to make a passage out and in with boats, if not impossible, extremely dangerous. A blue flag is hoisted in such

cases from the top of the look-out, as well as from the watch-ship, to denote to all captains and skippers the state of affairs, and warn them to stay on board or in town, wherever they are, till the sea has gone down sufficiently to allow of a free passage.

Three or four days this ominous flag was fluttering in the wild breeze, while the waves were dashing against the corals; and a young English captain, who had come in here to look for freight, impatient to ride out there before his anchors in such weather, tried to force his entrance; but his boat filled and sank, only two of his men being saved, while he himself, his second mate, and two sailors, I believe, were drowned. At last the storm abated, the weather became calm, and the captain of the "Patriot"—the ship's name upon which I intended to take passage—rowing out directly in his boat to look to his vessel, returned that same evening with the news, the "Patriot" had sprung a leak, and was likely not to be fit for sea for a long while.

And so it was—she drew water every hour an inch, not quite with her load in either; and as there is no place in Batavia to repair a vessel, except the island of Unrust, a dreadfully dear, and the most sickly place at the same time in the neighborhood; the "Patriot" would most likely have to run down to Socrabaya to repair.

It afterward turned out that I was perfectly right. I took passage in another vessel, also German, destined for the same port, the "Herder;" and after having bid farewell to all the kind friends I had found and was to leave again in this part of the world, I sent my traps, consisting of several boxes, with Javanese, Japanese, and Chinese curiosities, on board; and on the 27th of January we were setting sail, working on against the west monsoon out of the Sunda Straits, leaving Prince's Island behind us, and reaching the open sea on the fourth day.

The "Herder" was a beautiful vessel, going extremely well on a wind, and overtaking all the ships before us in tacking out; we were also fortunate enough to catch the southeast monsoon already with twelve degrees southern latitude, insuring us a quick passage.

Passing through the straits, and opposite Tanger, a small town on the Java shore, several boats came out to us with fruits and animals, to take them along to a northern clime. Foolishly enough we were persuaded to take a whole menagerie on board, consist-

ing of seven different monkeys, five dwarf deer, I know not how many dozen of rice birds, some wild chickens, and a Java squirrel, besides fruit enough to last a couple of months; the sailors, at the same time, bringing forth old shirts and pantaloons, to exchange them for shells and other curiosities.

A fine breeze we had to run down with, and we made seven, eight, and nine knots, without feeling the ship move. It is a splendid feeling to run before a good breeze, not too weak, and not too strong, all sails set, over the smooth or slowly-rolling sea; but if it must be one of the two, I should always like it rather a little too strong—rather a reef in the topsail, than a skysail set; there is more life in the whole, and the dancing waves are splendid playmates upon a long voyage.

The 8th of February, we overtook a Dutch barque, which had her foretop-mast down on deck; nearly being up with her, she raised it again, set all sails, and away we went on a fair race. I should never have thought it possible two ships could sail so much alike, for it was fully three weeks before we dropped her astern finally.

Giving the isles of Mauritius and Madagascar a wide berth, to keep out of the typhoon's range, which rage there sometimes with wild fury, we got a kind of welcome from the Cape. On the 5th of March, a strong southwester blew in our teeth, forcing us to lay twenty-four hours under close-reefed topsails, only to hold our own; but on the morning of the 6th the wind was fairer again, and running up toward the land, we sighted the coast of Africa toward evening. It was a dark chain of hills, the slopes nearly all overgrown with a brown dry grass, as it seemed, only here and there showing still darker patches of forest, contrasting sharply against the lighter background. But the whole coast seemed to be on fire, and every where we could see the smoke rise up; ay, in one place, where a nearly square place was marked out, a quantity of dark objects (houses most likely) were also burning; and we thought we could recognize around these a wide and square kraal, but it was too far distant yet to make any correct observations, even with a good glass.

A splendid spectacle was the sea, in its wild beauty, with its dark-green waves, here in the neighborhood of the land; and the snowy crests, rolling in the moonlight nights, as liquid silver upon the dark, sparkling masses. And higher and higher the

sea rose, sharper and sharper the wind came—a perfect gale at last—forcing us down farther to the south, while another wester threatened to throw us back in our track. Fully four days we had to tack about here, backward and forward, with close-reefed topsails; ay, even ready once to take down the top-gallant masts, to get them and the ship out of harm's way. I had never in my life seen such a sea running: we could go no more about with the ship in the wind, but had to veer.

We were loaded down with rice and sugar, going rather deep in the water; but still the ship behaved excellently, keeping so steady that, during the first two days of the gale, I continued to write, as I had done all the way; but the third and fourth day she commenced to pitch and roll rather too strongly, and I had to give it up, my breast hurting me already, from leaning against the table.

Here I ought not to forget to mention the writing materials I have used on my road, and which consisted in a map of "Wedgwood's Manifold Writer." I have carried that map with me over the Cordilleras, through the snow, and I have proved it in the hot and sultry clime of Batavia, without finding the least change in it. There is, in fact, nothing handier in the world than these manifold writers to carry about with one, underways, while the writing itself, with that steel pencil, is clear, easy, and agreeable to use. I have found it an exceedingly practical invention, and was really thankful for it. But a fair warning also is necessary for those who wish to provide themselves with such a writing material, to procure for themselves, if they possibly can get it, "R. Wedgwood's Manifold Writer." In California, as well as in Sydney—in Adelaide there were none at all—I have searched the whole place to get some new copy-books and some ink-paper of the same firm—there were none to be got, except from some other fabric; and since I had to take them (for I could not do well without), I found them far inferior to Wedgwood's. The paper in the copy-books tearing easy, of not so light a color, and running your ink, if you wanted to correct something in it—which you can do as much as you please in Wedgwood's copying-books—and the ink-paper also not answering half as well, it became dry immediately, and did not give out the fourth-part as many sheets.

Up to the 13th of March, the storm, which had settled over

to the west-northwest, raged. The sea looked beautiful, particularly on the night of the 11th, when the white foam was really a perfect sheet of flame, rolling on against the vessel, and throwing its fiery sparks high into the air. Large fire-balls were at the same time swimming in the water, and in the wake of the ship. Our brave craft looked like a giant comet, shooting its mad career, the fiery trail dragging behind, through the enraged waters, and kindling the storming waves, as it were, by its touch. The wind was howling at the same time through the shrouds and blocks, driving the fine dust of the crests like a glowing vail over the deep.

With this, we had the most singular formation of the clouds, while a fresh hand seemed to have taken the bellows on the night of the 12th. The sun had been down nearly an hour, it being at least perfectly dark upon the waters, when suddenly in the west again a glowing red sun appeared, but with a dull, gloomy light, close above the horizon, rising slowly, instead of sinking, and disappearing again after a few minutes. The light this sun threw over the enraged deep, with the howling of the storm, and the deep growling of the waves, was indescribable. Our German seamen call this appearance "a foreign sun," arising only from an opening in the heavy and dark clouds, just large enough to allow a glance at the clear and yet sunlit sky behind.

On the 16th, at last, the weather began to clear up, the wind was veering aft, and with all sails set—ay, even studding sails—as quick as the sea had gone down, enough to allow our carrying them, we were doubling the Cape, and running up now to the northwest, before a fine and rattling breeze.

"Sail ho!" a man called down from the yards on the morning of the 17th: it was a barque under close-reefed topsails, working, as we thought first, into the wind's eye, but no, coming nearer with all sails set, even to top-gallant studding-sails, which we had to take down again, only leaving the top ones standing. We overtook the barque, which proved an English vessel from London (the name we were not able to make out) running, one course with us, under such short sails, before the wind. When they saw us come up, as if ashamed of themselves to be caught napping that way, they shook lazily a reef out of their topsails, and we were soon dropped astern. That poor captain must have had nobody

at home he wanted to see again, or else he would not have lost that splendid opportunity to get along.

The tenth day, after passing the Cape, we came in sight of St. Helena, running by just after dark, in a beautiful moonlight night, without going in though; we had water enough on board, and our captain was hurrying home, as fast as he could. Next morning the land lay only as a dark stripe behind us.

From here the trade-winds became weaker and weaker every day, the sea lay nearly as quiet as a mill-pond and we were still running smoothly and slowly along.

Our ship was newly painted at that time; and, dear reader, if you never have been on board a vessel while such doings are going on, it would be in vain to try to give you a just idea of it. The deck being paid with grease and varnish and turpentine, small boards are leading across it, like over an abyss, and if you do make a mis-step, you stick surely, and may call for help as soon as you please to get "torn off" again. Where else you could step, there is a pot with paint or varnish standing; every thing is painted, you dare touch no spot, without taking the traitor away with you, and having captain and mate growl at you the whole day; you can sit nowhere, not even on Sundays, in peace.

At the same time all little staircases and steps are taken away, wherever you want to step down, you have to feel first with one foot for a ladder, being unable to hold on the while any where; and do you tumble down on such a spot for once—not an impossible case—you are dead certain to land in some painting-bucket, or upon the stone where the colors are ground, a sight afterward for the whole crew; you may consider yourself fortunate if you have no bones broken into the bargain. But you get so used to such a state of suspense, as I may call it, that after awhile not to touch any thing, even considering at table sometimes for half a minute, whether knives and forks have not had a fresh coat.

Crossing the line, under 13° W. lon., rather more to the east than ships generally go, we got into the region of calms, which seemed to be determined to keep us there. On the 10th of April, the sea glowed with a fire, I had had no idea could be possible. There was not a breath of air stirring; but the ocean glistened with myriads of stars, while a splendor, indescribable, appeared on the least movement the seemingly electric fluid made. As

thousands of diamonds upon dark-blue velvet, in the reflection of an ocean of light, so it sparkled and glowed; and I could not tear myself away for hours from that sight. Late in the night, right in the west, we saw on the horizon exactly such a light spot—close above the water—as a large fire on shore would make; but the phenomenon coming nearer, showed only a small rain-shower—the surface of the water streaming out of the light, where the rain-drops touched it. A shoal of fish, passing us slowly, were swimming in a perfect sheet of fire; and where one of them, maybe, struck the water up with its tale, it made the sparks fly as out of a furnace. Next night there came a little breeze, and the water looked still lighter; but that quiet splendor was gone.

With calms and light breezes, slowly—oh, how slowly working up!—we reached the Azores on the 9th of May, and passed through them. From there a tolerably good breeze brought us nearly to the Scilly Isles, and in three days more, a good steady breeze would have taken us home. But no, we could have no such luck: from the 18th to the 28th of May, a flying north-easter was blowing in our very teeth. Tediously we worked up to Land's End and the Lizards; breakfasting in the morning near the English coast, and taking our tea at night near the French; all the time under close-reefed topsails, with the pleasure to see the "'fore the winders," as they passed us, wing and wing. Only on the 29th, the weather clearing up a little, we could lay half a point higher up, for the first time; and from there the wind changed.

Here, I may say, as well as not, a few words to the memory of our menagerie. It was gone entirely!—the monkeys dying away one at the Cape, and the rest between the Azores and the Channel; one of the dwarf deers even living till opposite Plymouth, in spite of the cold weather. The wild-chicken flew overboard in pure despair; and the squirrel committed suicide in a dark hour, by hanging itself between the wires of its cage. Of all that quantity of living things, we only brought a few rice-birds alive to Bremen.

On this afternoon, we got a Plymouth pilot on board. The man told me the most dreadful stories about the Channel, to frighten me from board, to go with him ashore, and take the land route to London; but it would not do. Here we heard the first

news again, after having been one hundred and twenty-three days at sea. Louis Napoleon was President, and expected Emperor! And Germany? Dear reader, never ask that question again—at least, not for a good while yet.

With a light, but good breeze, we passed the English coast—with what feelings, I should in vain try to picture. But the sun shone upon European shores again, the flags of all our neighbors fluttered in the fresh and favorable breeze, and those sails were set, at last, for home. The Channel was crowded with a perfect fleet of vessels, all having been kept out by that stormy north-easter; and, as a flight of birds in the evening time to their nests, we were striving for our own hearths and homes.

That same fine breeze brought us on till clear before the mouth of the Weser; and though the wind changed again here, and we had to go about a couple of times to make the entrance, what matter to us now—those coasts were Germany, every sandy nook known on the wide coast, and every church-steeple recognized and remembered. Oh, how gloomy those places had looked when I had them farewell, and how joyfully they were glittering now in the morning sun, as farther and farther up the old stream we worked. Now we had passed the first, the second ton, and from that moment to many, many weeks afterward, memory nearly lost its power in that immensity of bliss. I only remember as in a dream yet, the first watchman I heard that night in Bremen; the first time those old loved church-bells rung their sweet voices again into my ears. I remember going on a railroad, and shutting my eyes at the same time, happy in the thought of not being able to think this a mocking dream, and a crowd of sweet and happy faces were around me. But I could give no account of that.

Oh, there are rich stores of beauty out in that fair world; there are treasures heaped up in the wilderness by the hand of our loving Father to gladden the heart of the beholder, and make him stand in mute astonishment, a witness of such a Paradise; there are kind eyes and hearts strewn over that wide world, stretching out their hands to the way-worn stranger and bidding him welcome; there is happiness in those valleys, and peace and love wherever your foot is turned—if your own heart only touches the right spring to open those treasures—but let it be as rich, as ever it will, let it dazzle your eyes and overpower your mind for

awhile, it can not last; and whatever you try, wherever you roam—be it as far, be it as long as you will—that one thought, if it have come to you for awhile, it never will die within you; and if you are forbid to speak it; your heart will sound with low, but powerful voice into your ear:

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home!"

THE END.

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